writers have told me the first lesson it Find your own voice. I suppose that is but not for me, I wanted to write rungred voices. That's why I decided erything under and over the sun in as

## PHANT BILL B JACKRABBIT

Did you ever hear about Elephant Bill? He tramped Elephant grass on Elephant Hill. He had Elephant ears and an Elephant nose, And Elephant wrinkles in his Elephant clothes

Early one morning with the sun on his back.
Old Elephant Bill met Jackrabbit Jack.
Who had Jackrabbit für and Jackrabbit teeth
And Jackrabbit jumpers tucked underneath.

Said Jackrabbit Jack to Elephant Bill,
"Let's race to the bottom of Elephant Hill,
Then race back up so that people can see
The mountain that ought to be named after me!"

Elephant Bill gave an Elephant laugh.

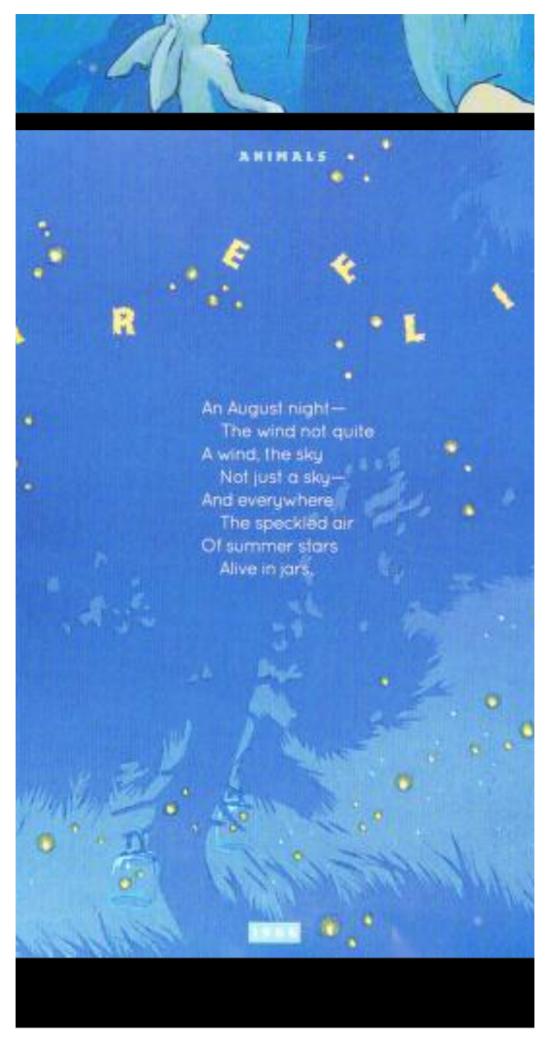
He beat Jack downhill by a mile and a half!

But they got to the bottom and had just turned around!

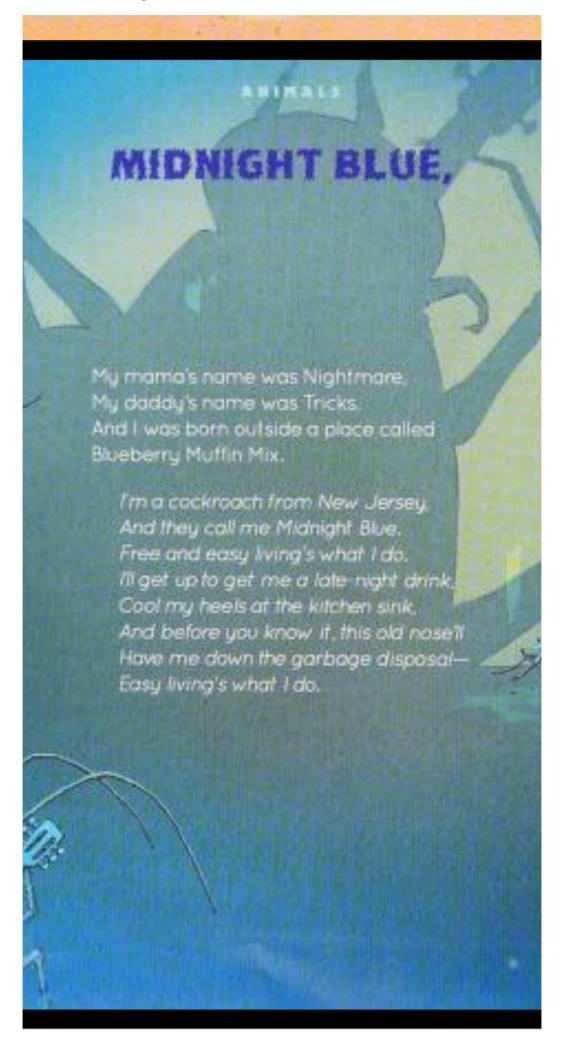
When Elephant Bill heard a terrible sound—

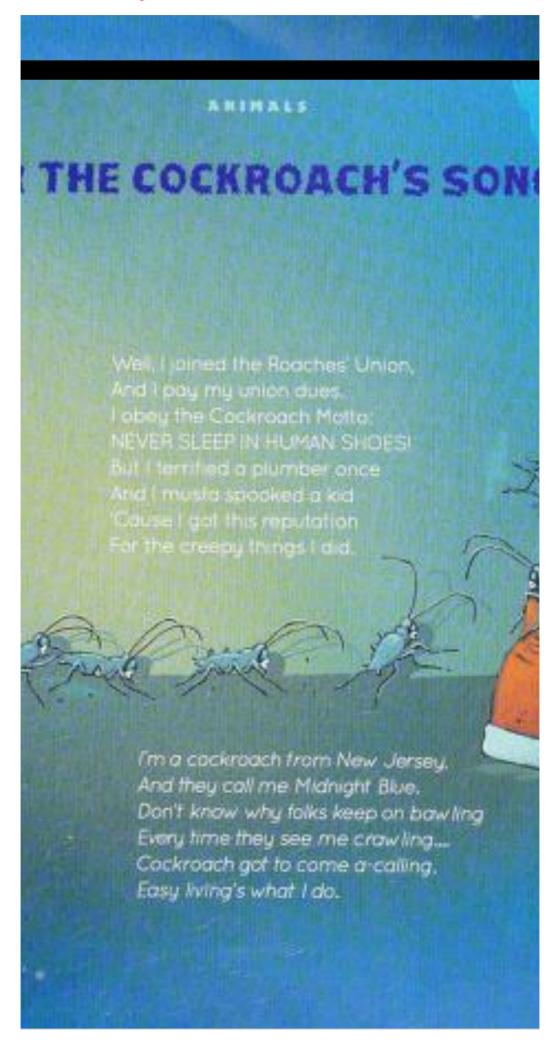
The sound that an Elephant never forgets, Jackrabbit had turned on his back jumper jets! And huffing below, old Elephant Bill Looked up to the top of ... Jackrabbit Hill.

1987

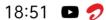


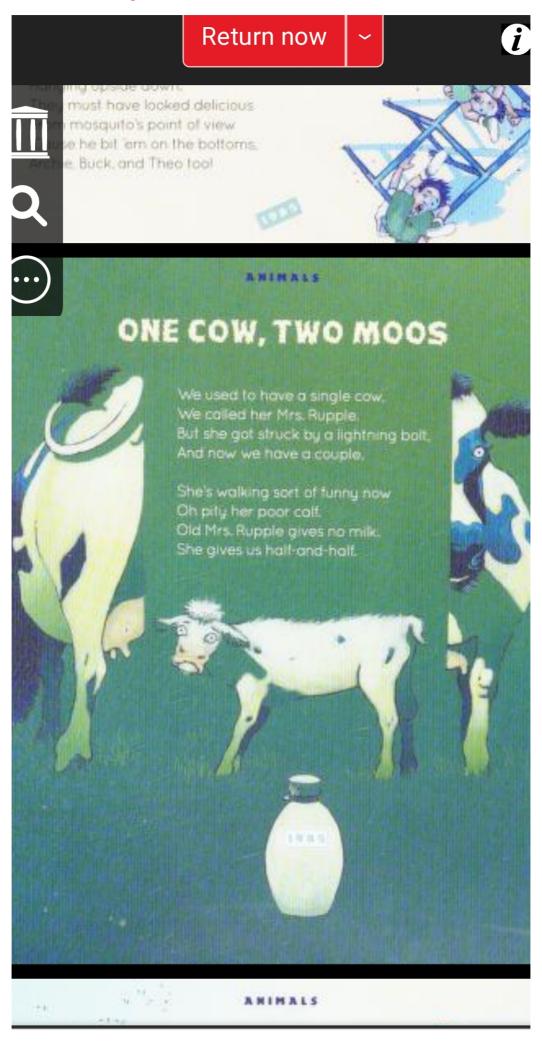














## **OCEAN DINERS**

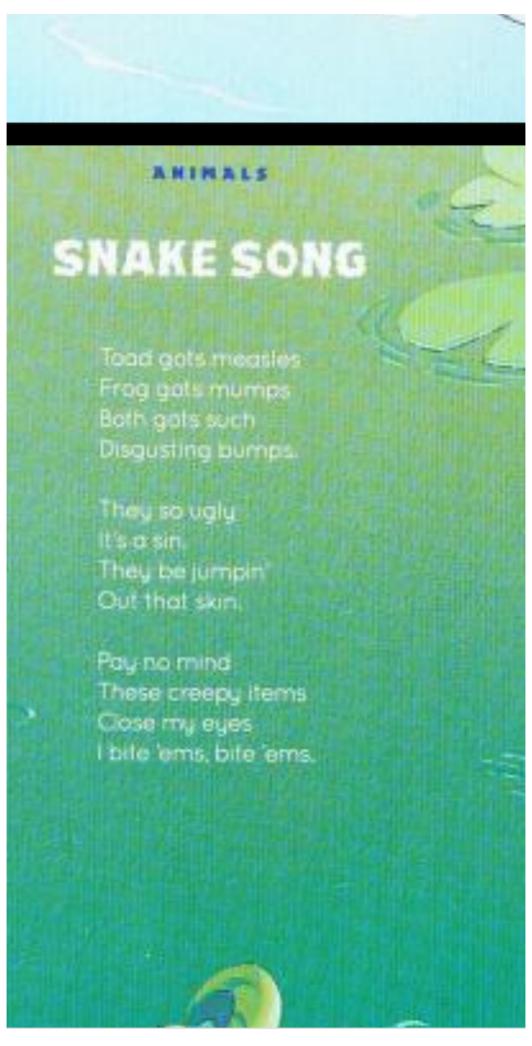
They open up their beaks and throats For breakfast off the backs of boats.

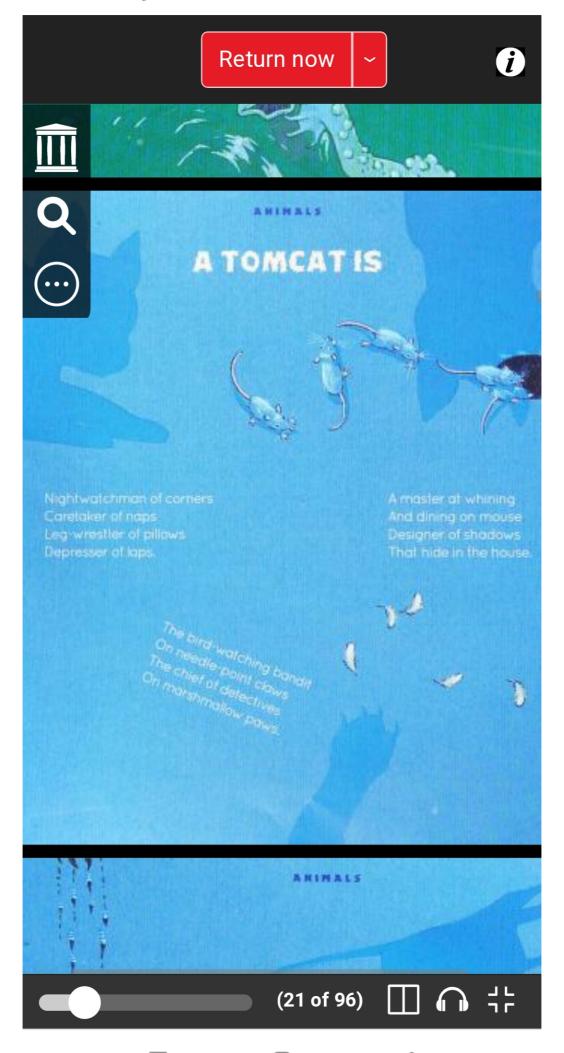
Some take a dip and dive for brunch, Some join the passengers for lunch-

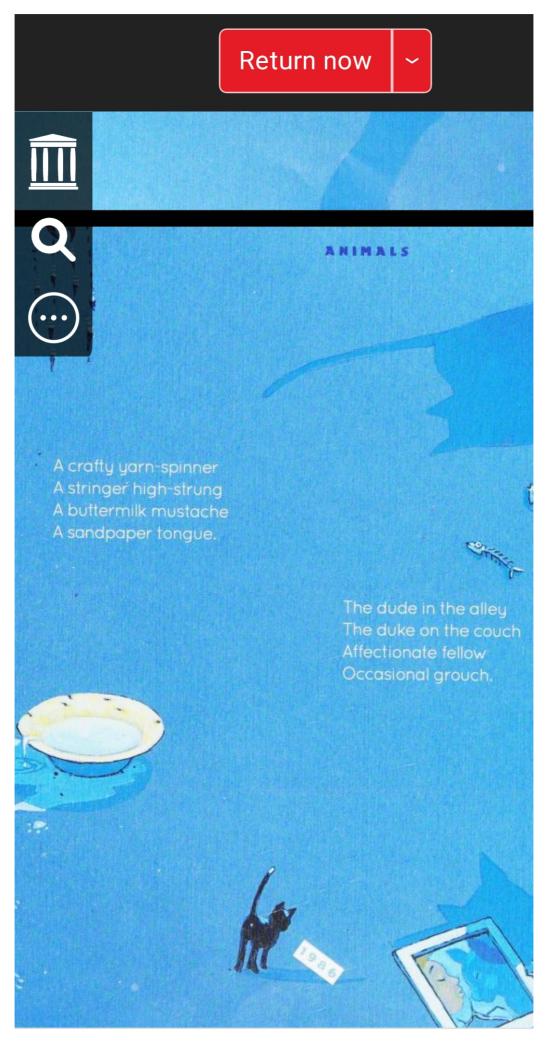
Or swoop in low for sneak attacks On peanut butter & jelly snacks.

And when they're in a hungry mood. Seagulls love your finger food!



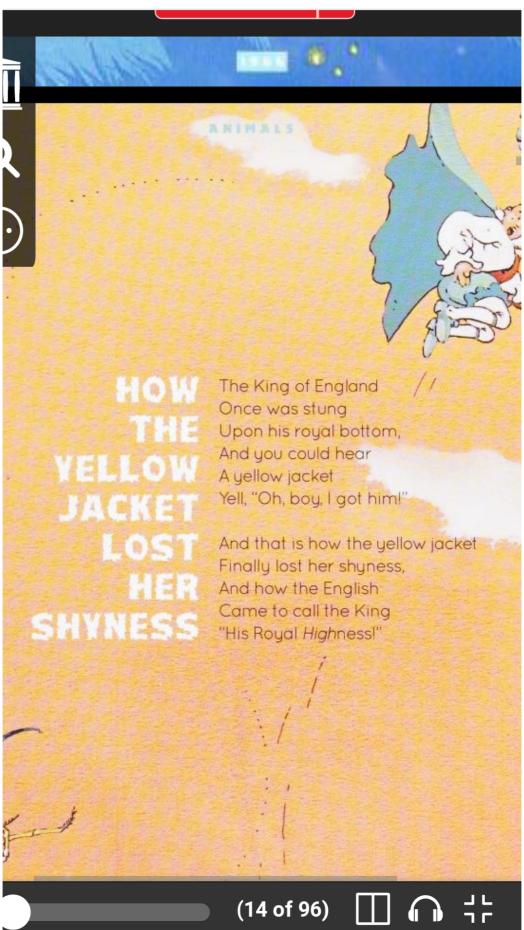










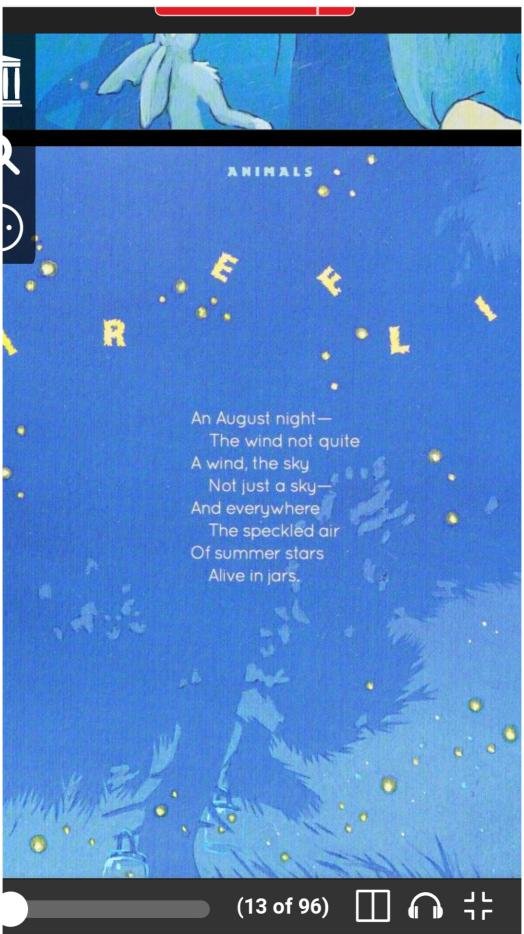




⑤ 奈 % 川 97



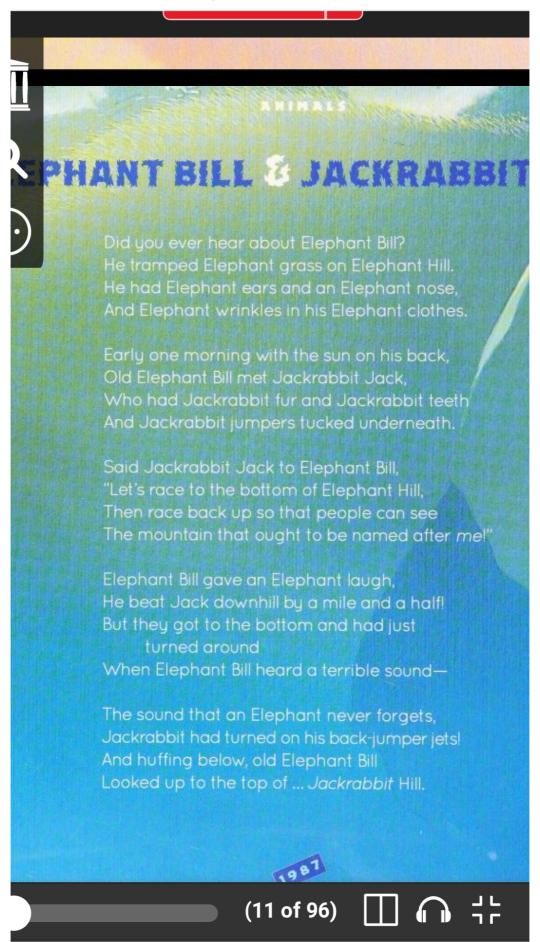




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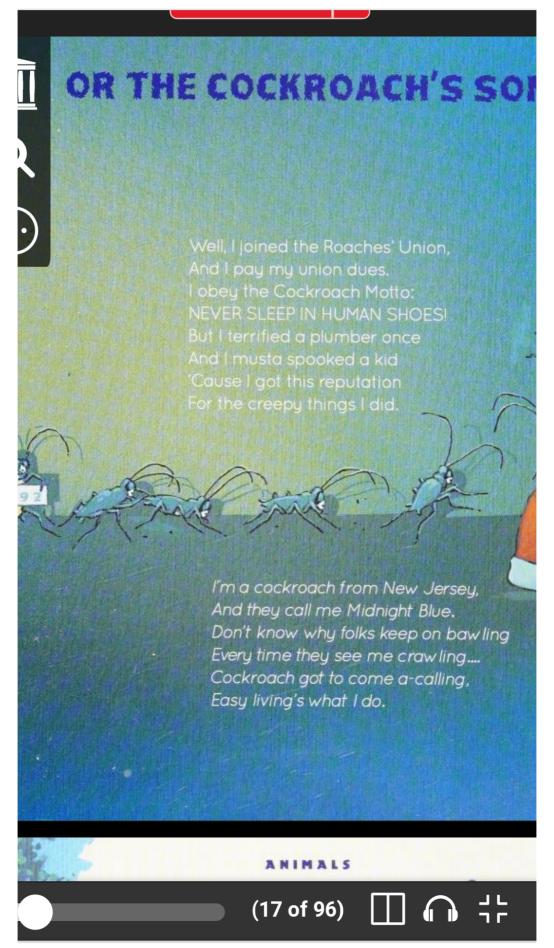


ANIMALS MIDNIGHT BLUE, My mama's name was Nightmare, My daddy's name was Tricks. And I was born outside a place called Blueberry Muffin Mix. I'm a cockroach from New Jersey, And they call me Midnight Blue. Free and easy living's what I do. I'll get up to get me a late-night drink, Cool my heels at the kitchen sink, And before you know it, this old nose'll Have me down the garbage disposal-Easy living's what I do. (15 of 96)

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ANIMALS

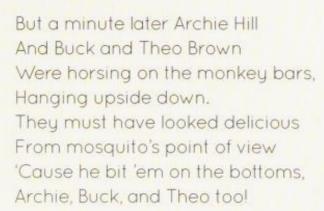
## MOSQUITO

I was climbing up the sliding board When suddenly I felt A mosquito bite my bottom And it raised a big red welt.

So I said to that mosquito,
"I'm sure you wouldn't mind
If I took a pair of tweezers
And I tweezered your behind!"
He shriveled up his body
And he shuffled to his feet,
And he said, "I'm awfully sorry
But mosquitos got to eat!
Still, there are mosquito manners,
And I must have just forgot 'em.
And I swear I'll never never never
Bite another bottom."

You could You could You could Goin' sma

A mosquit A mosquit But I neve Thought r







### Everything is a... archive.org







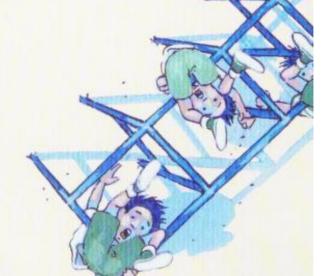


osquito, In't mind eezers ur behind!" body his feet. vfully sorry to eat! quito manners, st forgot 'em. er never never ٦."

You could hear 'em goin' HOLY! You could hear 'em goin' WHACK! You could hear 'em cuss and holler, Goin' smack, smack, smack.

A mosquito's awful sneaky, A mosquito's mighty sly, But I never never never Thought mosquito'd tell a lie.

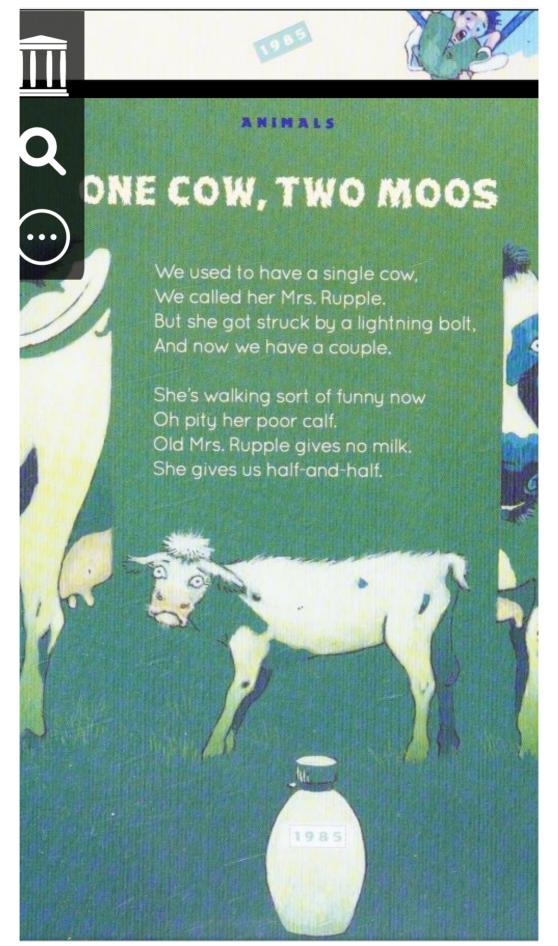
Archie Hill Brown e monkey bars, wn. sked delicious pint of view n the bottoms, neo too!

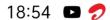


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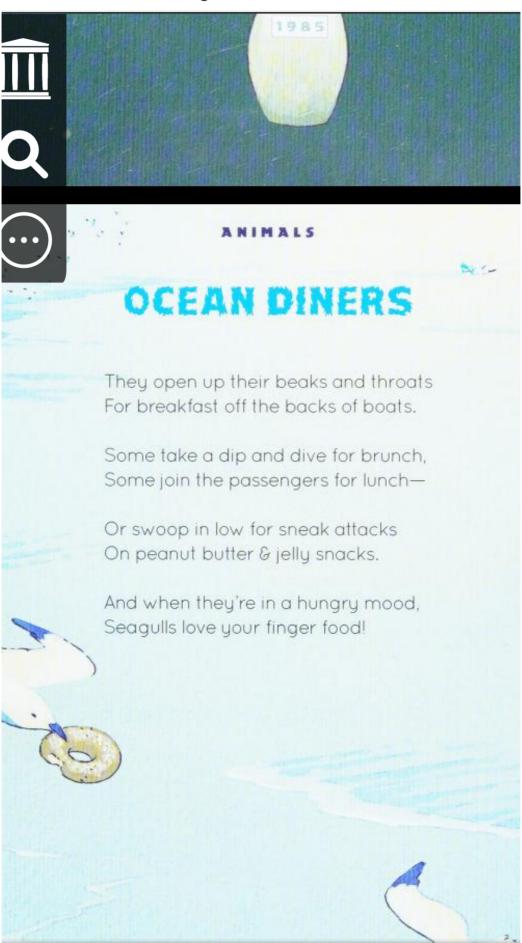
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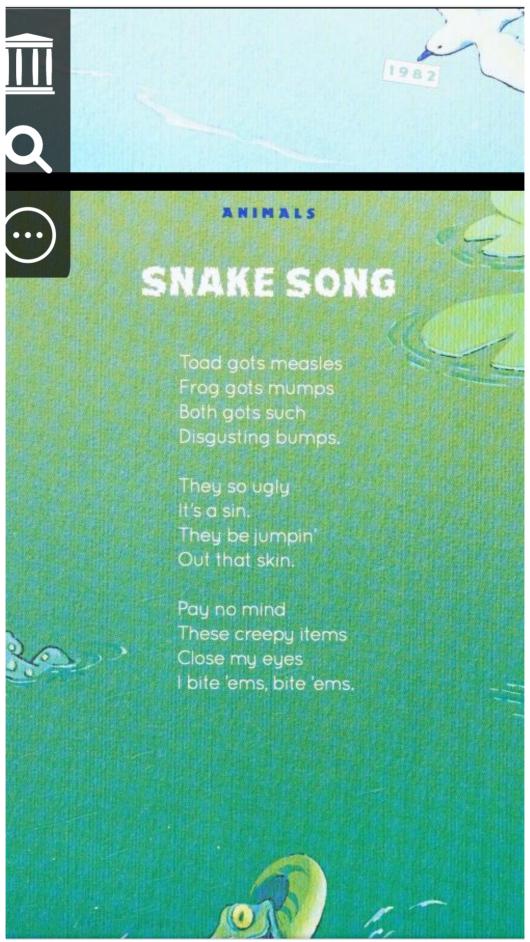
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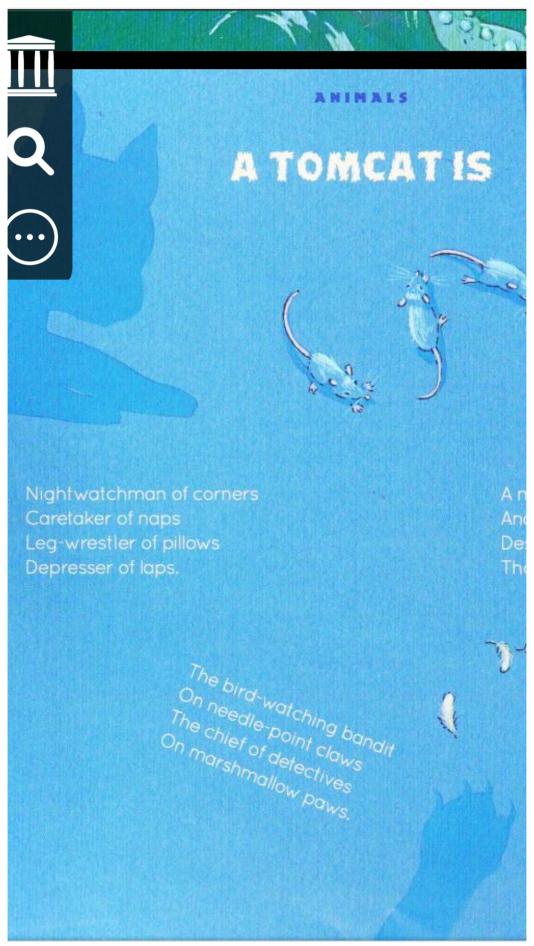






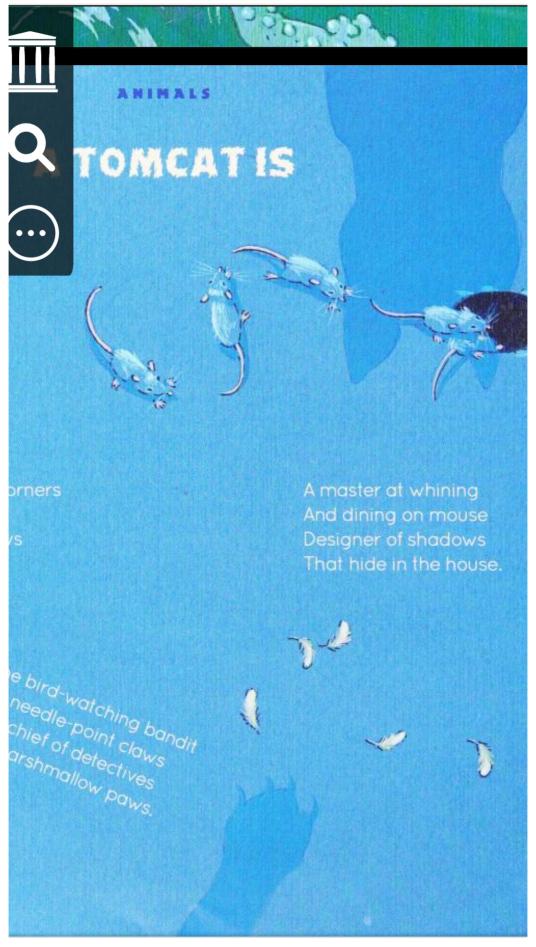














③ 奈 % 山 97

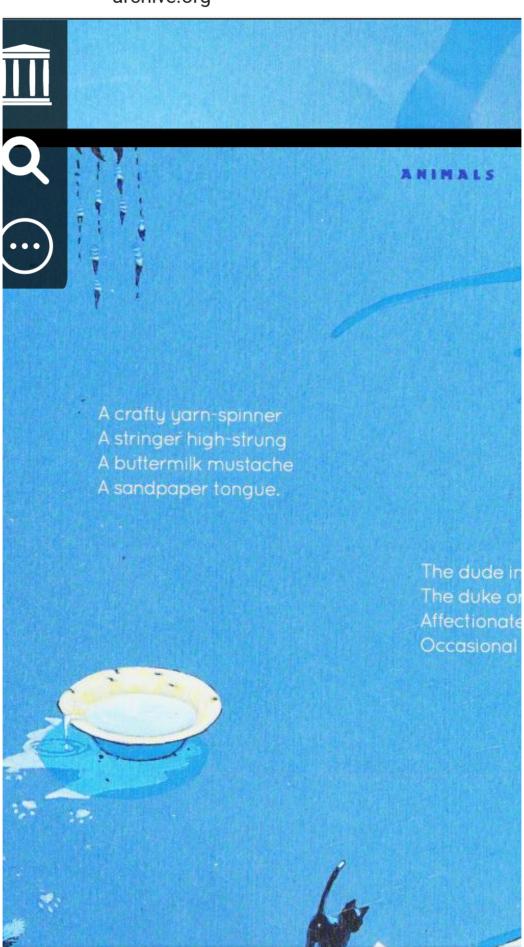




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⑤ 奈 % 山 97

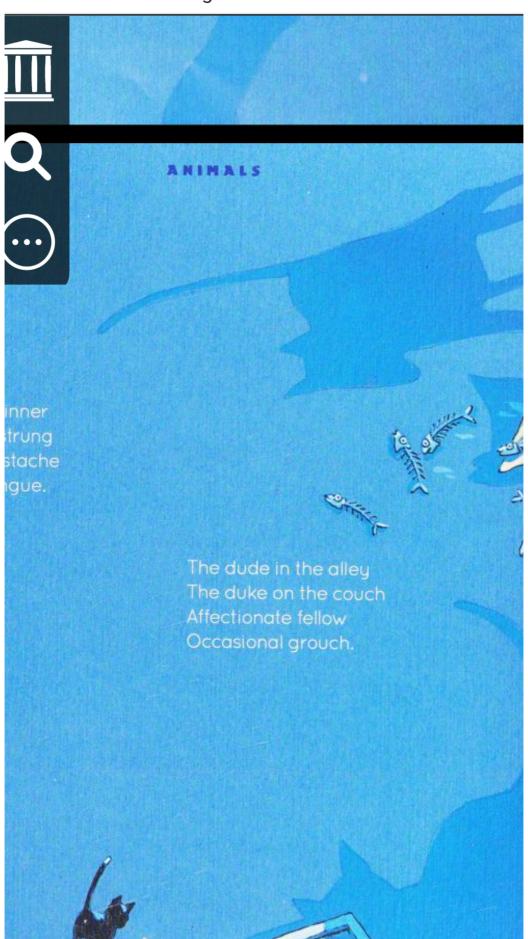




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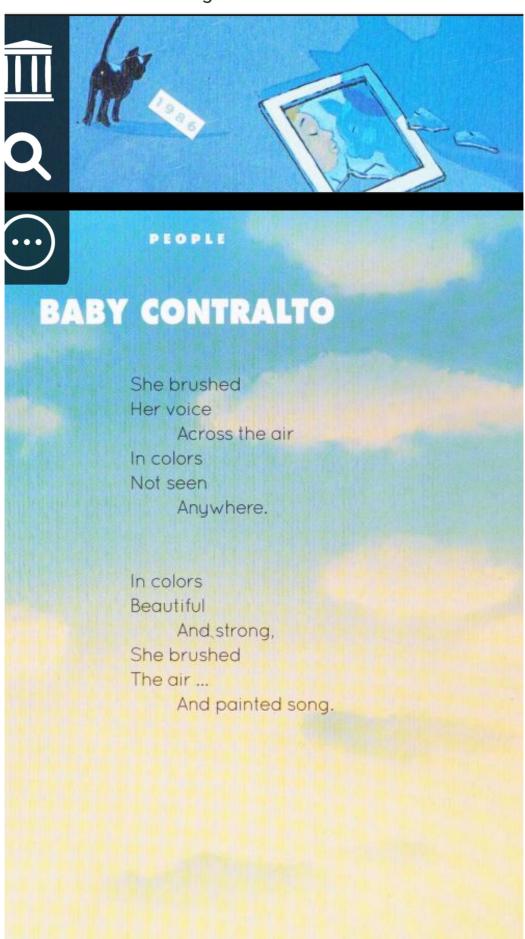




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Sally K. Ride / 1951-2012 / First space flight on June 18, 1983

# THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN IN SPACE

Sally Ride rode An alley-wide road Into the sky.

Sally Ride road To an area code A million miles high.

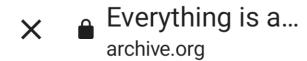
Sally ride rode With a precious payload Out of Earthsight.

Sally Ride rode Sally Ride Road Into the night.











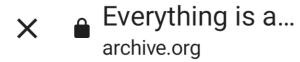


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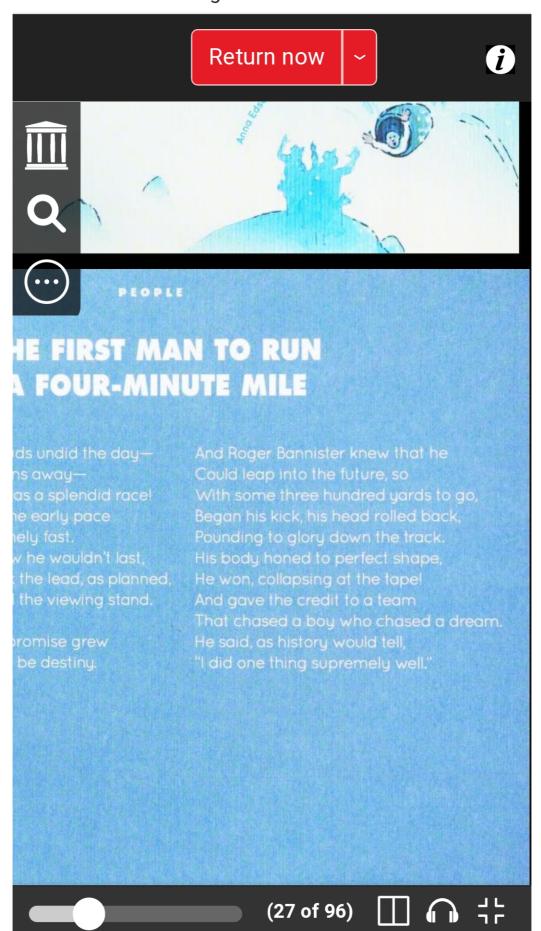




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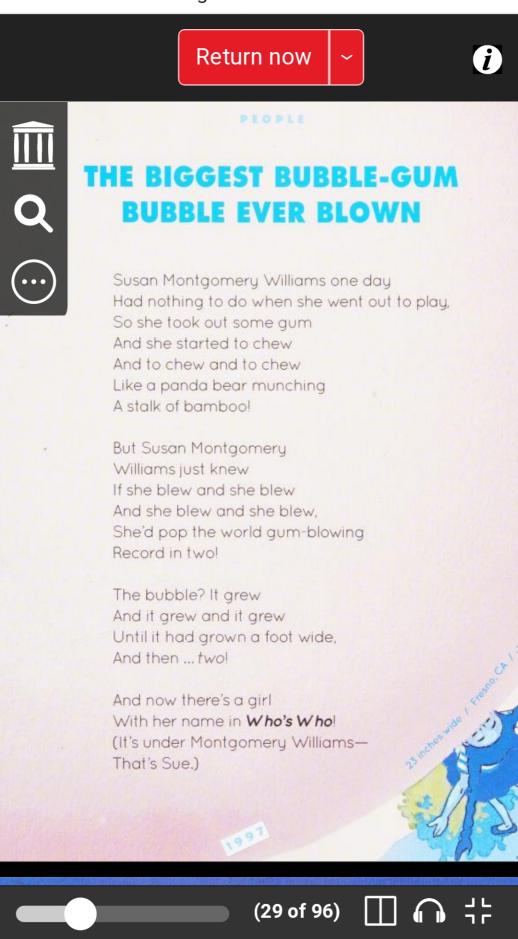


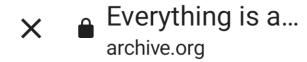


**奈 % 山** 96













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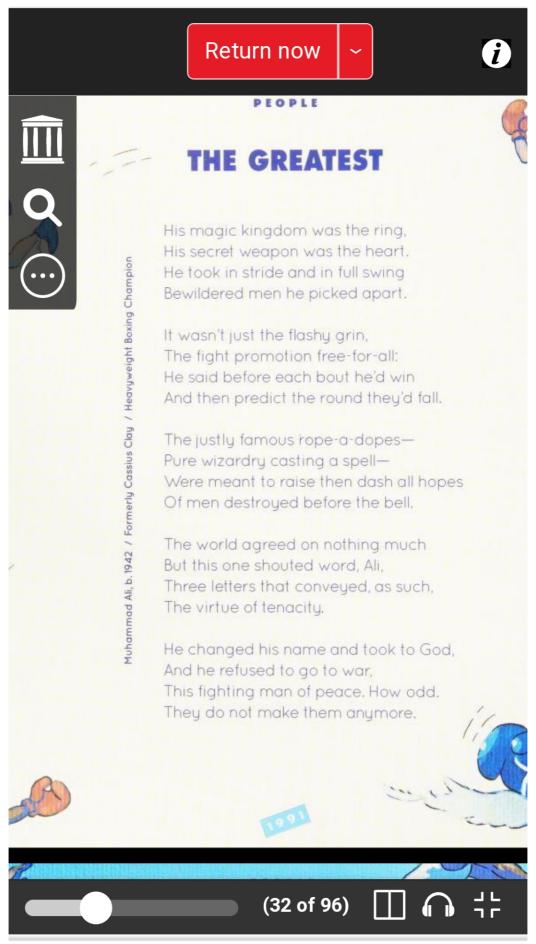




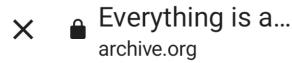
**奈 % 山** 96



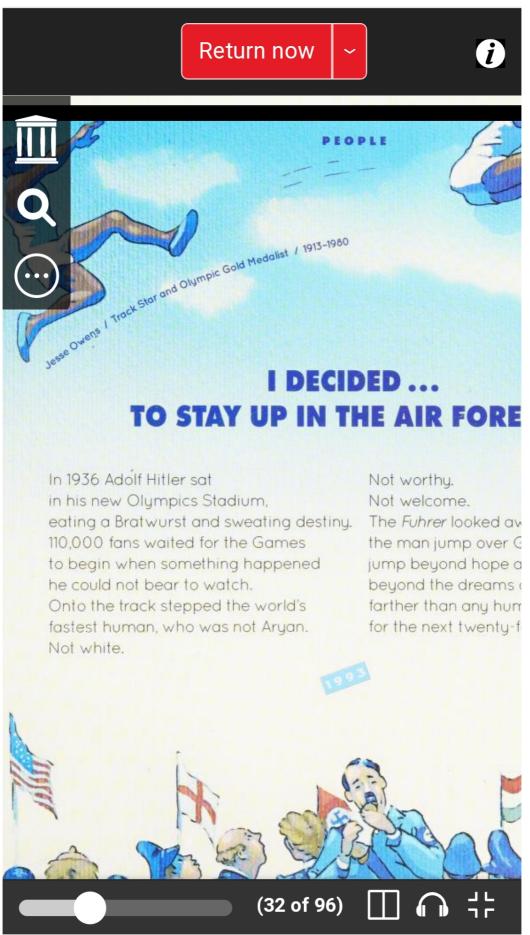






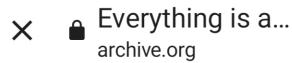




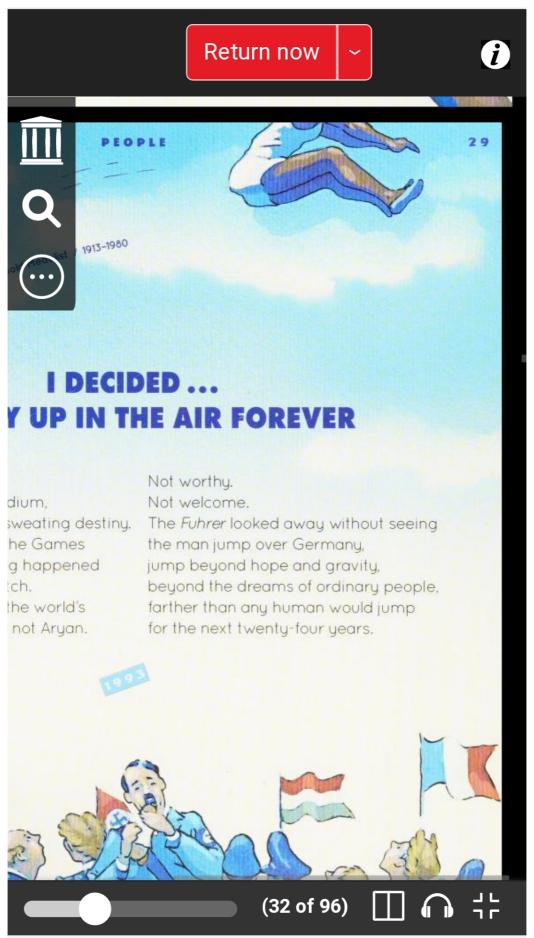


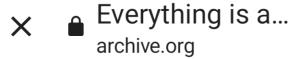






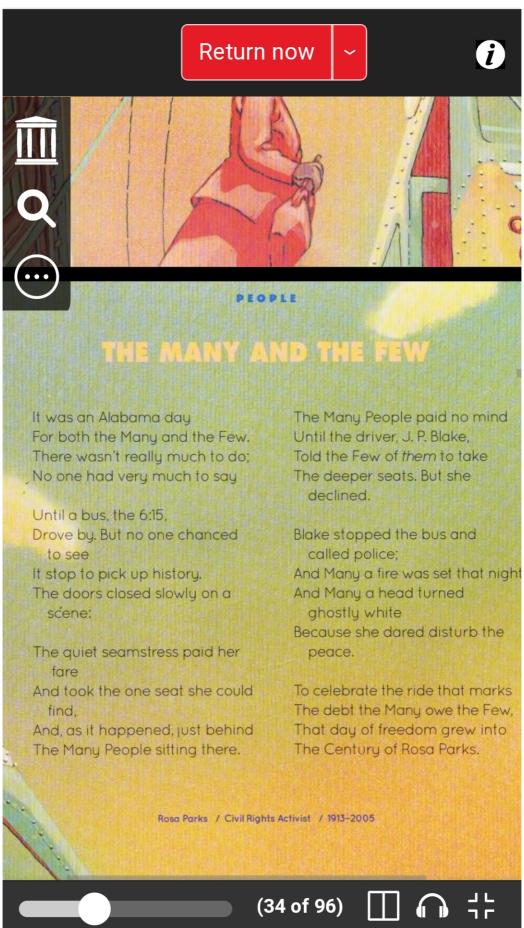






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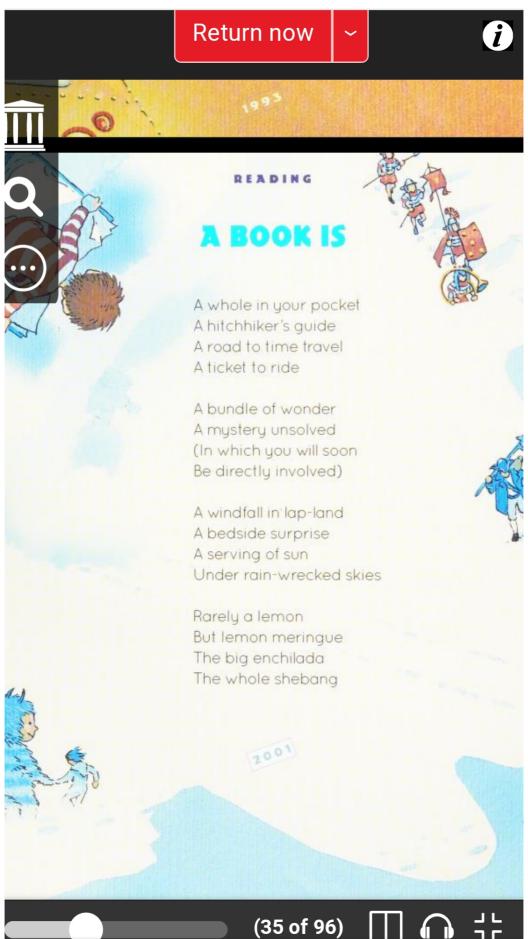




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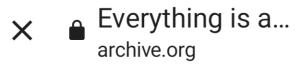








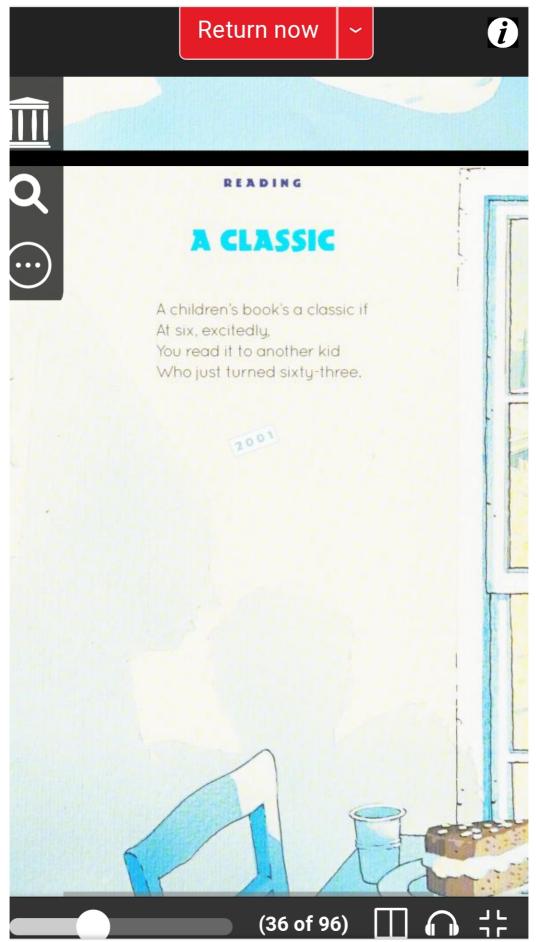
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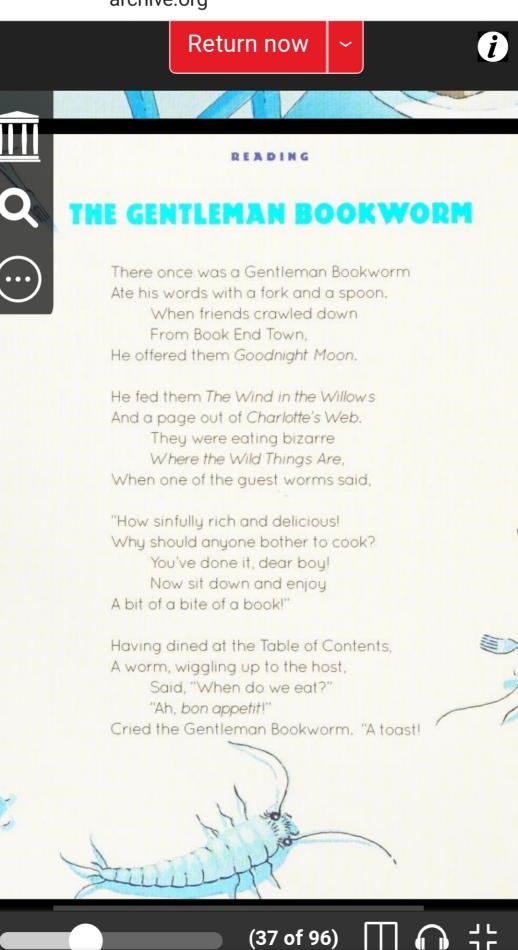










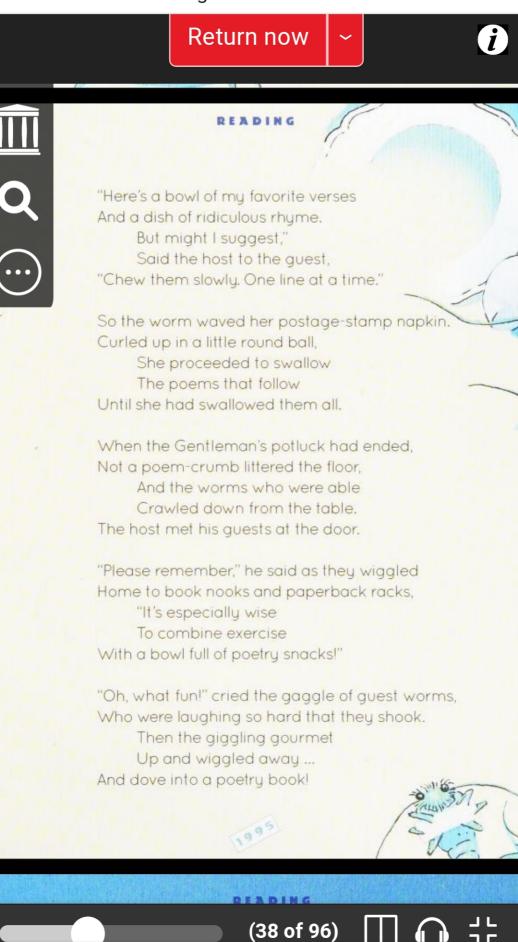






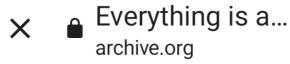




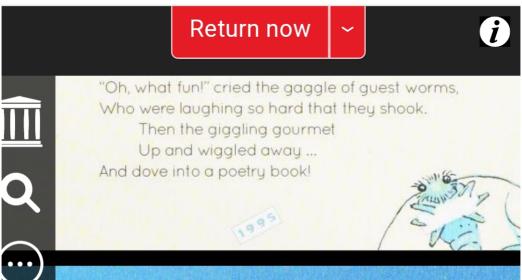












#### READING

### PLEASE BURY ME IN THE LIBRARY

Please bury me in the library In the clean, well-lighted stacks Of Novels, History, Poetry Right next to the Paperbacks,

Where the Kids' Books dance
With True Romance
And the Dictionary dozes.
Please bury me in the library
With a dozen long-stemmed proses

Way back by a rack of Magazines. I won't be sad too often, If they bury me in the library With Bookworms in my coffin.

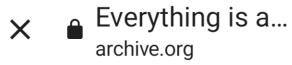
(39 of 96)



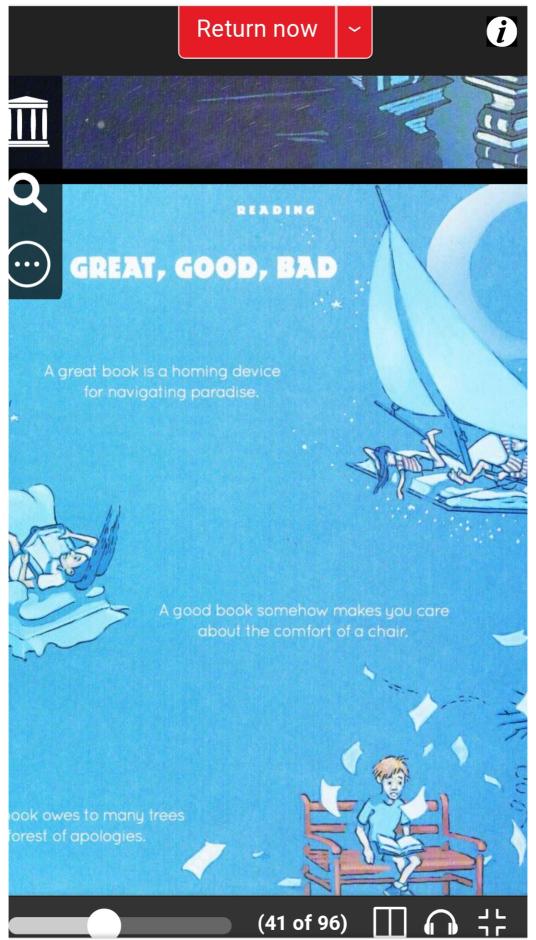




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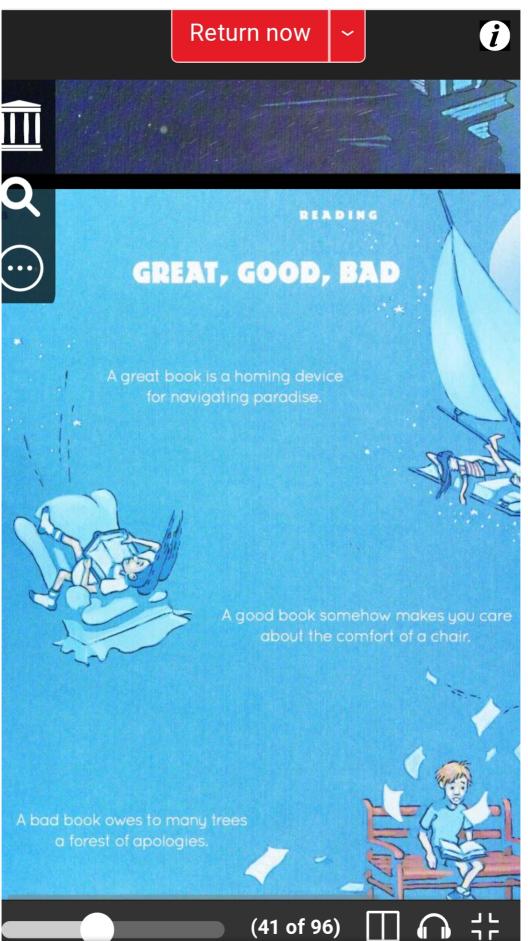


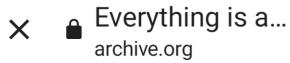


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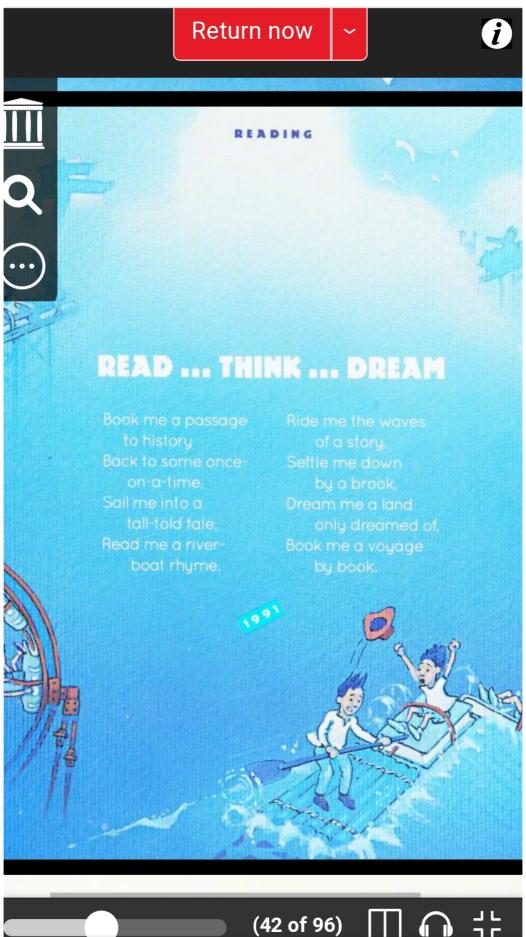


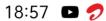








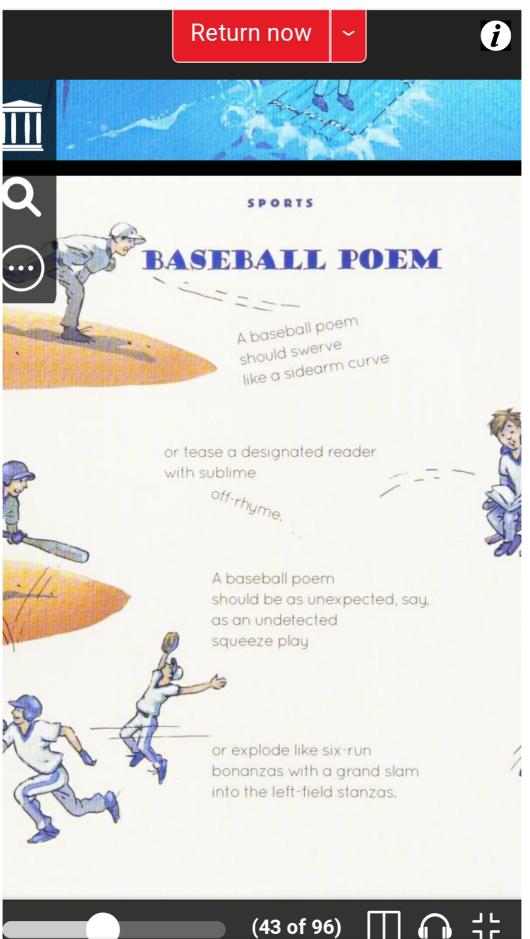




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SPORTS

### HOW THE BOOK OF BASEBALL WAS WRITTEN

An old man who lived alone on an island was a little sad. Sprayed by whitecaps, swayed by trade winds, he had only his daybook, a pen, and a young boy's heart for company. Each day the sun rode out at noon.

One morning a word—gleaming and new, never heard before—appeared like the glint of a ship's hull on a distant swell.

He watched a gull pose, holding up the sky, a tortoise grip the earth as if it were a carousel. The new word hung in the air until he reached out—and caught it.

Shortstop

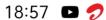
The old man put it down in his daybook, and kept on writing.

(44 of 96)





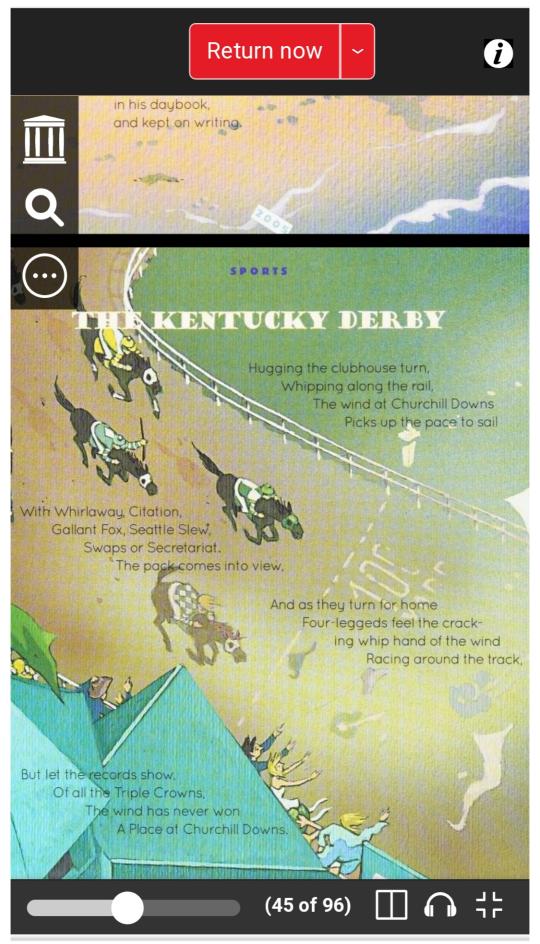




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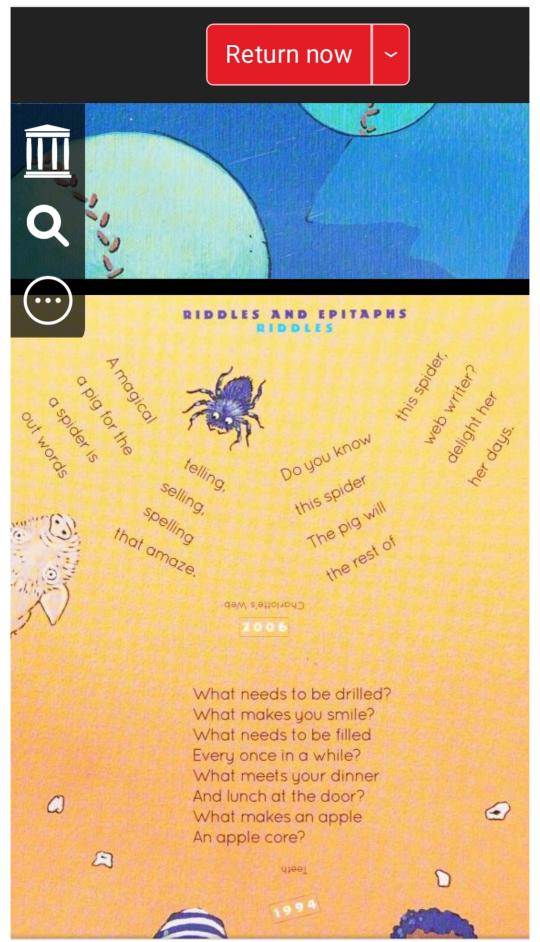
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## MY BASEBALL GLOVI My friend walks in To see the prize, Regret and envy In his eyes. Its leather cracks In places where Sure hits once died Without a prayer And baseballs, bored With being caught, Left seams that seem An afterthought. Though weather's worn Its perfect shape, Remembered now With packing tape, My glove knows how It used to be And stretches out To sleep with me.

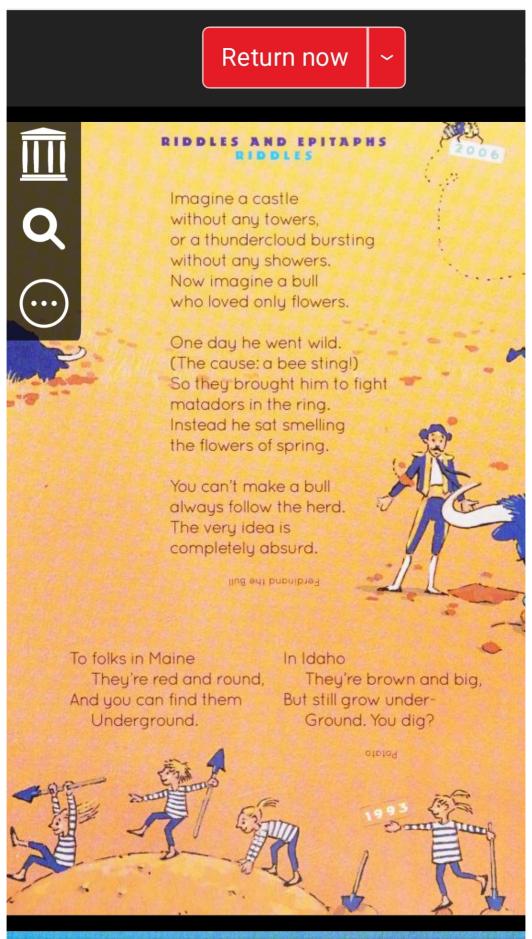






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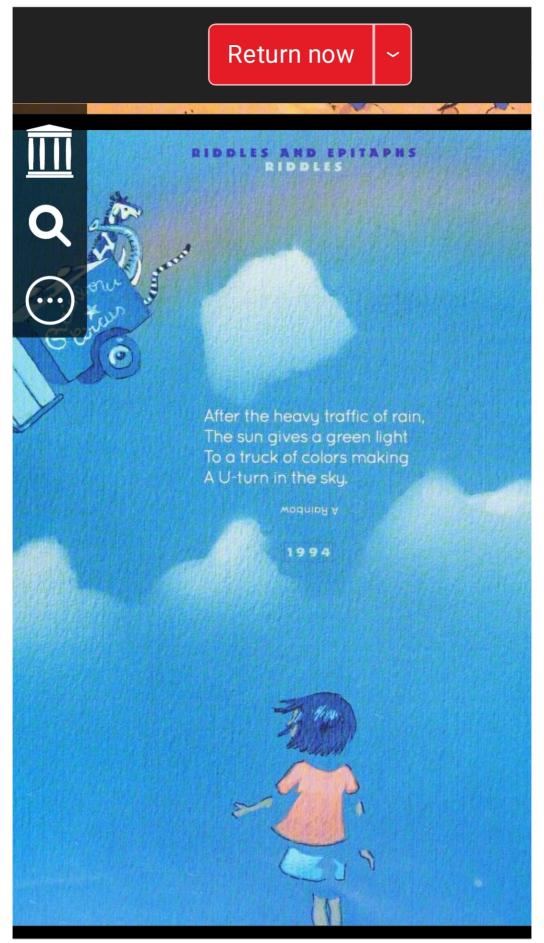
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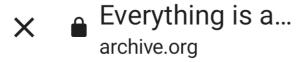




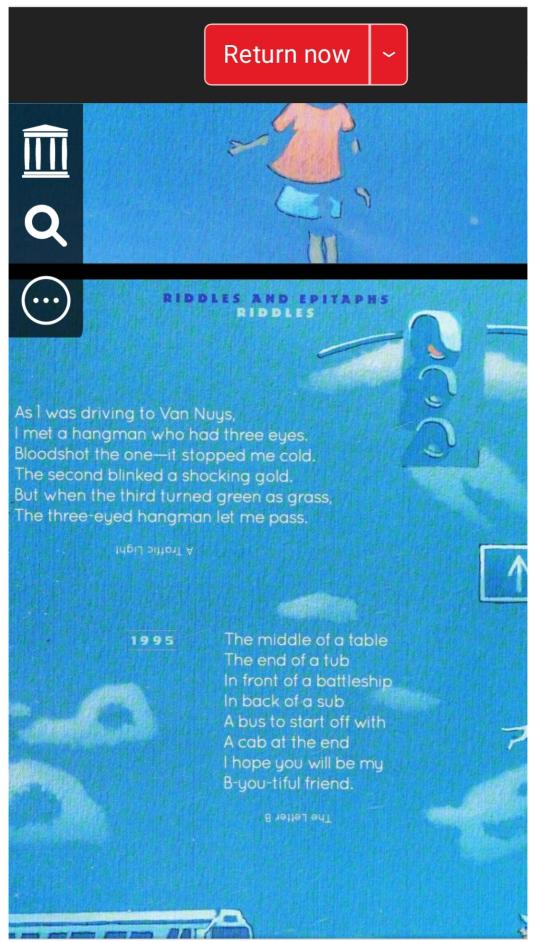


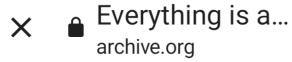








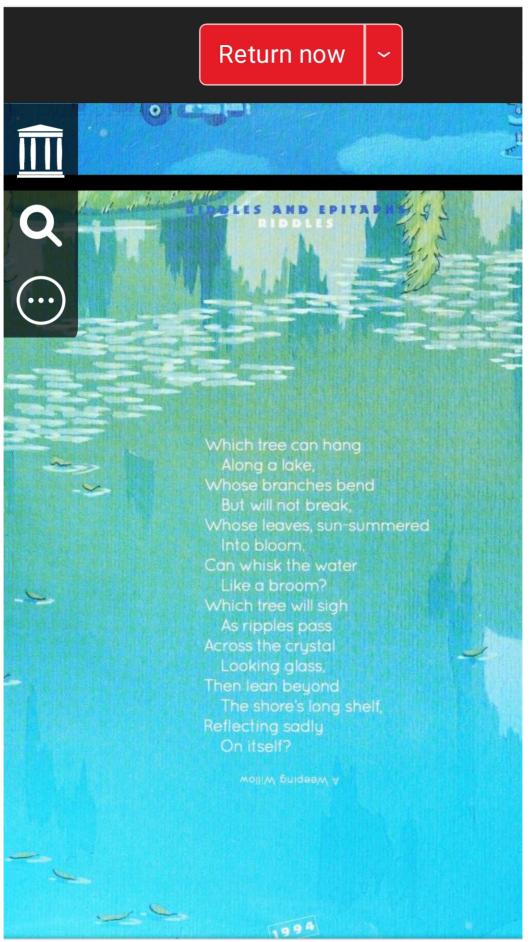










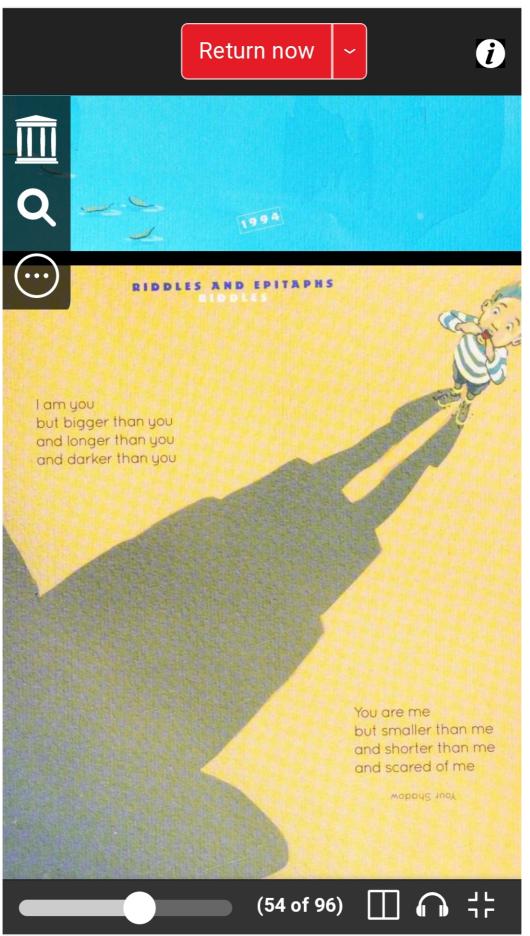




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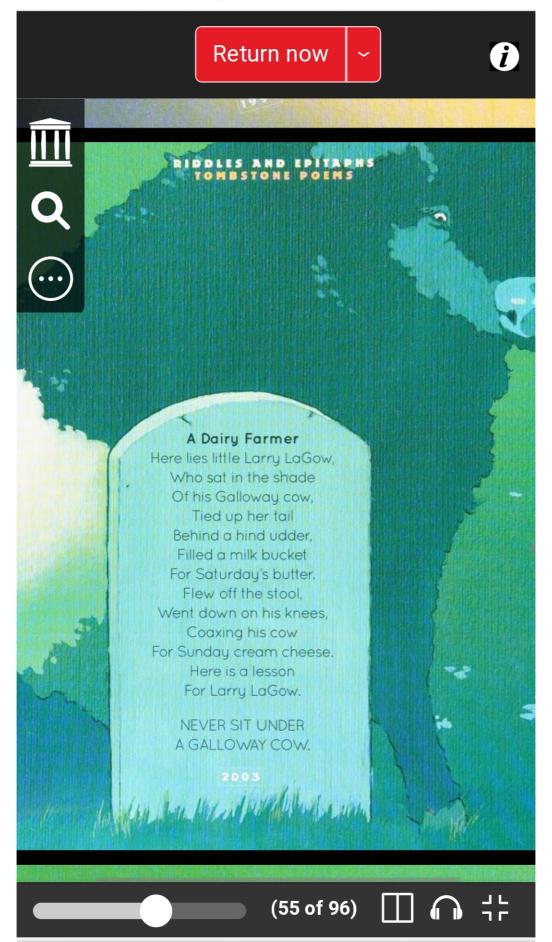




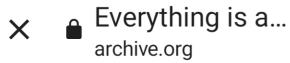


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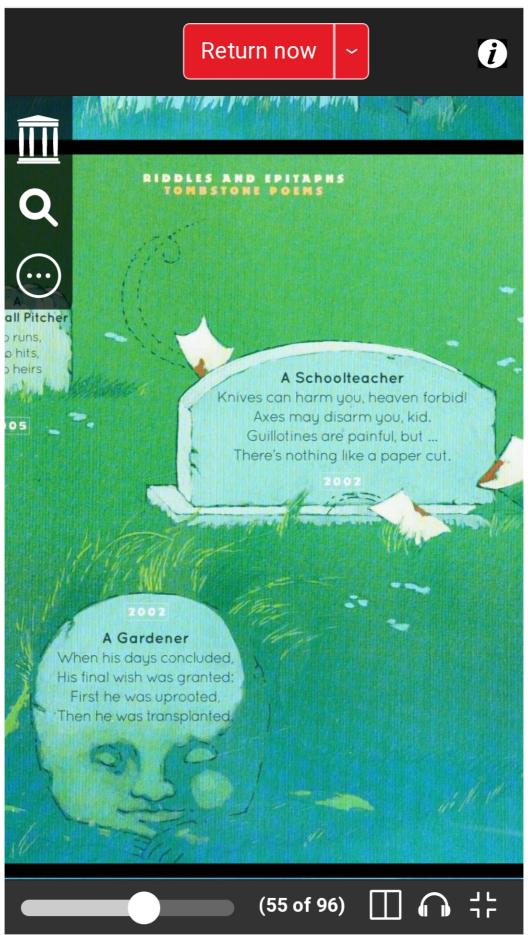










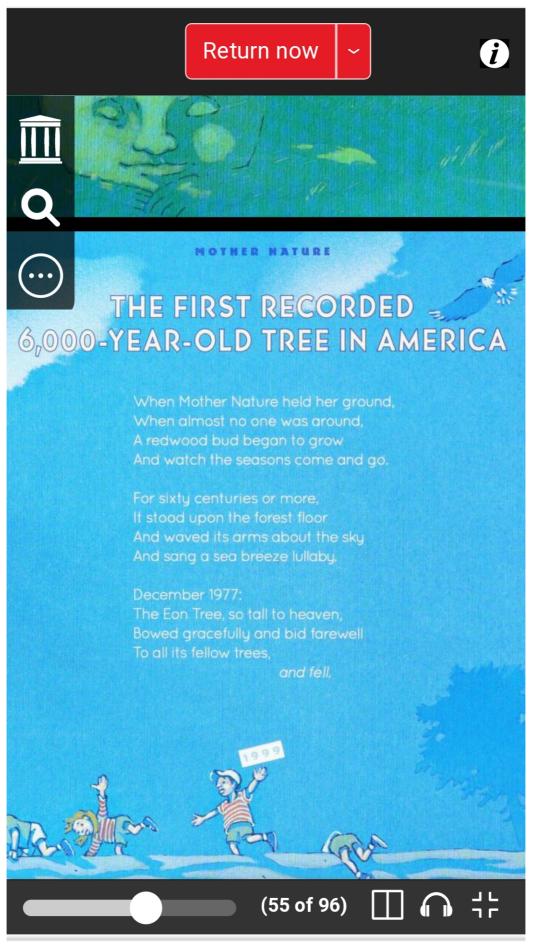


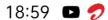


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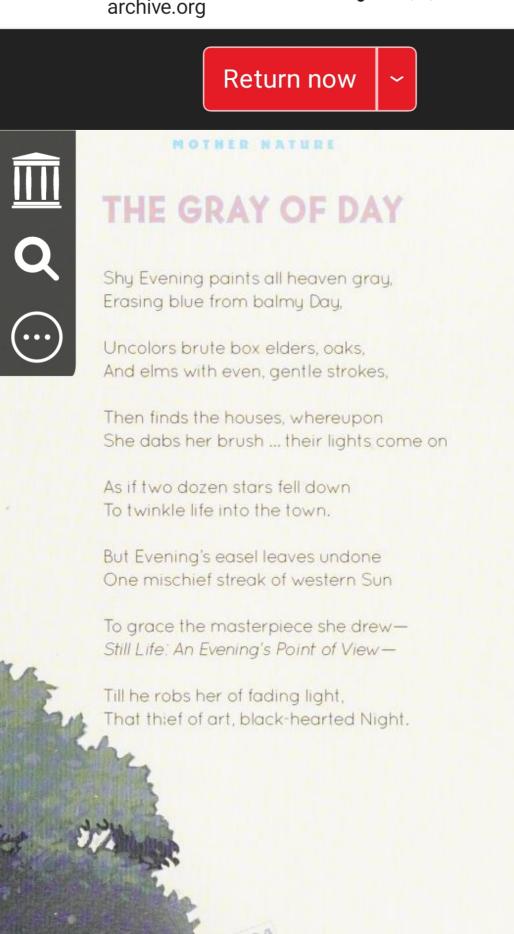




**奈 % 山** 95

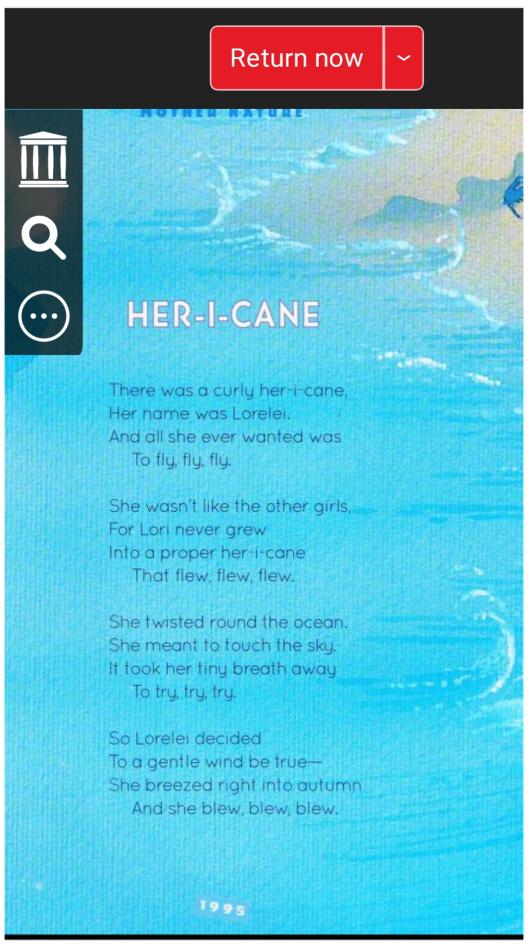




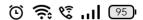


















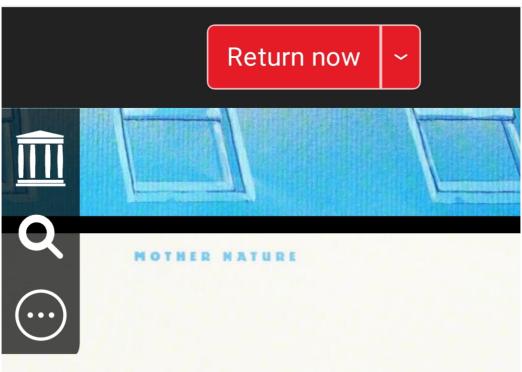
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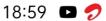
### **ORANGE JOHNSON**

Orange Johnson
Wakes at dawn,
Puts his golden
Slippers on,
Climbs the summer
Sky at noon,
Trading places
With the moon.

Orange Johnson
Runs away
With the blue
Tag end of day,
Switching off the
Globe lamplight,
Pulling down
The shades of night.

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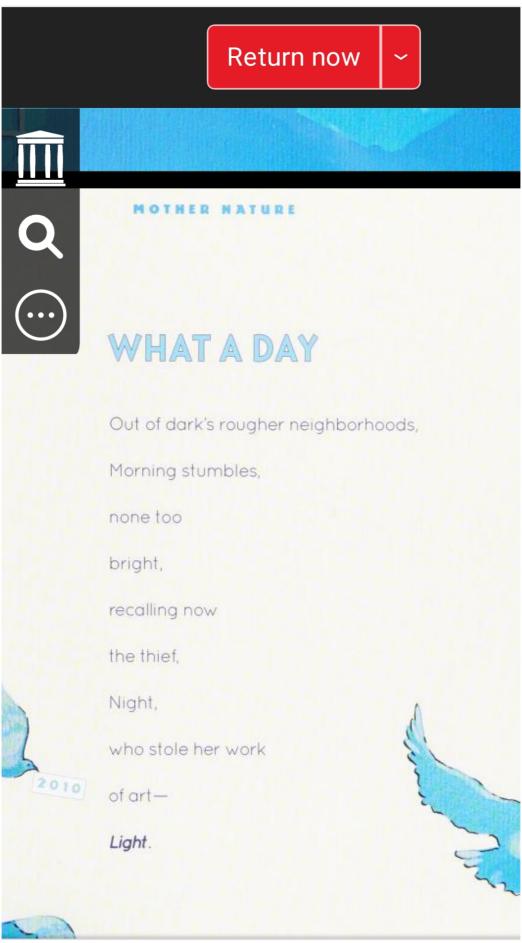




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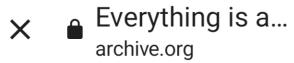






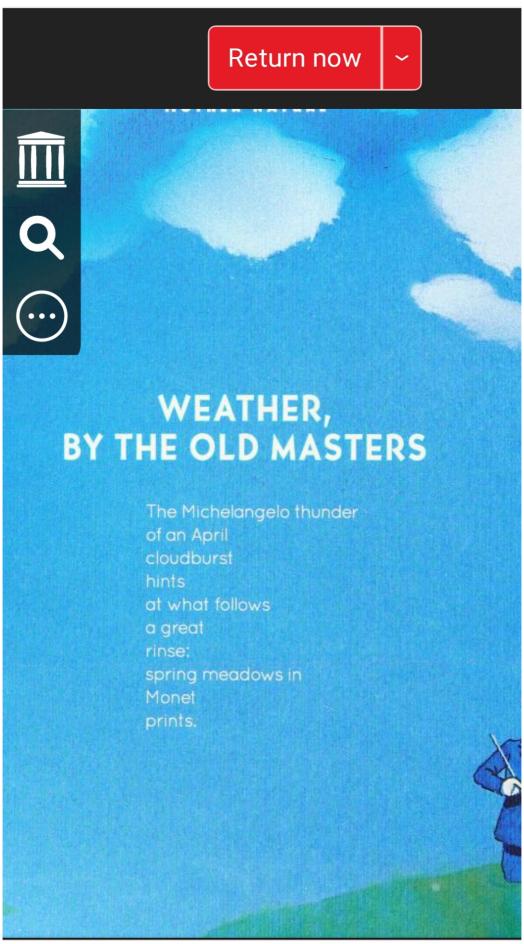
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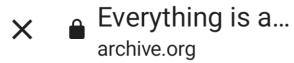




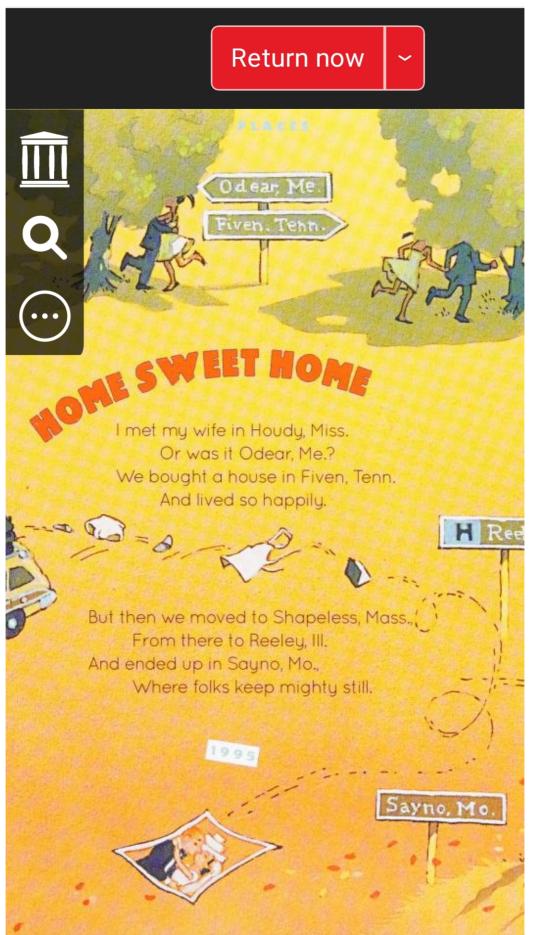












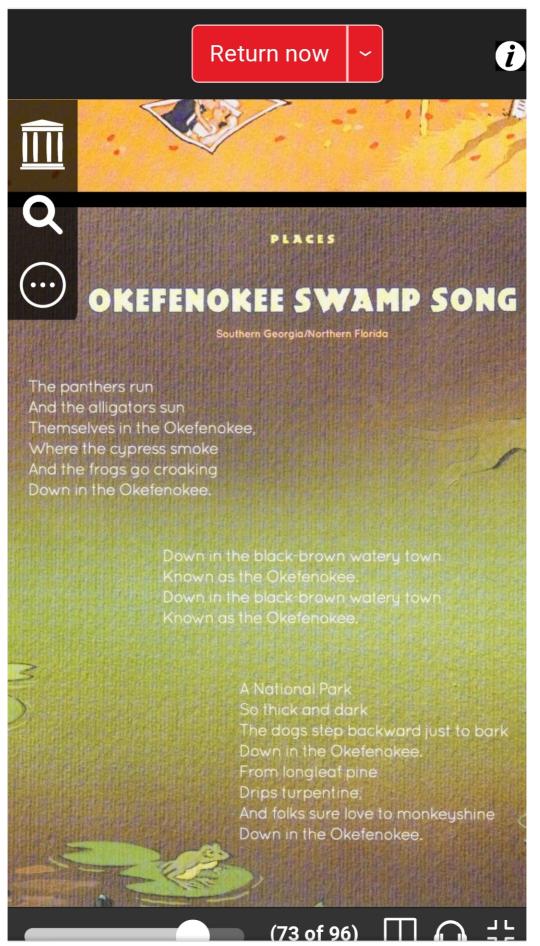
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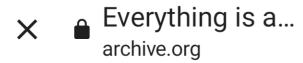


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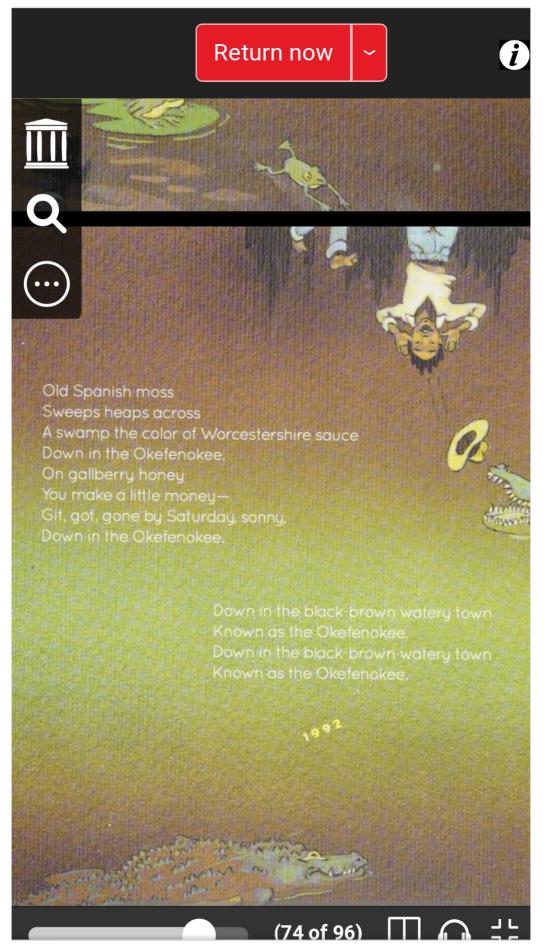


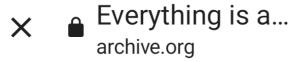


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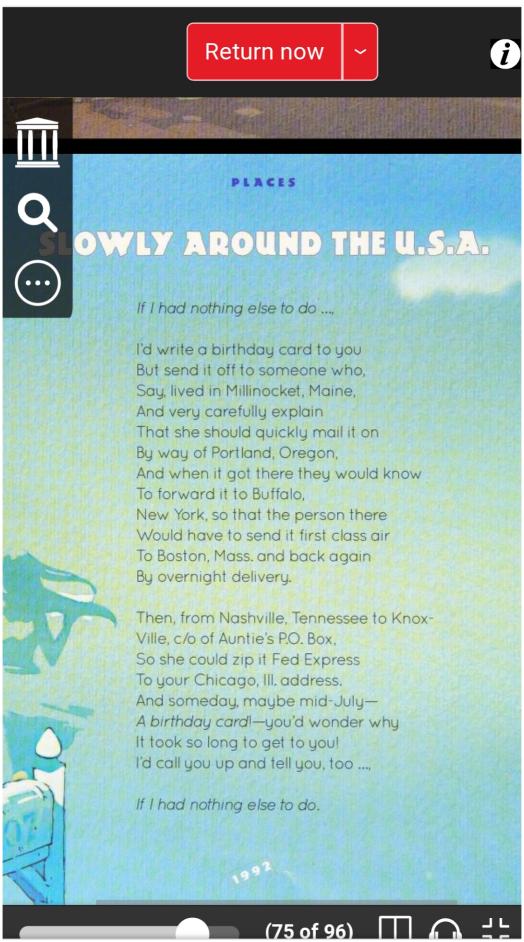






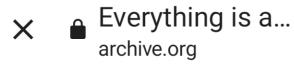














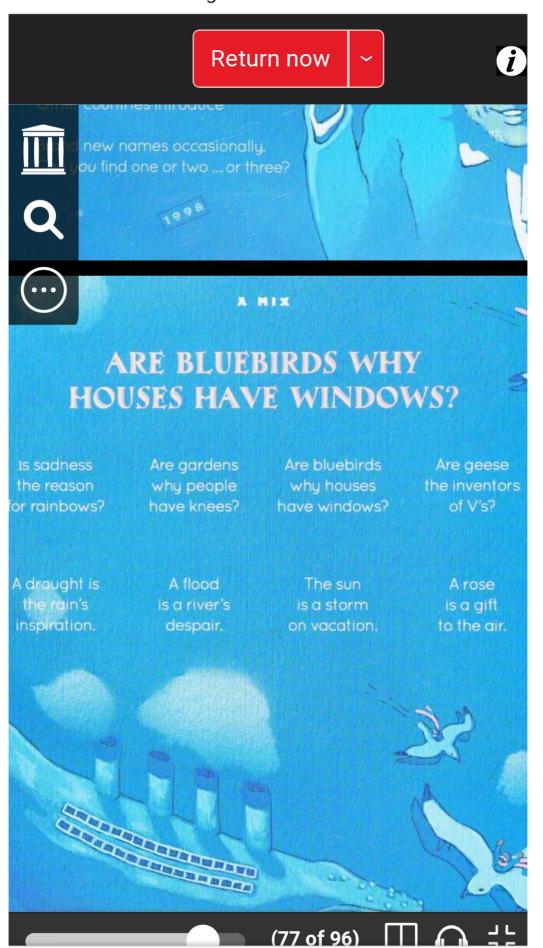






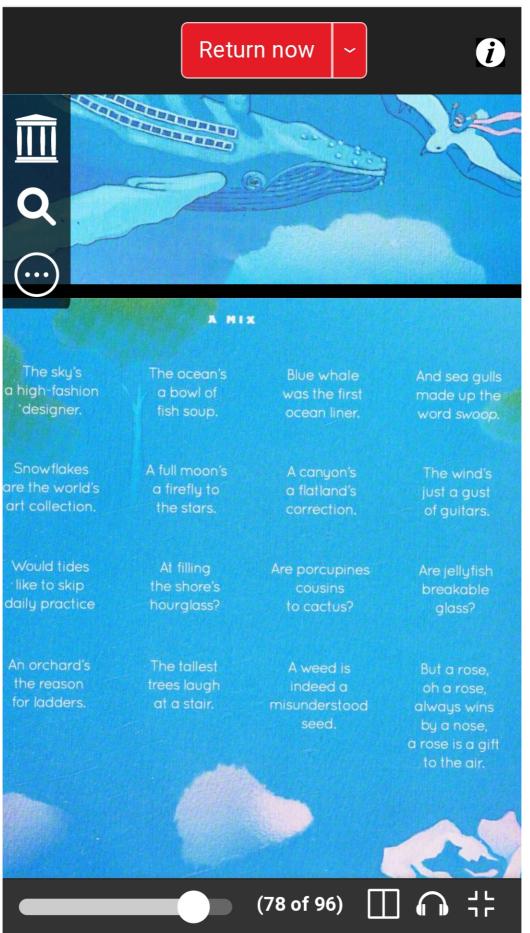
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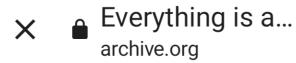






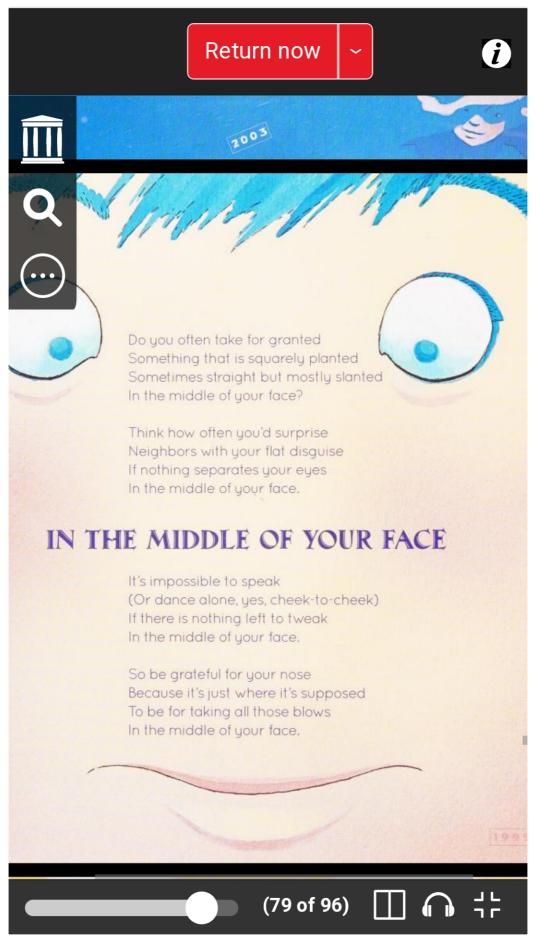


















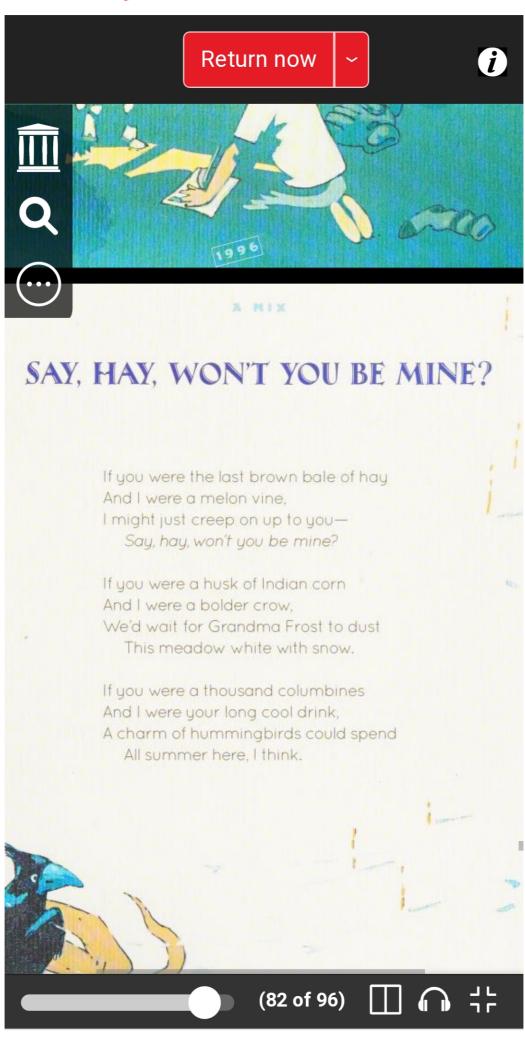
## POSTCARD POEM

Find yourself a quarter
Buy yourself a stamp
Tap it on your tongue
Until it's damp damp damp
Stick on a postcard
Mail it to a friend
Tell her you will be one
Till the end end end

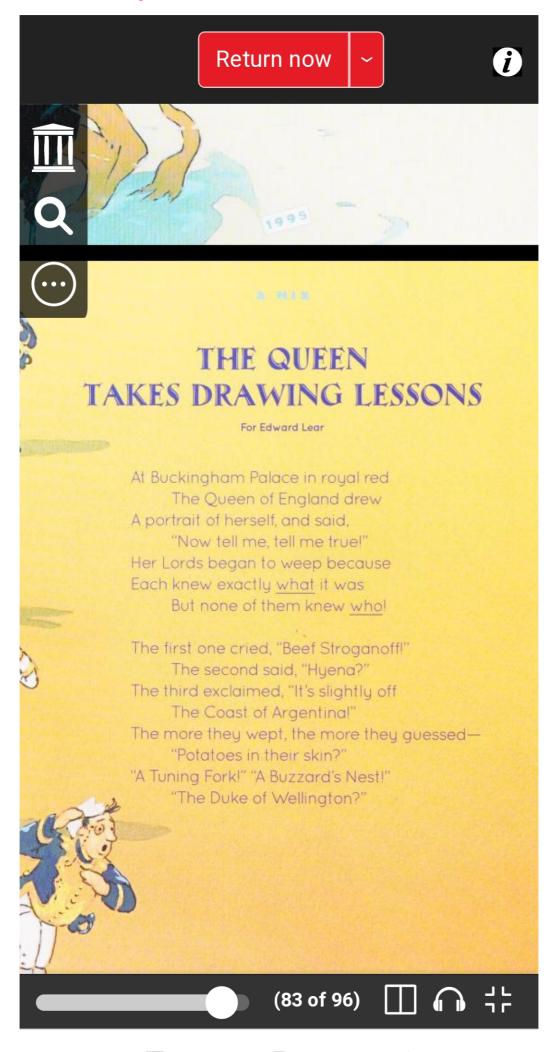




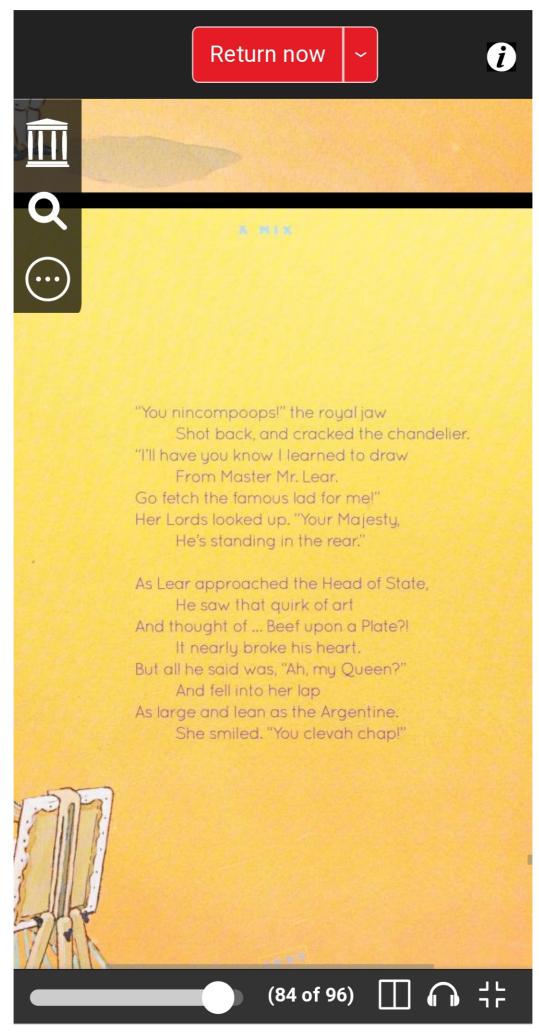




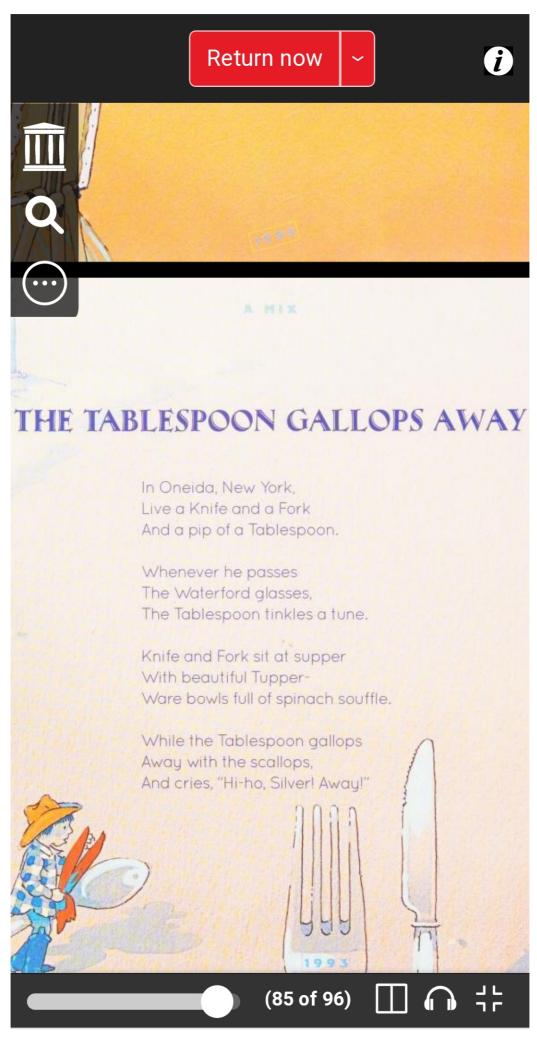


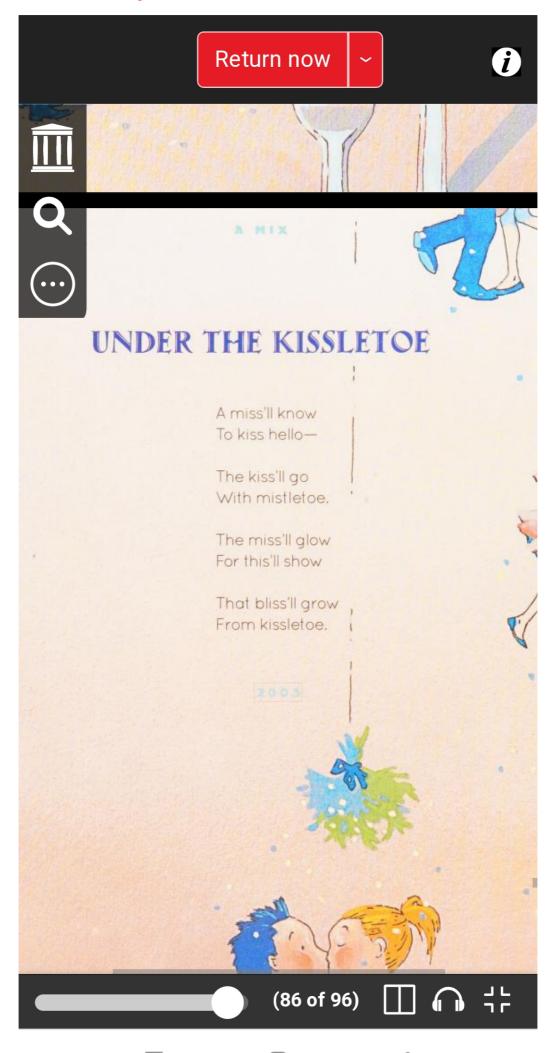


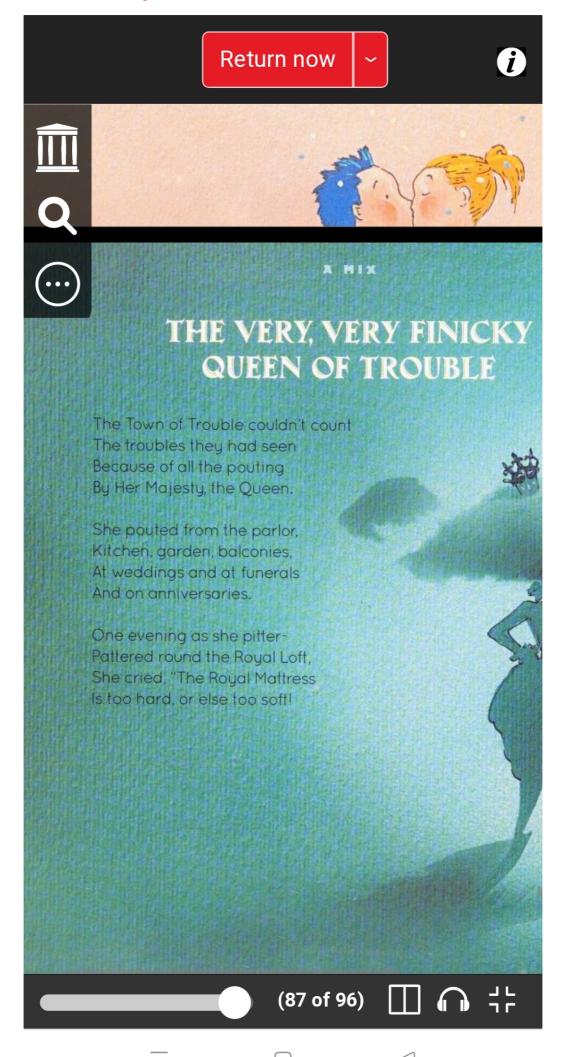




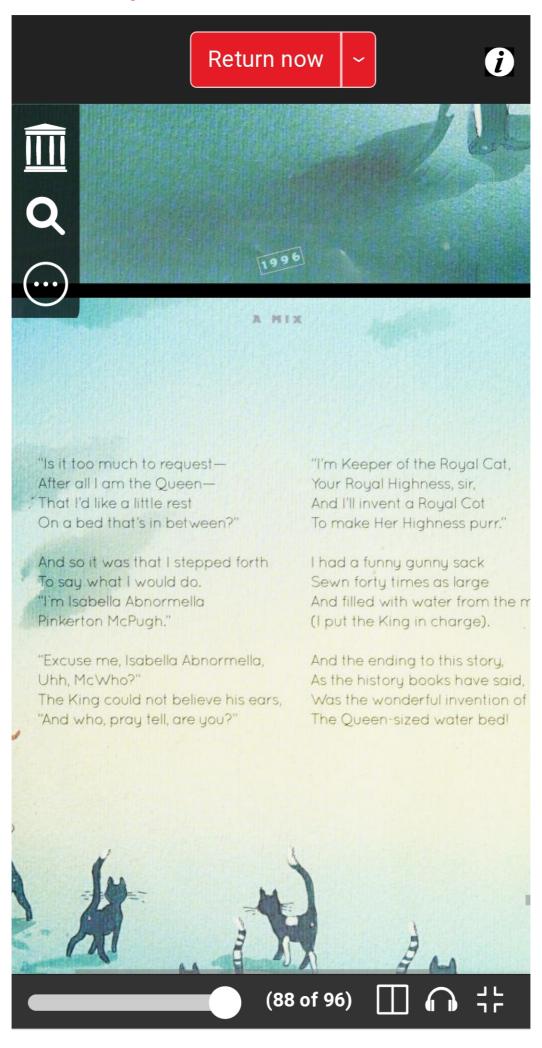


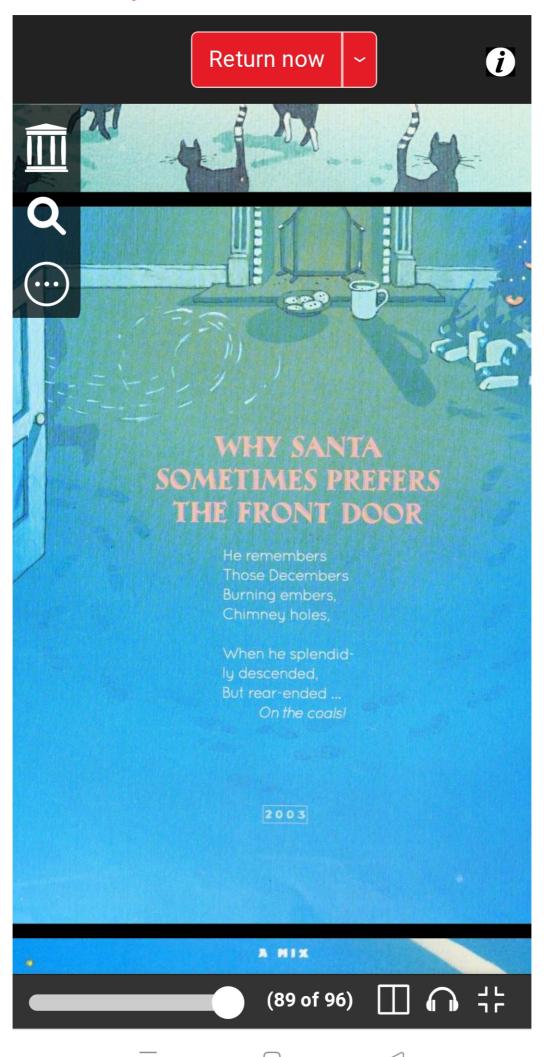




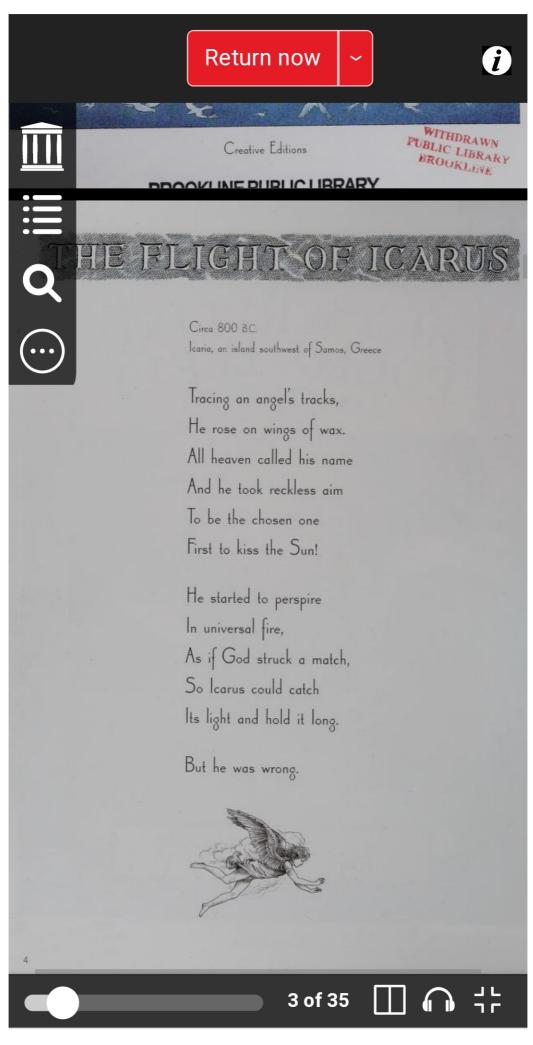




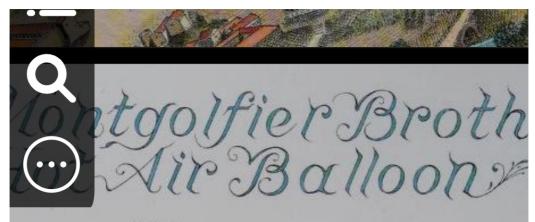








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1783, France

We stuffed the straw in the burner,
We stoked it furiously,
And ours was the first balloon to rise
Merrily aerially!

We might have gone much farther,
We flew superhumanly
Till our smart little cart started falling apart,
Sagging diagonally.

Our adventure over Paris

Was a twenty-five-minute flight.

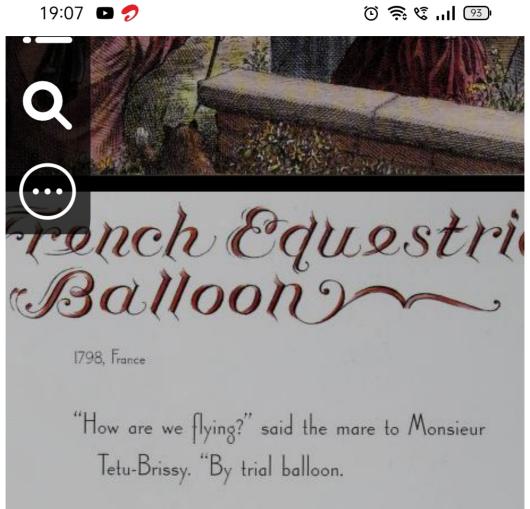
And who was there but Benjamin Franklin,

Waving (without his kite)!



5 of 35





"And you are the very first mare in the air!" He told her, still whistling a tune.

"I'm freezing," she said, "in the breeze over France.

A pony like me never flew

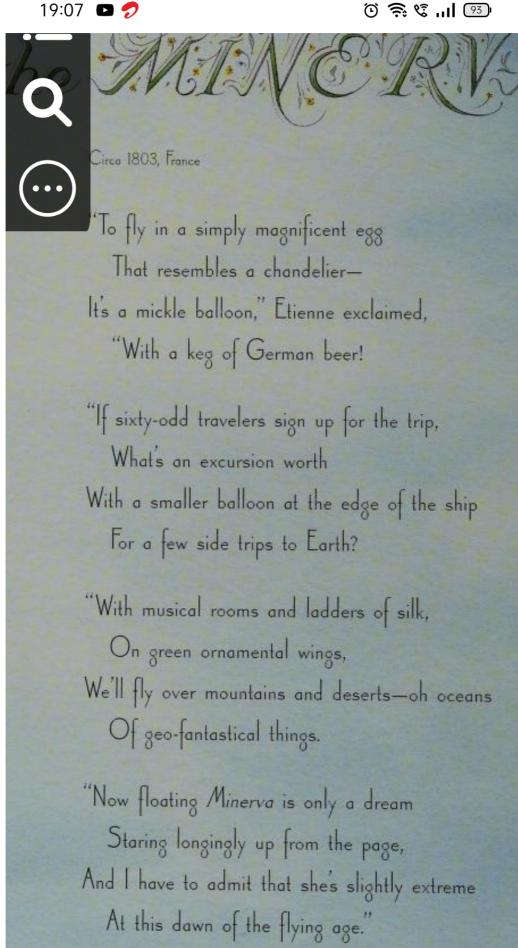
"With impossible things like a pair of bird wings."

"Horse feathers!" cried Monsieur Tetu.



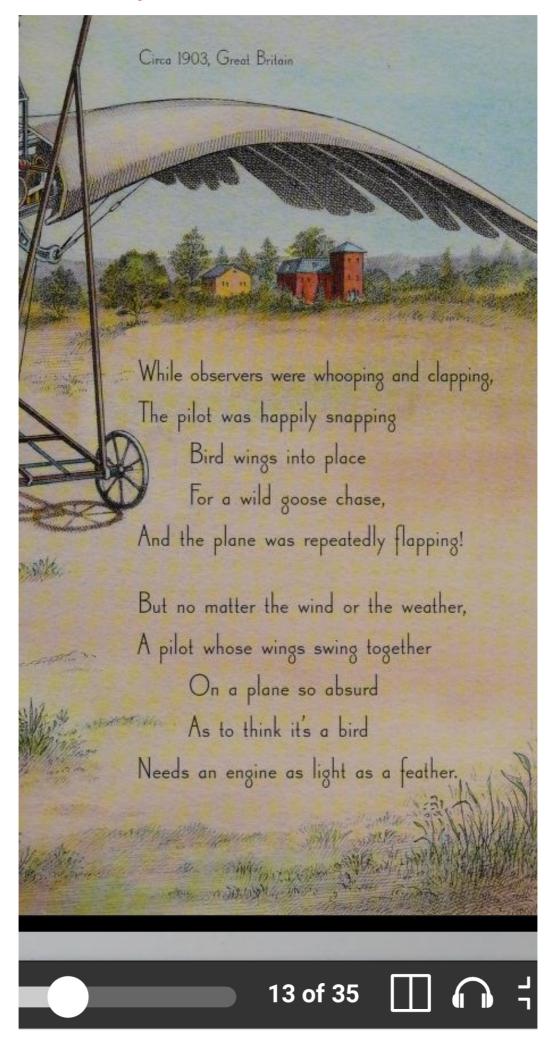
7 of 35





9 of 35









## WRIGHT BROTHERS

1903, United States

Two brothers stood for hours along the beach lmitating seagulls as they soured

As if to learn the secrets birds could teach.

Instructed by the wind, the ocean roared.

And perched on dunes they call Kill Devil Hills,
Their wheelless biplane known as Flyer I
Rattled like a stunned machine until
Uncertainly it sought the frozen sun

By rolling down a wooden monorail.

The Flyer bounced up off the earth and flew
Twelve seconds on that legendary trail—

One hundred twenty feet of ocean view.

Four times that day Orville or Wilbur took
Wright flights of fancy never known before.
It was a cold December day that shook
The world and opened aviation's door.

13 of 35





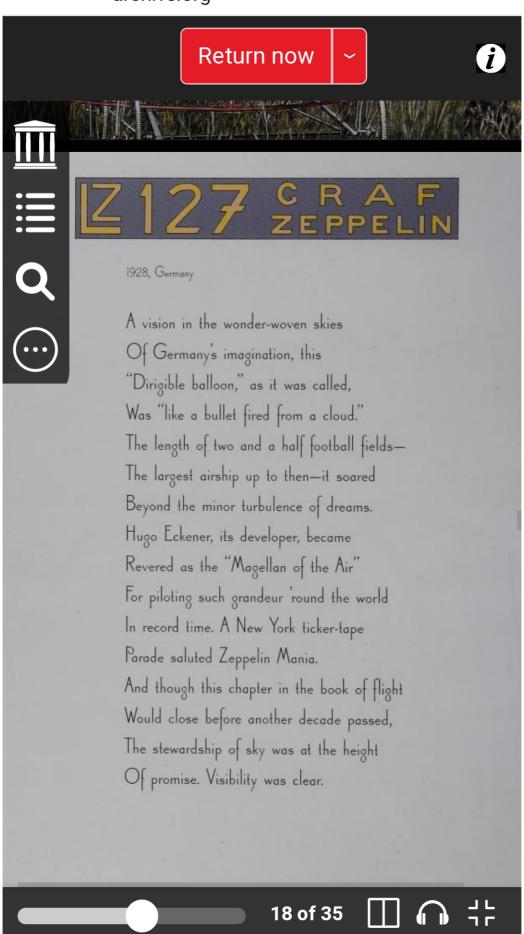




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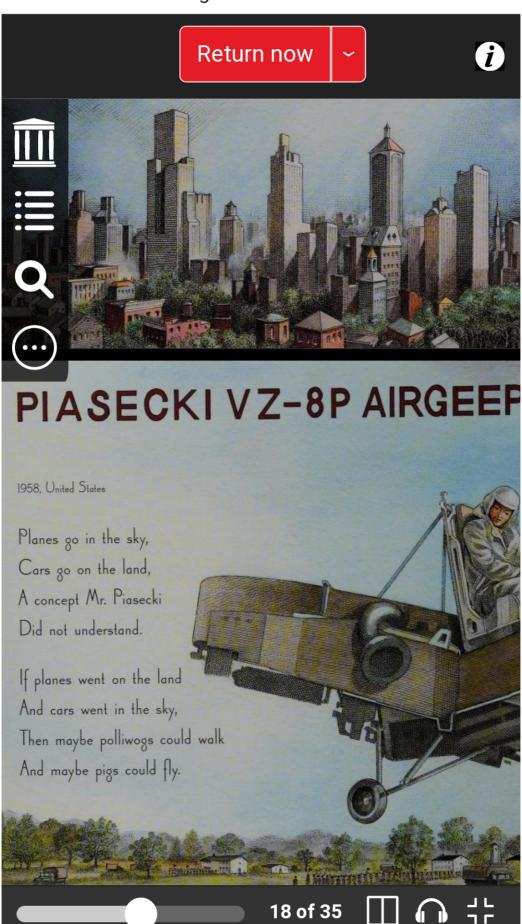




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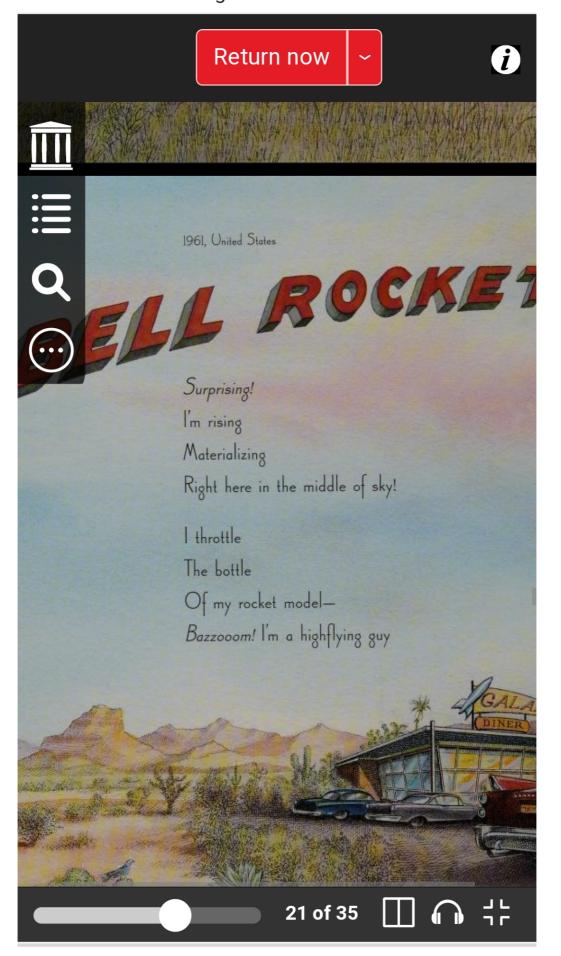








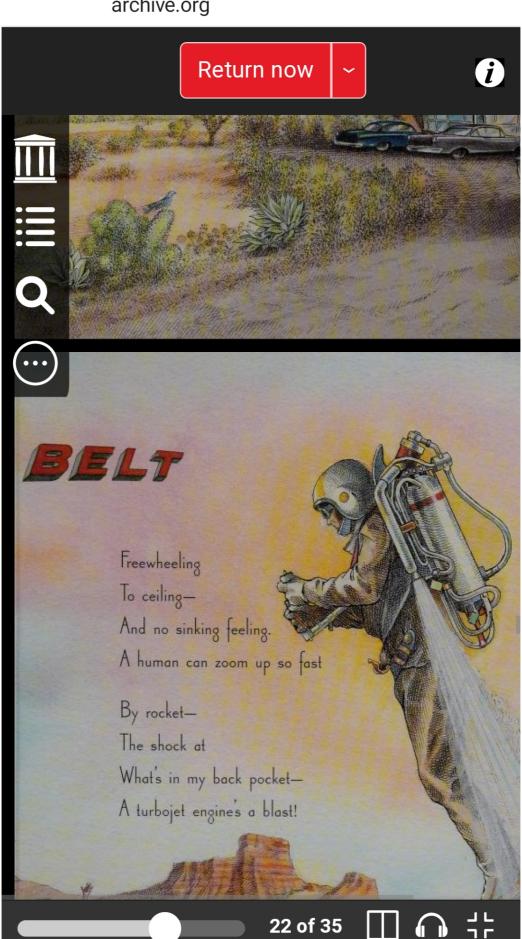
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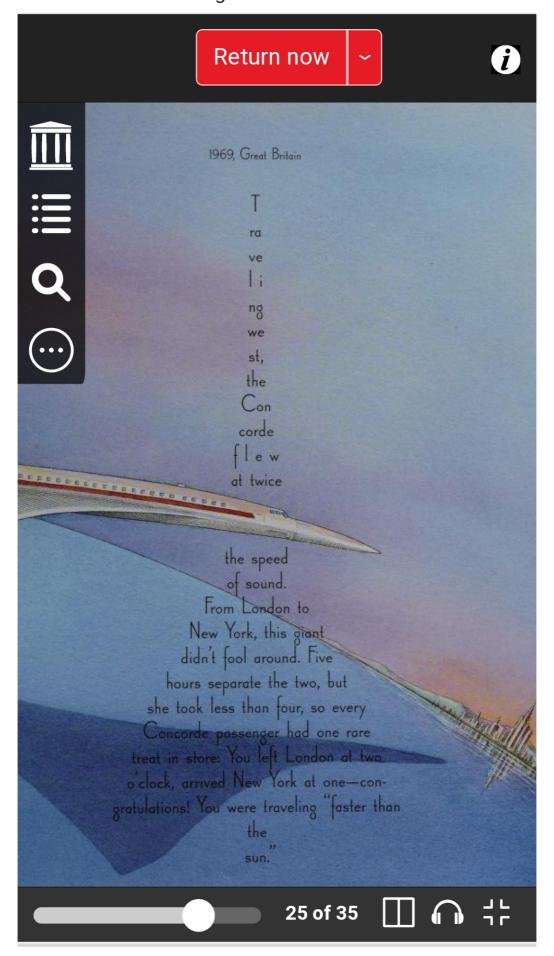
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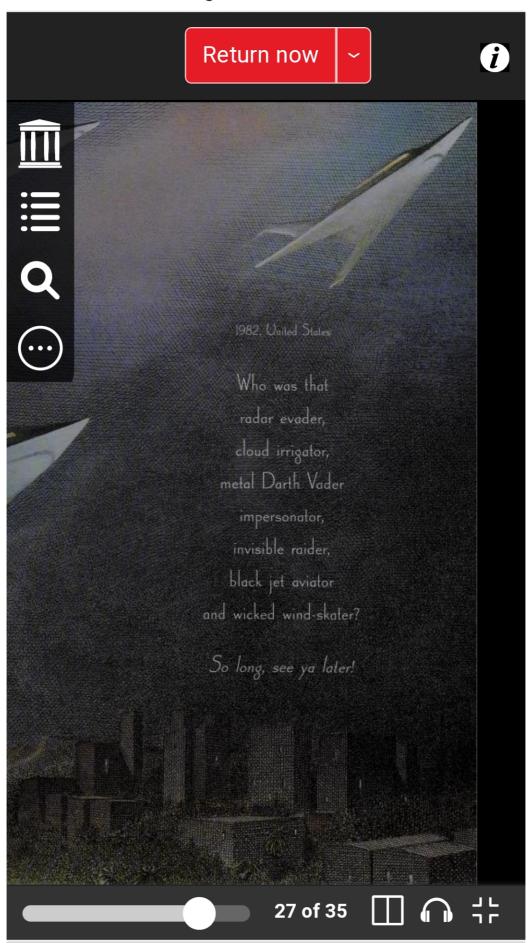




② 奈 % 川 92

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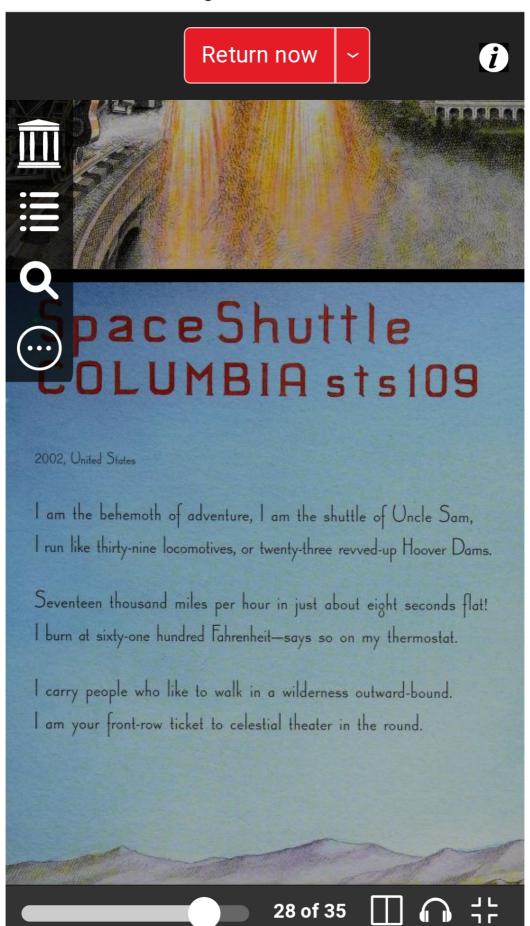




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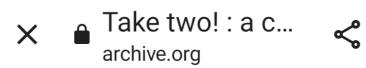


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**奈** % ...I 92









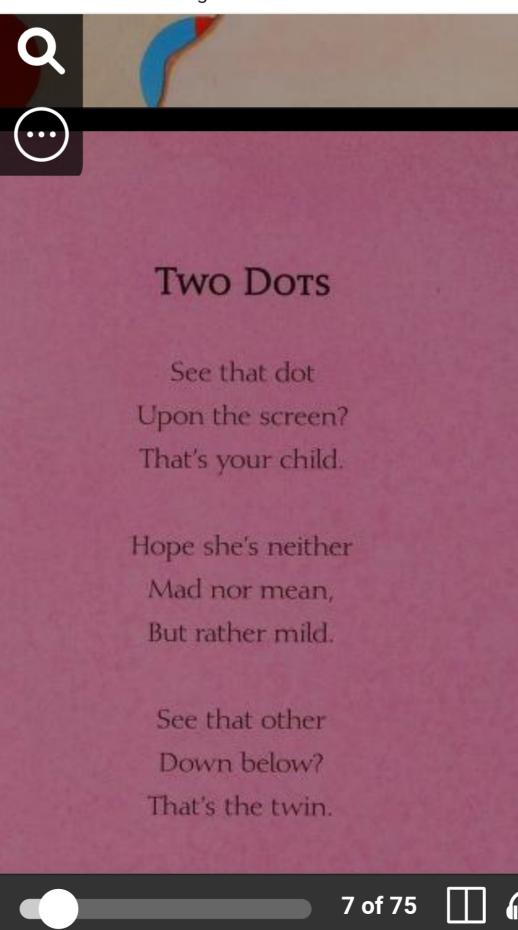








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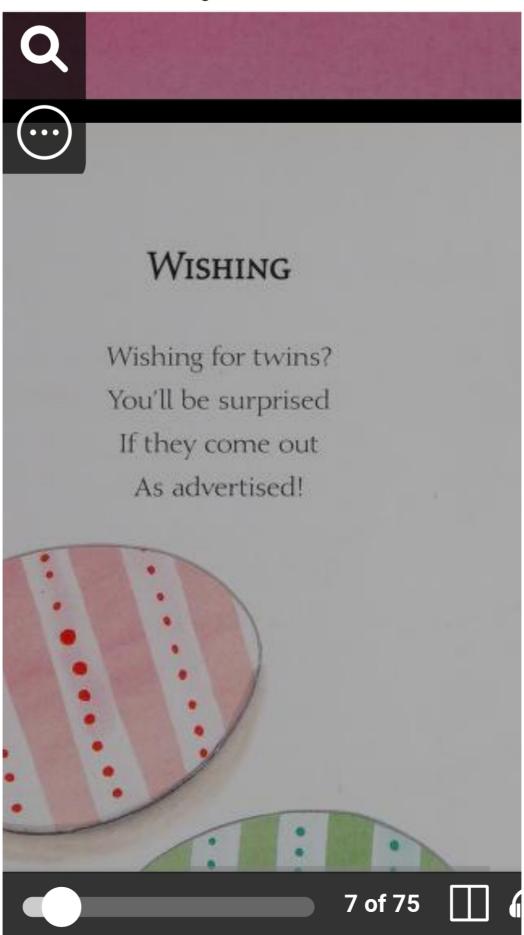
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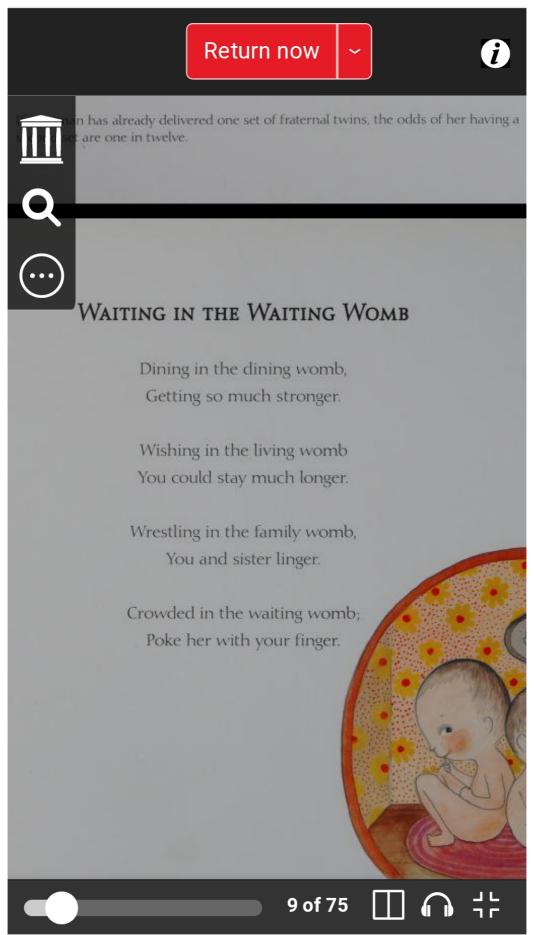




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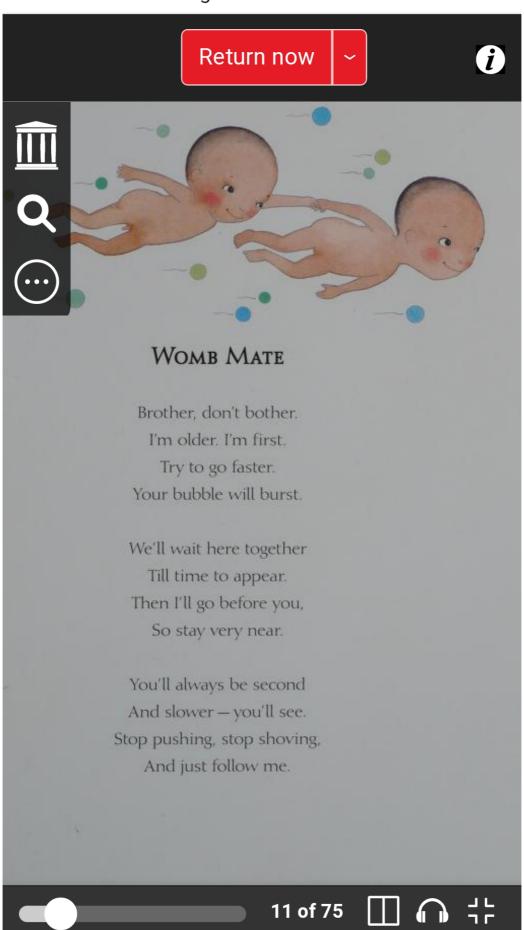
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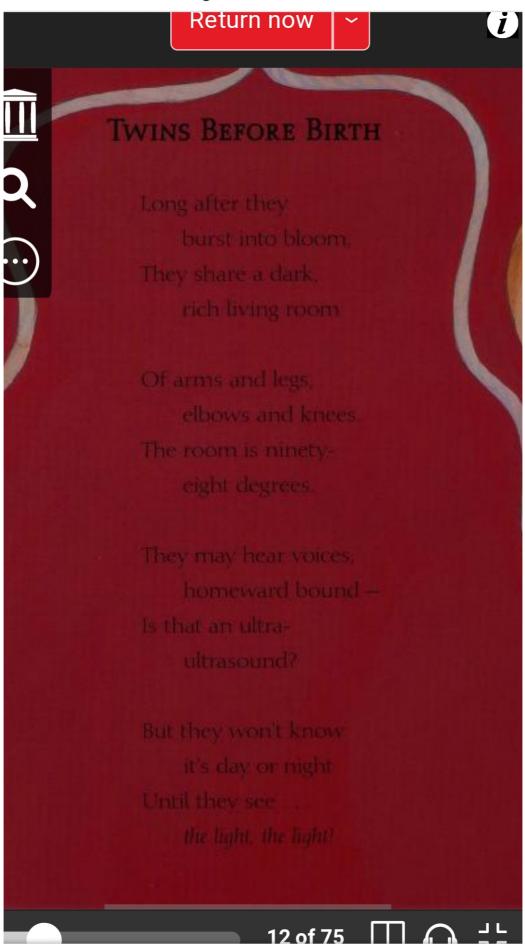






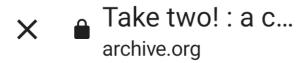
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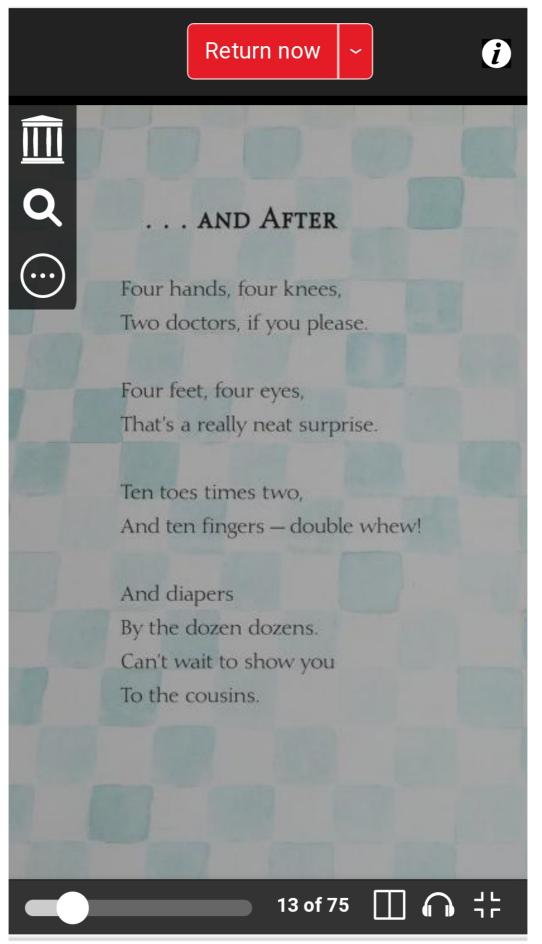








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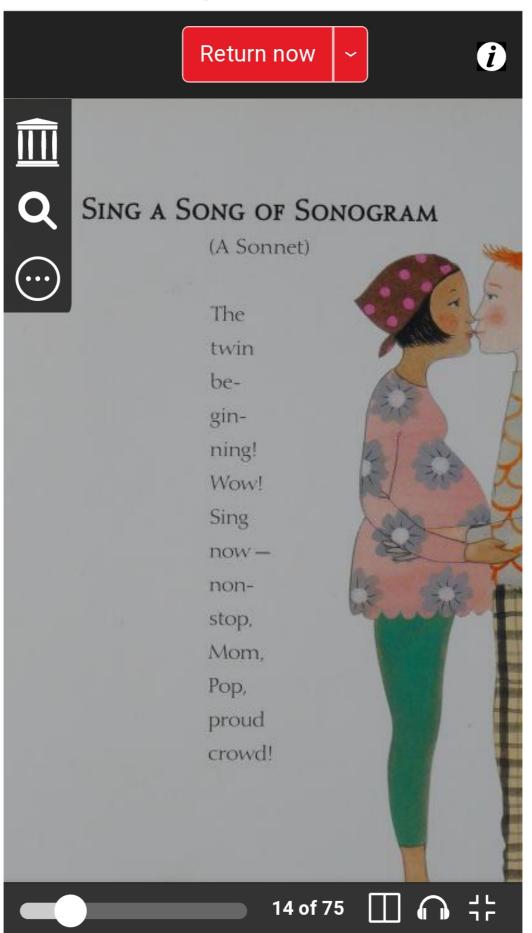






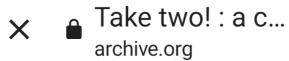


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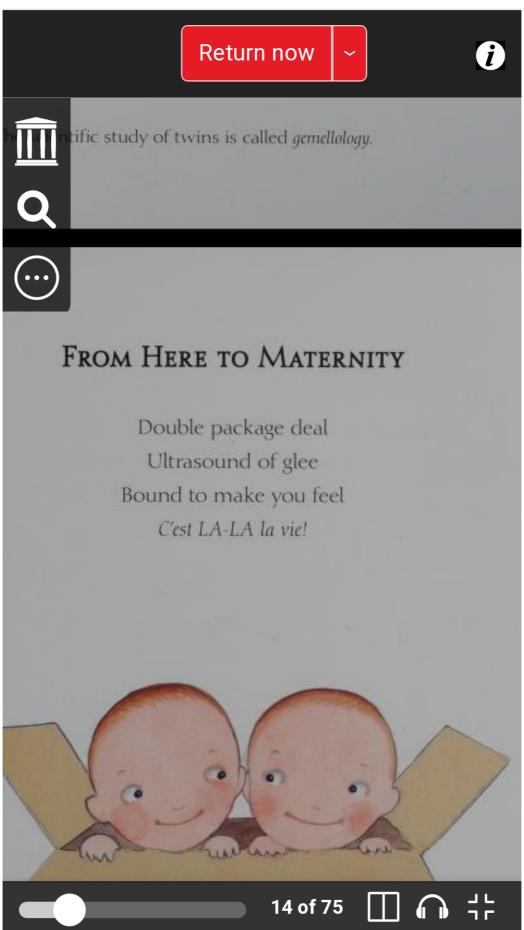
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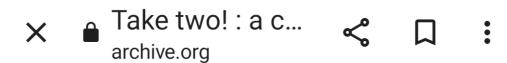




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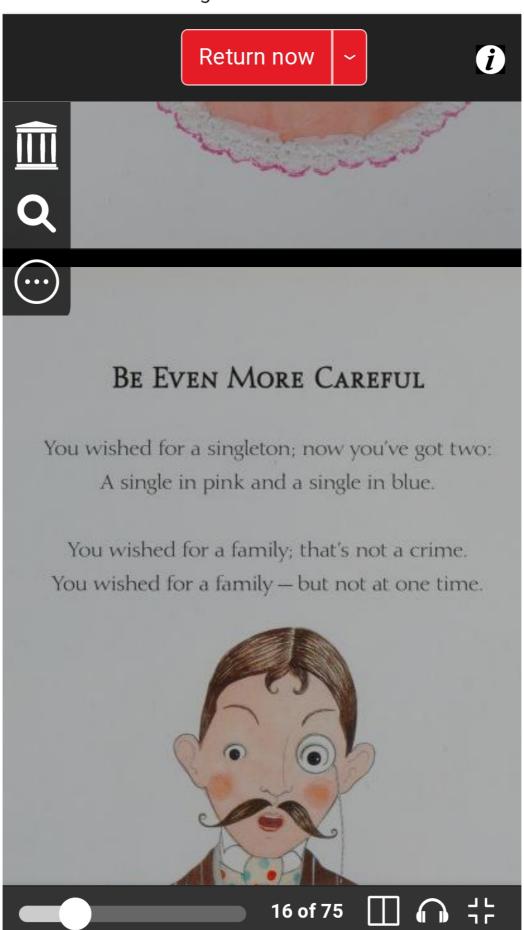














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#### BE EVEN MORE CAREFUL

You wished for a singleton; now you've got two:

A single in pink and a single in blue.

You wished for a family; that's not a crime. You wished for a family — but not at one time.



Identical twins are the same sex and look exactly alike. Fraternal twins do not look alike and come in three variations: male-female (about 40 percent of all twins born), female fraternal twins (sometimes called sororal twins), and male fraternal twins.

## FIRST WORDS

Look at us, twin!

Hey, we're breathing!

Couple o' weeks

And we'll be teething.

Couple o' months

And no more Huggies.

Say bye-bye

To baby buggies.

Couple o' years

And no more nursery.

Happy second

Anniversary!









Not with a ga-ga,
Not with a goo,
But with a wave
And a wink
And an I love you.









# LULLABY TO THE TWINS

Good night, Good night.

The single moon

Shines down.

And soon

One sleep

You'll share.

You are

Two stars:

One dark,

One fair.

Two hearts,

Sweethearts,

And I am here.

Good night,

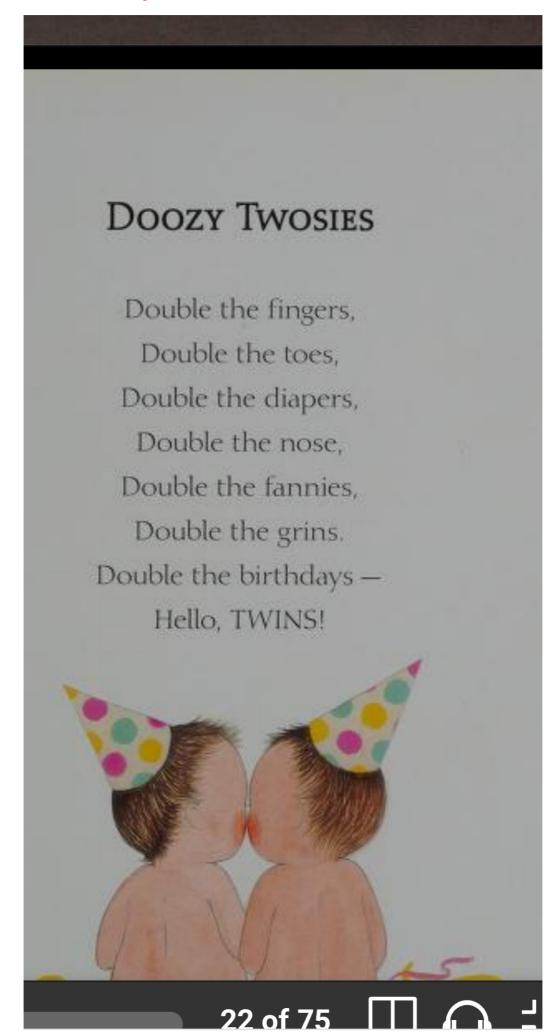
Good night.

Sleep tight,

Sleep tight.







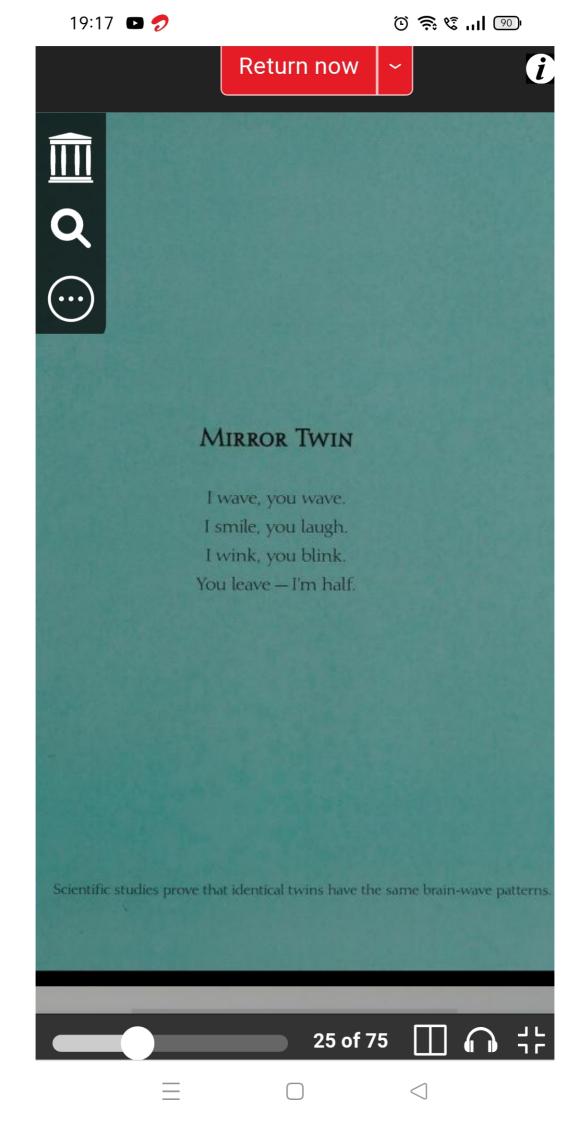




# PAIRS

We are not
The only twos:
Socks come in pairs,
As well as shoes.
Eyes are double,
Hands and feet,
Legs are twosome,
Ears repeat.
All the best things
Come in two:
You with me,
And me with you.

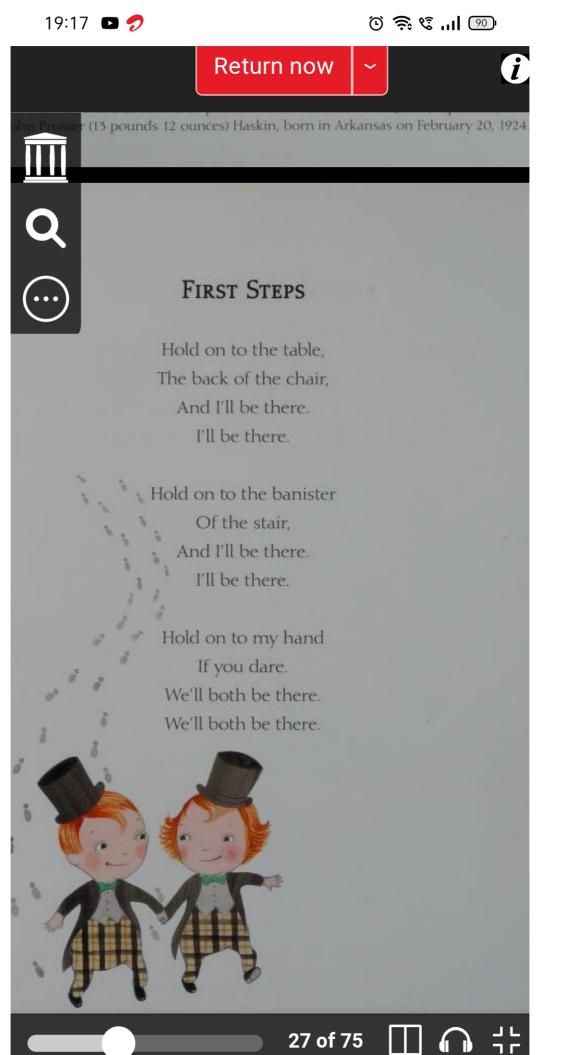






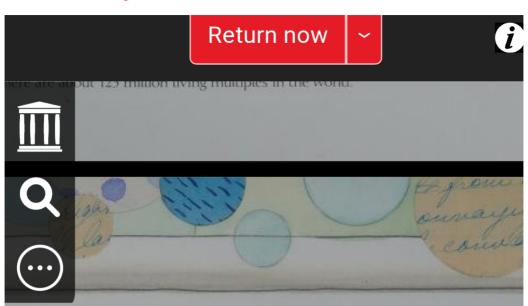












# THE SONG OF CHARLOTTE AND CYNTHIA ROSE (TAKING A BATH)

It was Saturday night; the thermometer froze. The two of them shivered in layers of clothes. They knew it was time for their Saturday bath, And something inside her made Cynthia laugh.

"Listen," their mother said, "Cynthia Rose And Charlotte, the bathwater's over your toes!"

#### Chorus:

Will the water be over their ankles tonight?

Will the water be up to their knees?

Will the bubbles be up to their chins tonight
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas?

They took off their scarves, their boots, and their caps.

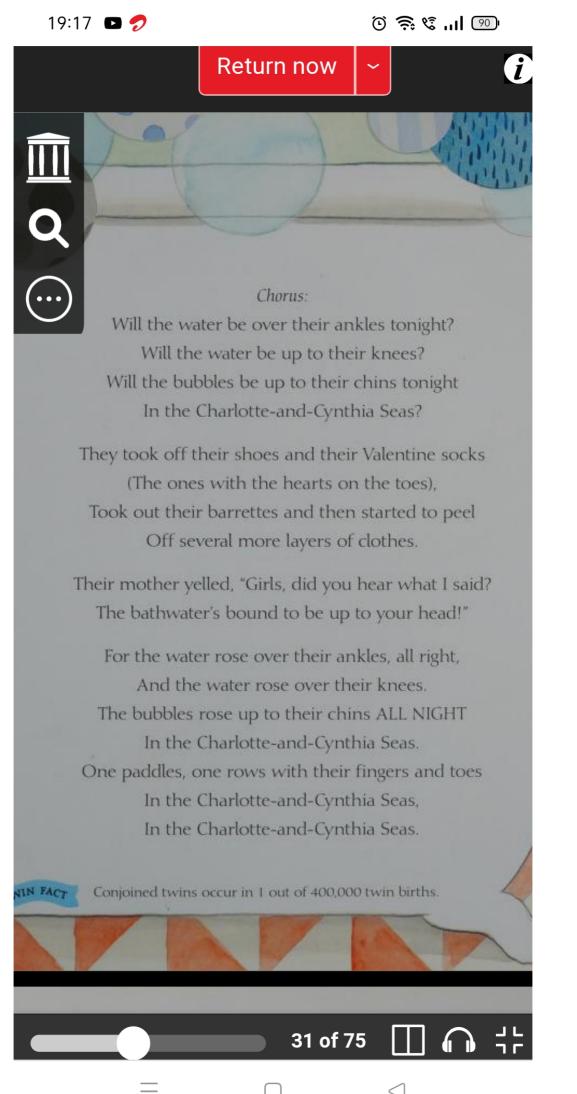
They pulled off their red mittens, too.

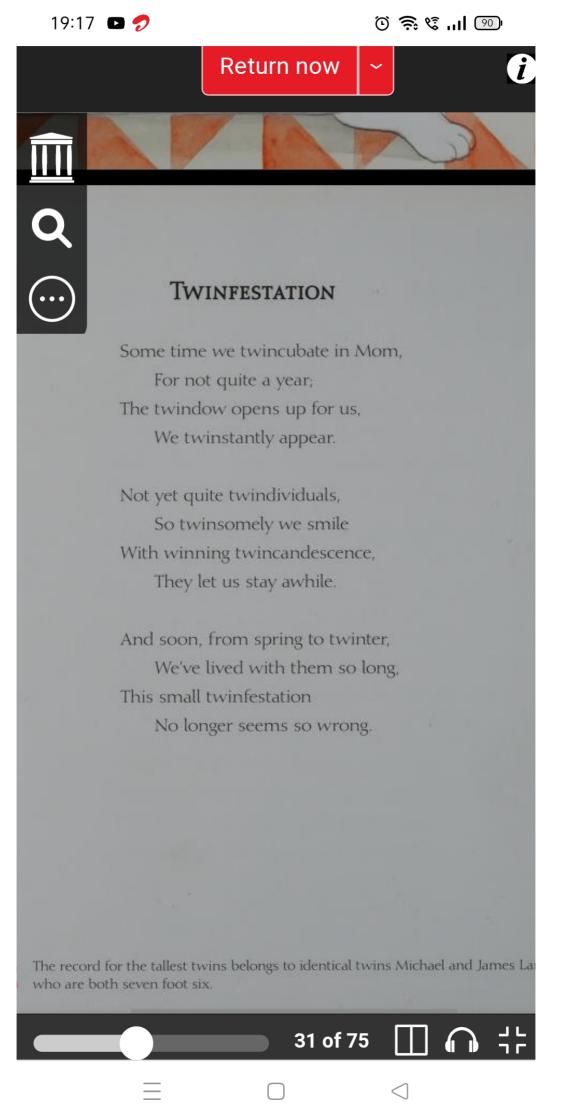
Unbuttoned their coats with snippety-snaps.

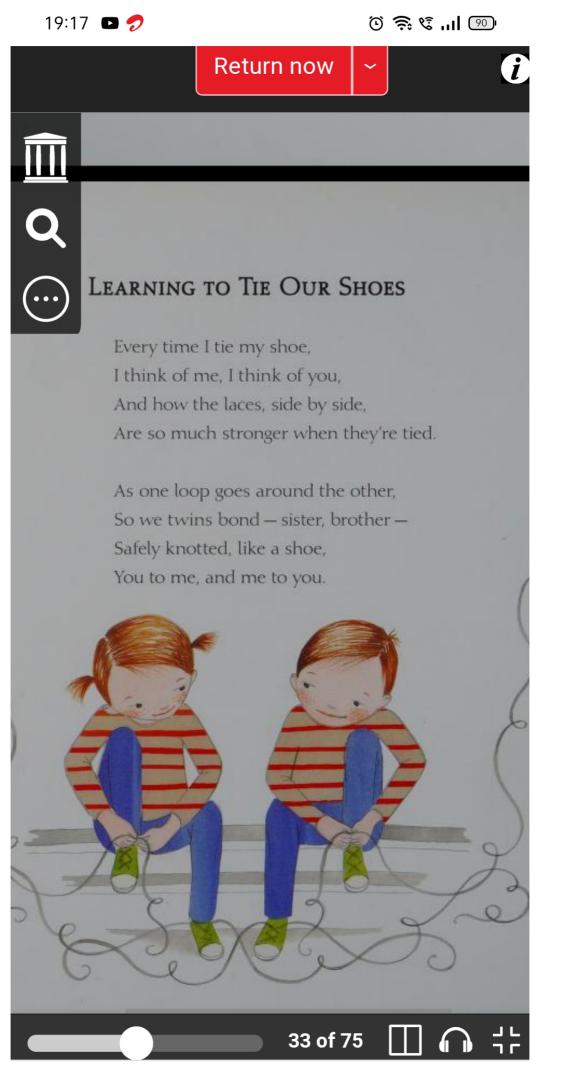
Well, isn't that what you would do?

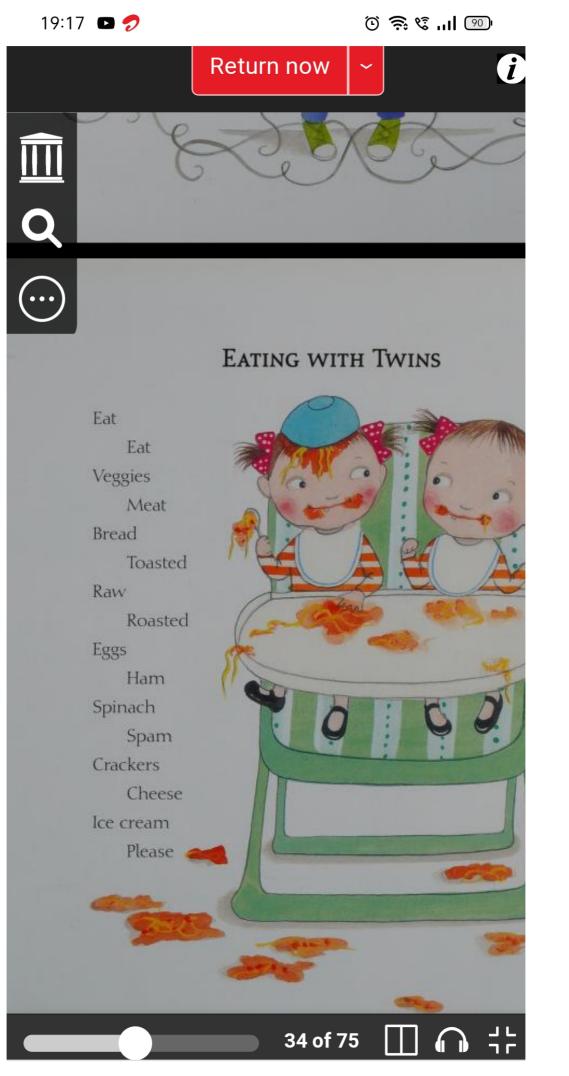
"Charlotte and Cynthia, hurry up, please.

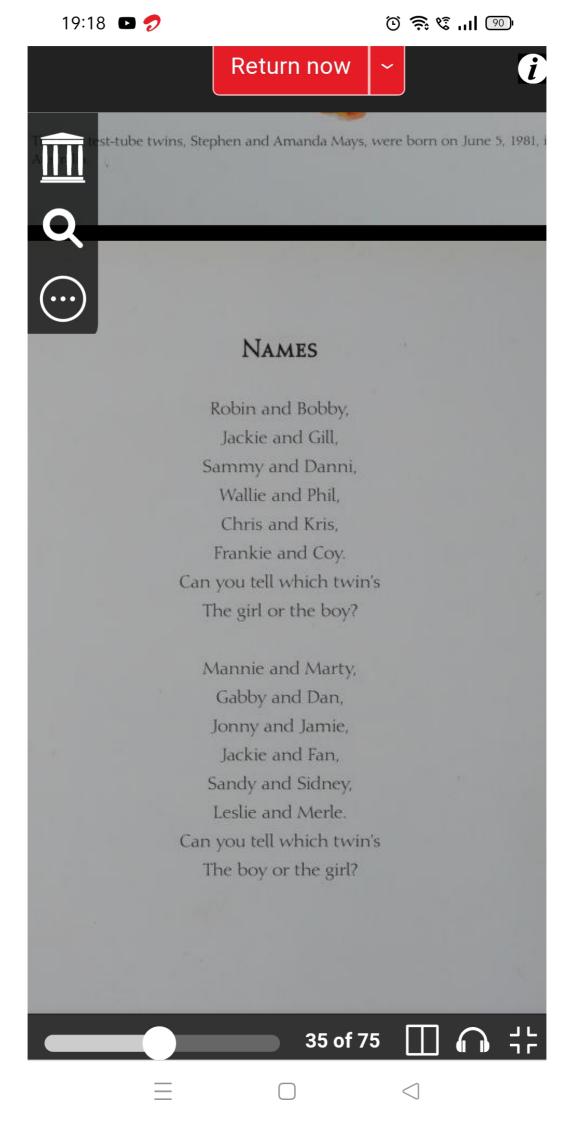
The bathwater's bound to be up to your knees!"





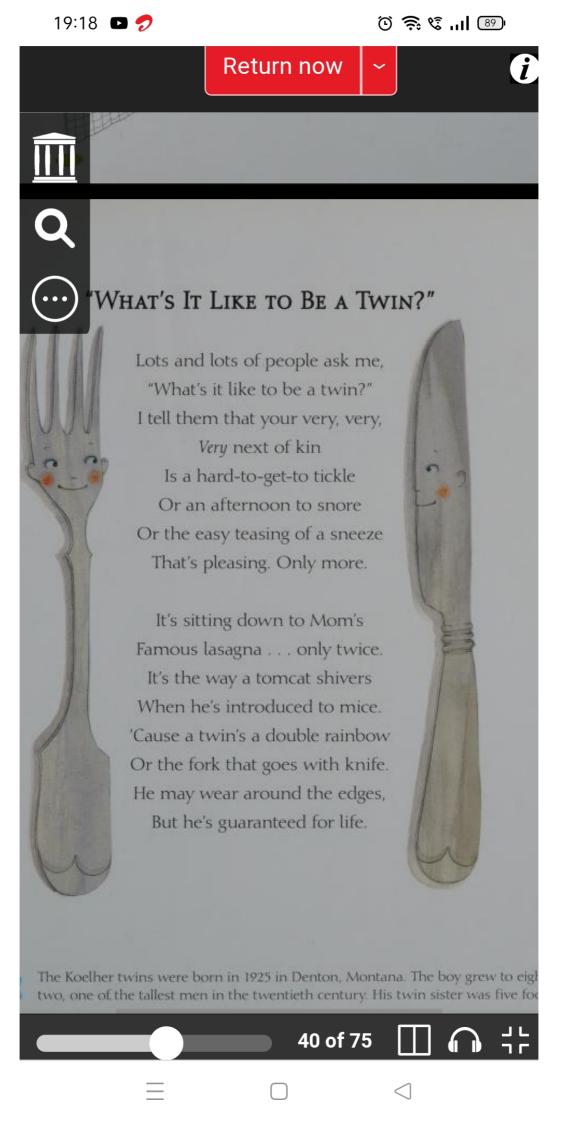


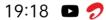












## Return now











## **BIG FIGHT: ROUND ONE**

Amelia

I have a twin,

We've had a fight.

She told a fib.

She made me blush.

She called me names.

She sounded mean.

I have a twin.

Caroline

A best friend, too.

What should I do?

She told a lie.

She made me cry.

She called me weird.

I sounded scared.

What should I do?

She's who I want to be Talking to.















She's who I want to be Talking to.







## **BIG FIGHT: ROUND TWO**

#### Caroline

This is my doll.

She's got her own.

She's got ice cream.

I wanted some!

She took my book.

How should I know?

Here, use my clip.

#### Amelia

Why won't she share?

It's lost its hair!

Butter pecan.

It's almost gone!

Where's my barrette?

My matching set!

Thank you, I will.

And instantly, the house is still.



















At six feet five inches, Americans Ann and Claire Recht are the tallest female tw







### FAIR IS FAIR!

What separates my twin and me, Born twenty minutes apart, Is that he's always first because Of his unfair head start. He's first to hog the bathroom Every morning. And at dinner, He gets the biggest helping, Which is why I'm so much thinner. I thought I won the marathon. At last! Glory was mine! Until I saw my brother - yawning! -At the finish line. But one day fate will finally turn — I won't be sad, bereft -He'll bite the dust, which means I must Have twenty minutes left.

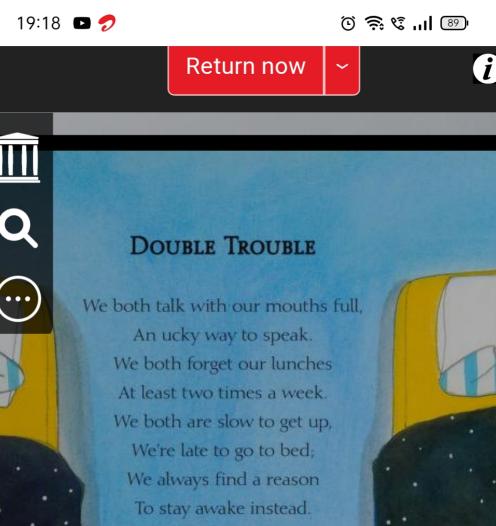
The record for the longest time between a pair of twins being born is ninety Timothy Keys was born on October 15, 1993, and his twin, Celeste, on Janua

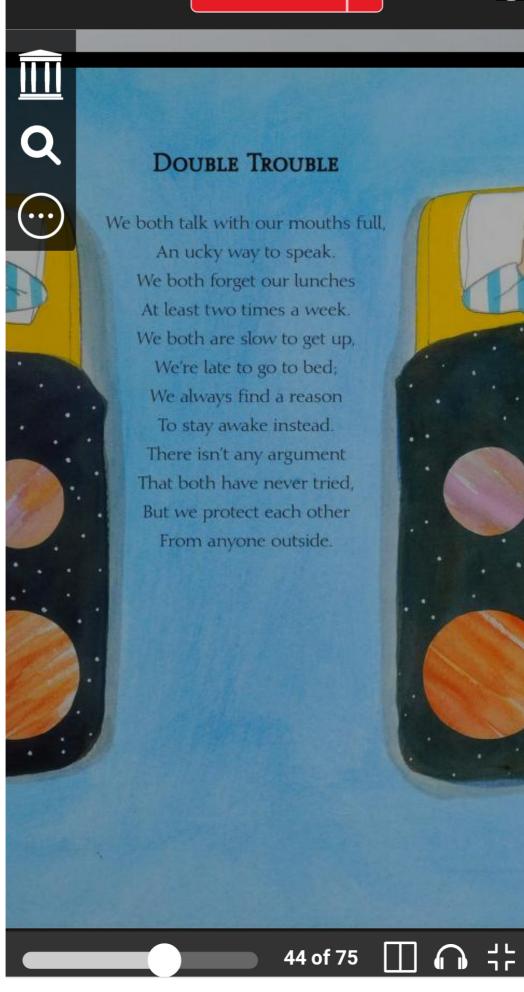


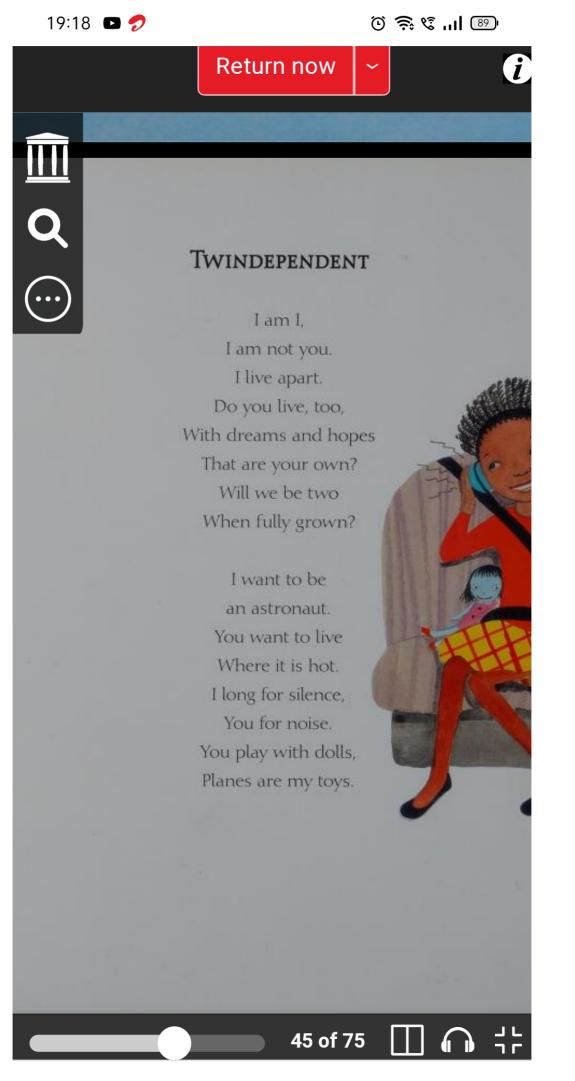


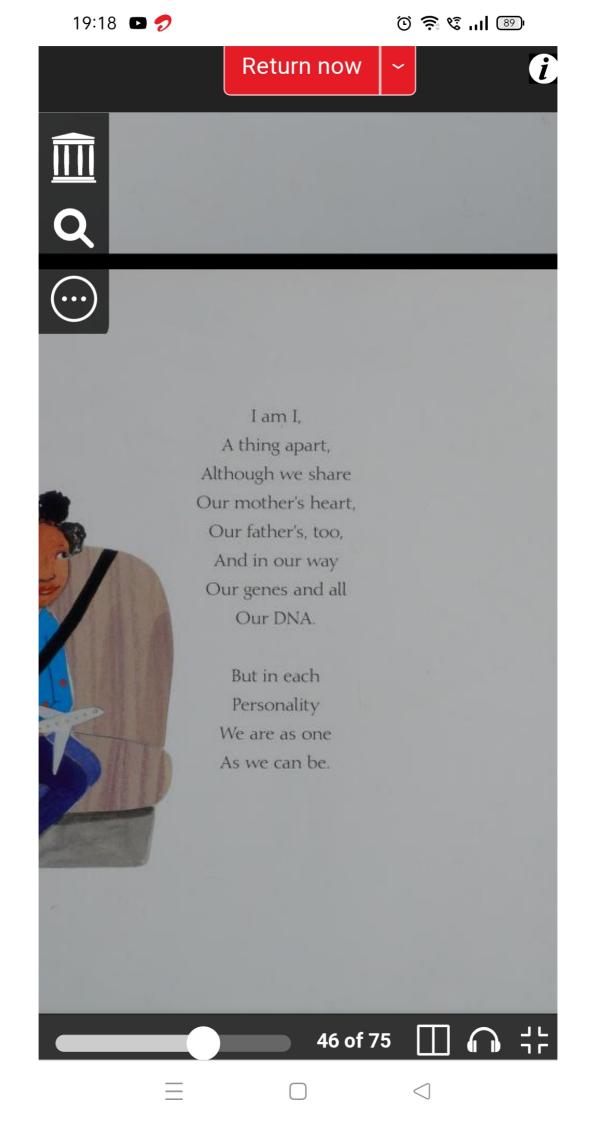


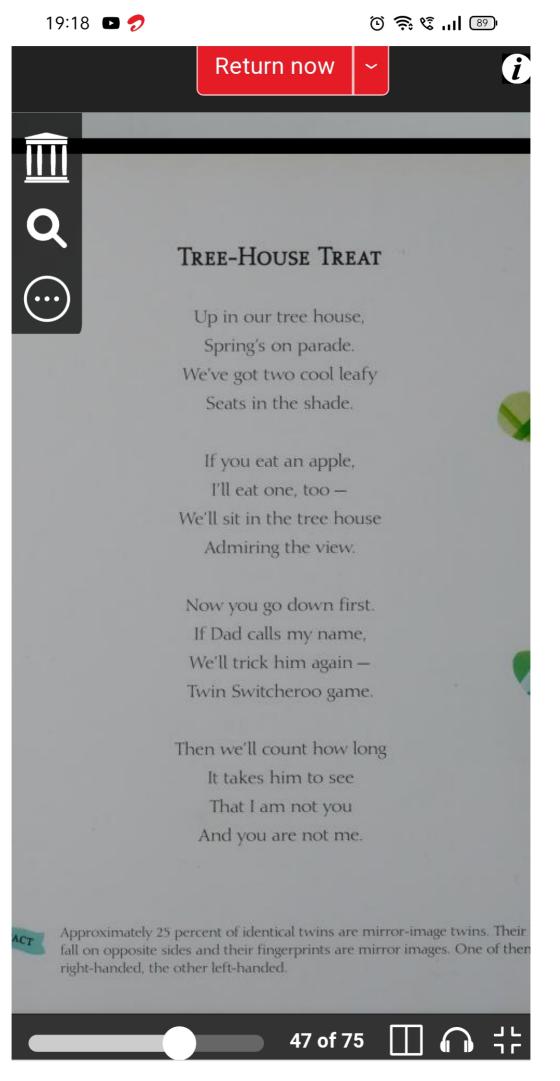




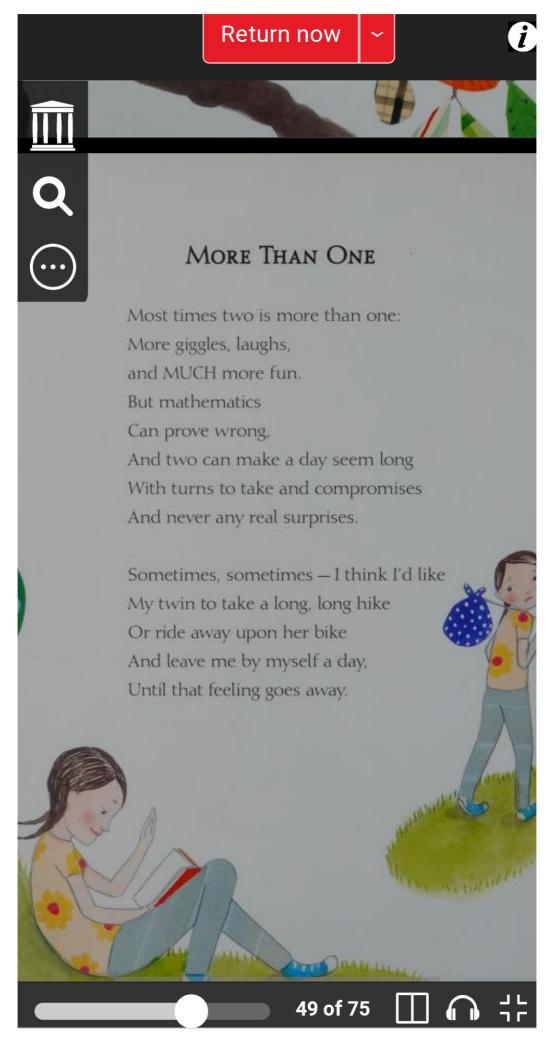


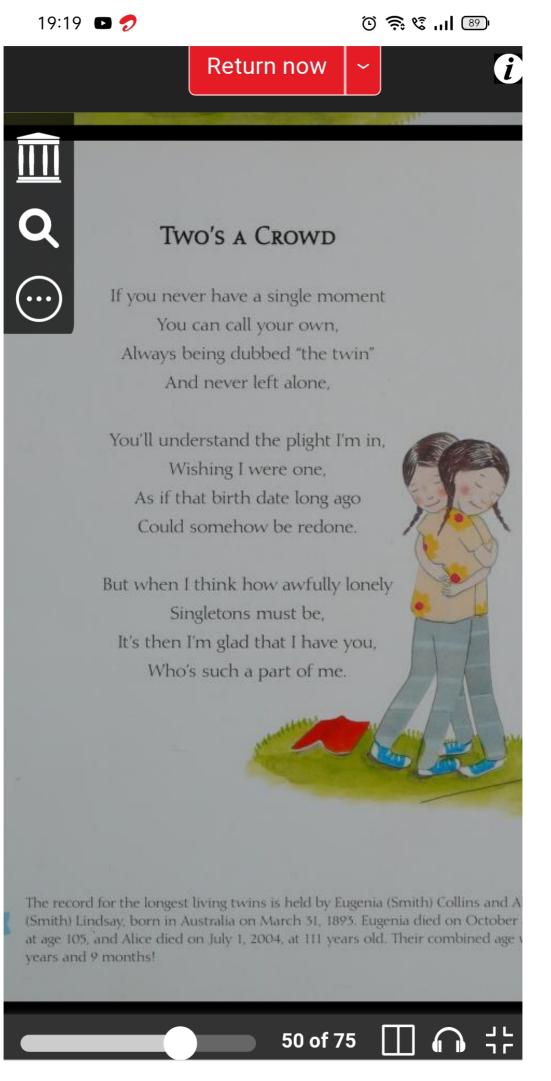






















at age 105, and Alice died on July 1, 2004, at 111 years old. Their combined age and 9 months!







### PAT AND MIKE

Now Pat and Mike are just alike, except that Pat

#### SPASTA-FAT,

and Mike, his twin,

# is NOODLE-THIN,

and as for hair, poor Pat is bare, but Mike combs his into a frizz.

They play hardball —
Mike is the tall
first baseman, see?
And Pat's the peewee pitcher. He
throws easy strikes
to Mike, who likes
to knock the ball
over the wall,



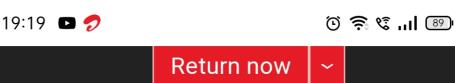


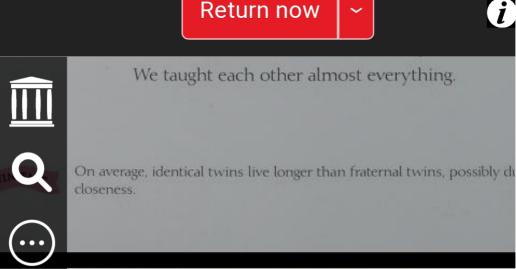












From summer, autumn, winter into spring.

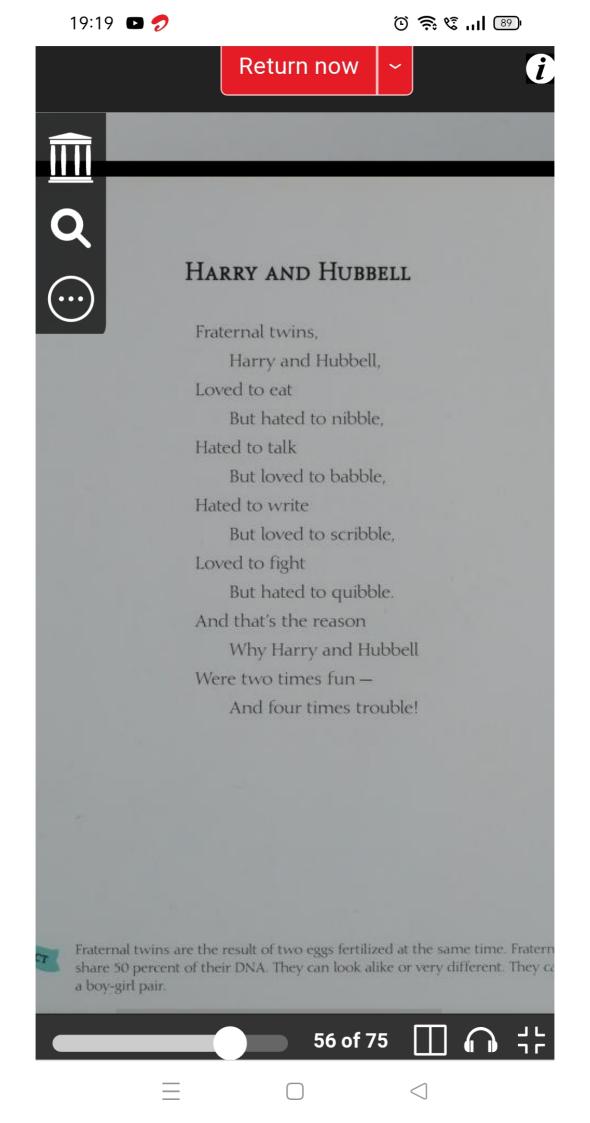
And after kindergarten we would say

The alphabet together and we'd sing.

This poem has its own familiar ring —
Two twins who stick together come what may.
We learned the alphabet and learned to sing.
We taught each other almost everything.











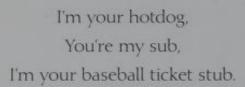








#### AT THE OLD BALL GAME



You're my French fries, I'm your shake. You're the fun in funnel cake.

I'm your popcorn,
You're my peanuts —
Home plate ump is driving me nuts.

You're my Pepsi, I'm your Coke. I think we're already broke.

I'm your fastball.
You're my spitter.
Who's the designated hitter?

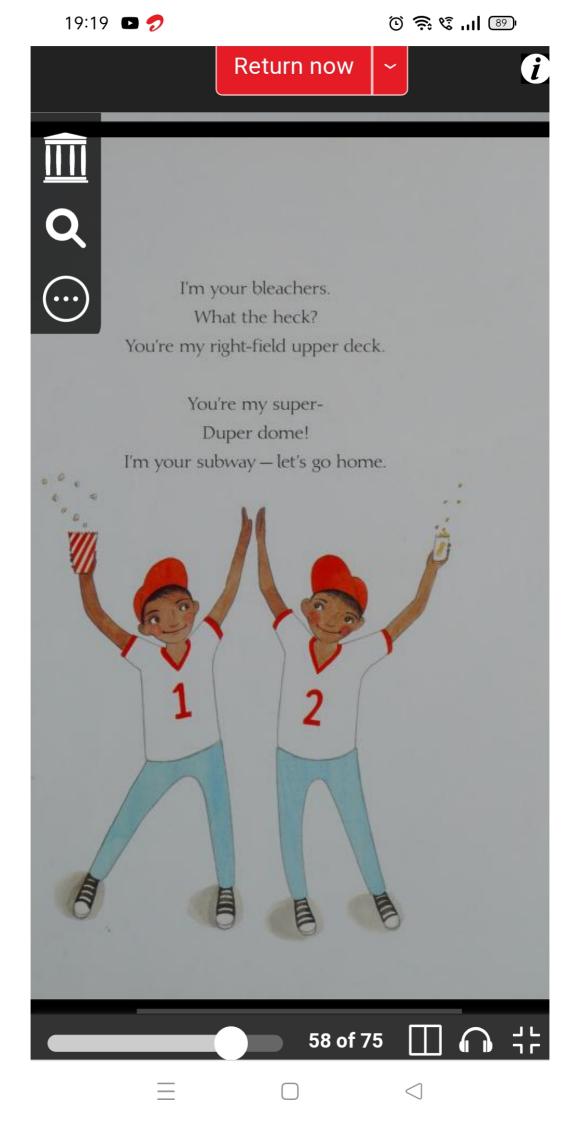
Identical twins occur when a single egg splits. Identical twins share 100 perce their DNA. They are always the same gender, and they look alike.

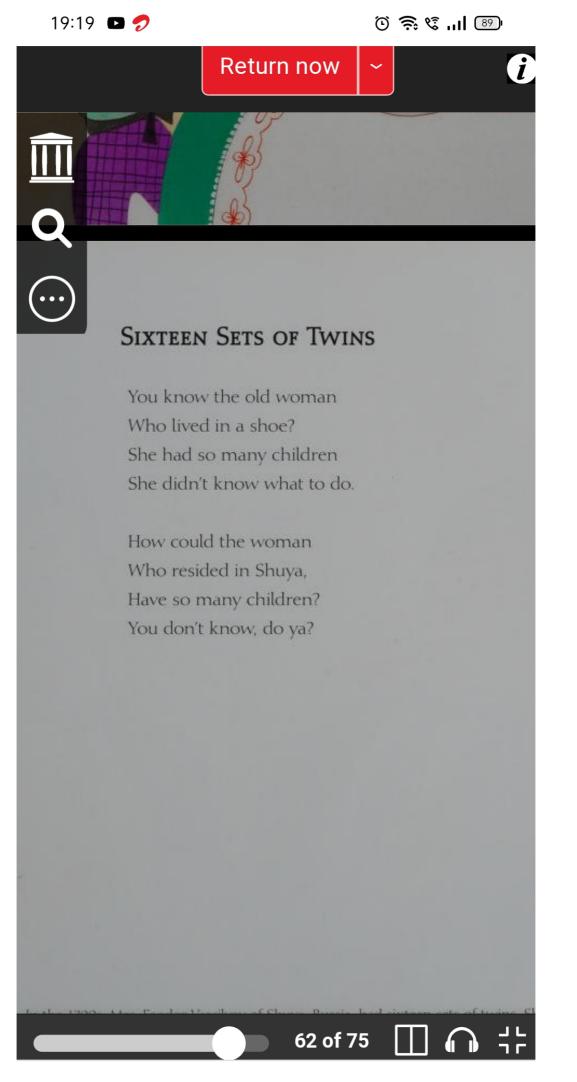
57 of 75

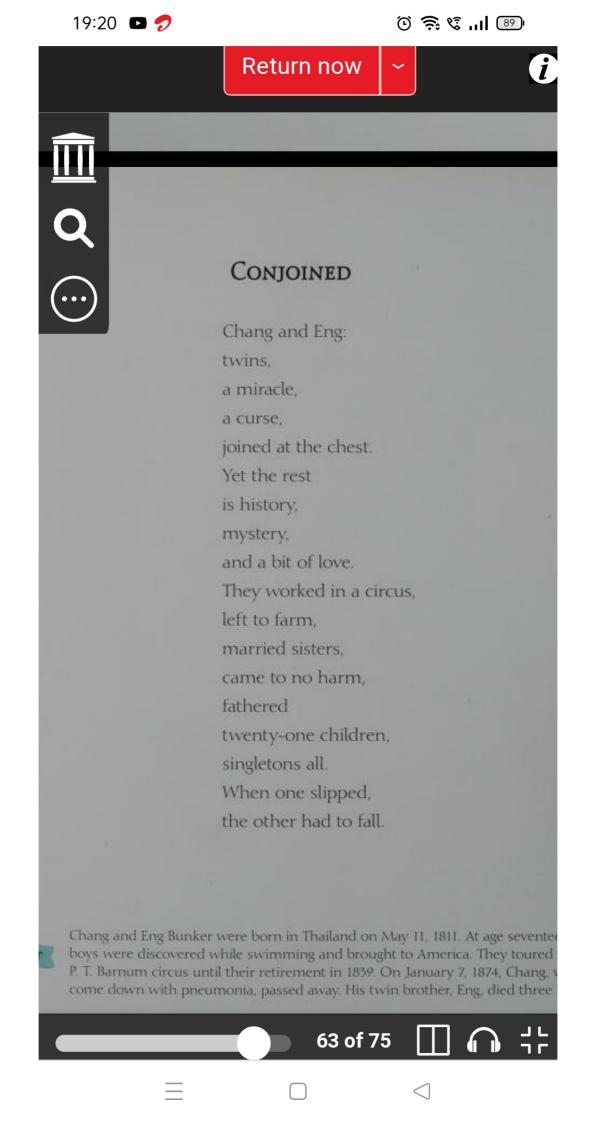








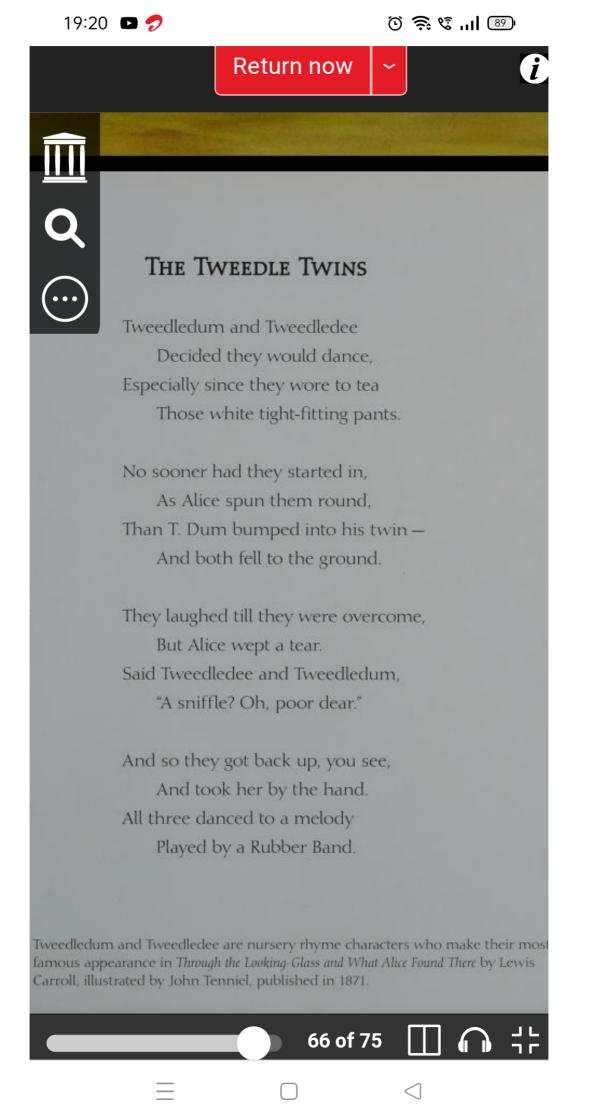




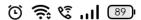


65 of 75 📗 🎧 🕆





















#### PLAYING THE GAME

Baseball is a game of numbers.

Nine men to start,

the very heart

of the team.

Four balls, four bases

round which

a runner races.

Three strikes, three outs,

and many hundreds

of encouraging shouts,

like "Kill the umpire,"

"Ump is blind."

(Well, not all of them

are all that kind.)

But twos? Let's see . . .

A double can

mean victory.

Then Twins - the Minnesota sort -

and several players,

tall and short,

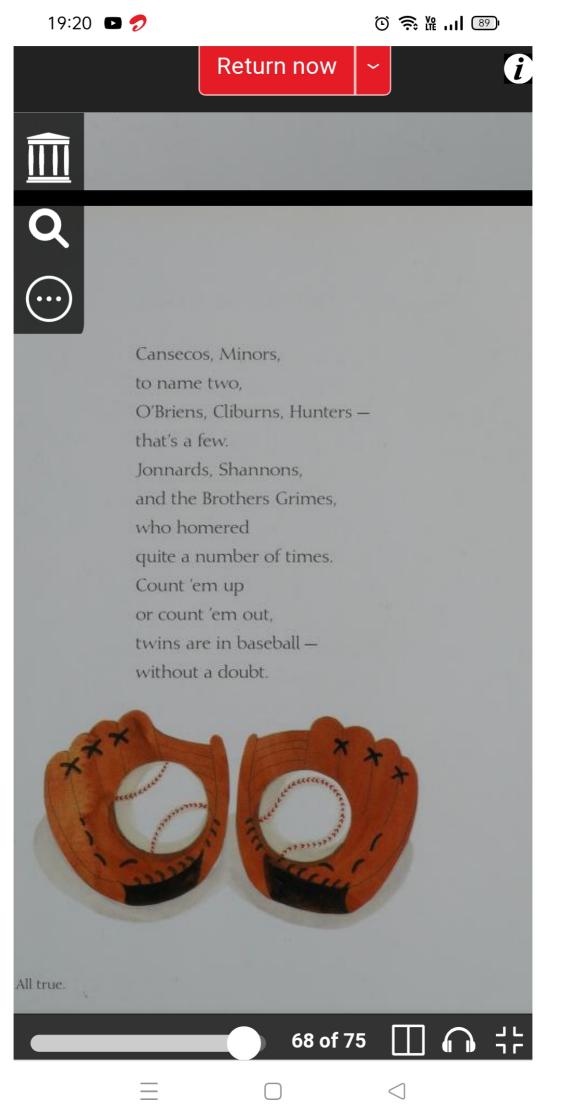
are twins:

























#### TWINSBURG, OHIO



Drop everything right where you are!

Get in the truck, the van, the car —

Here's where the double fun begins,

At Twinsburg's festival of twins.

Some twins are thick and some are thin
(Think cello next to violin).

Some are little, some are big
(Think Yorkshire next to guinea pig).

Some are white with farmers' tans, Some are black and holding hands, And some twins you can't tell apart Unless you read the doctor's chart.

Some come in cummerbunds and suits,
Or Harley hogs and cowboy boots,
To sing duets and karaoke —
No one seems to care how hokey.

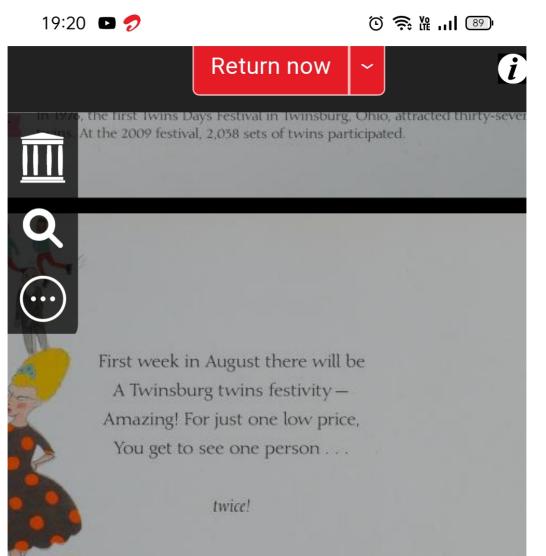
In 1976, the first Twins Days Festival in Twinsburg, Ohio, attracted thirty-sever twins. At the 2009 festival, 2,038 sets of twins participated.













### The Biggest Bubble-Gum Bubble Ever Blown

23 inches wide • Fresno, California • July 19, 1994

Susan Montgomery Williams one day
Had nothing to do when she went out to play,
So she took out some gum
And she started to chew
And to chew and to chew.
(Like a panda bear munching
A stalk of bamboo.)

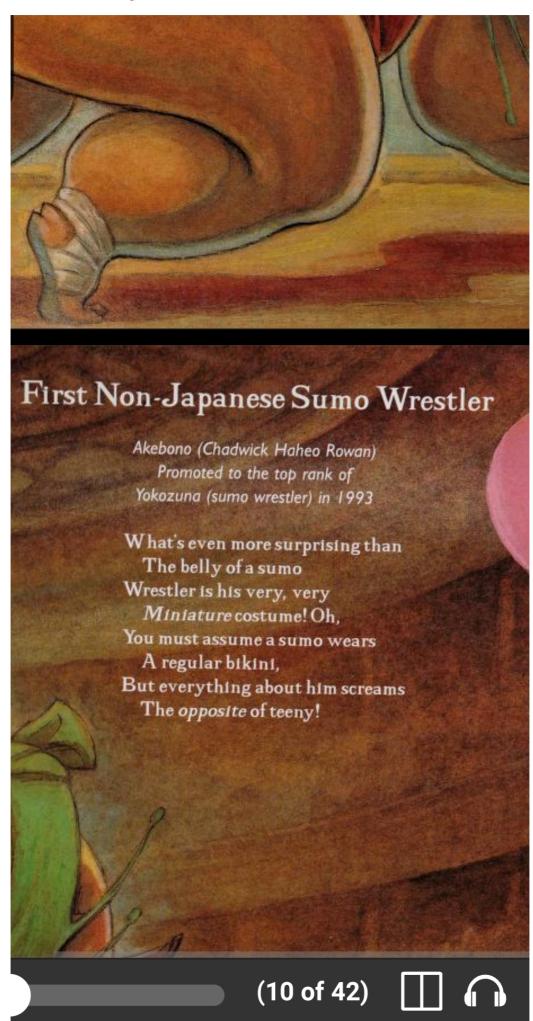
And Susan Montgomery
Williams just knew
If she blew and she blew
And she blew and she blew,
She'd pop the world gum-blowing
Record in two!

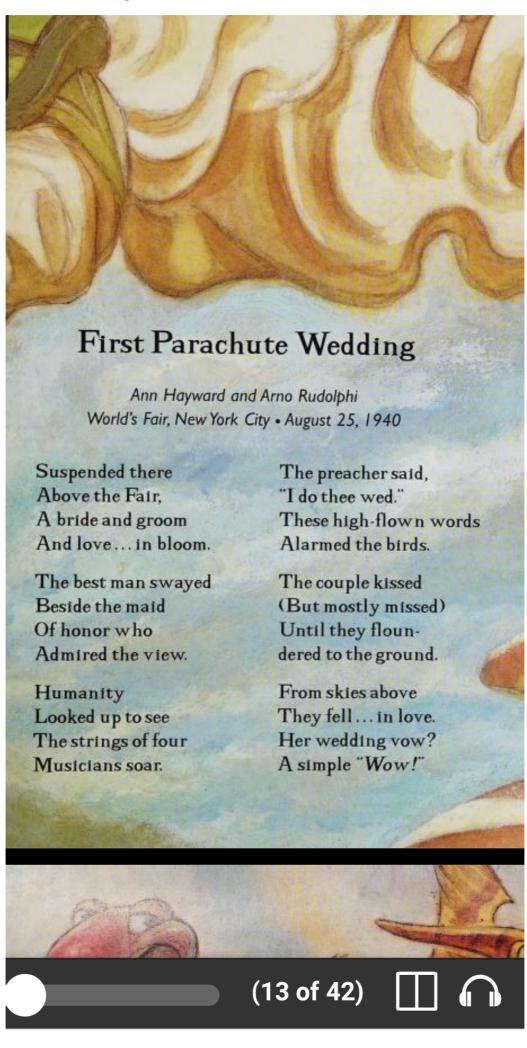
And the bubble? It grew
And it grew and it grew
Until it had grown a foot wide,
And then ... two!
If bubble gum blowers
Belonged in Who's Who,
They'd add Ms. Montgomery Williams—
That's Sue!

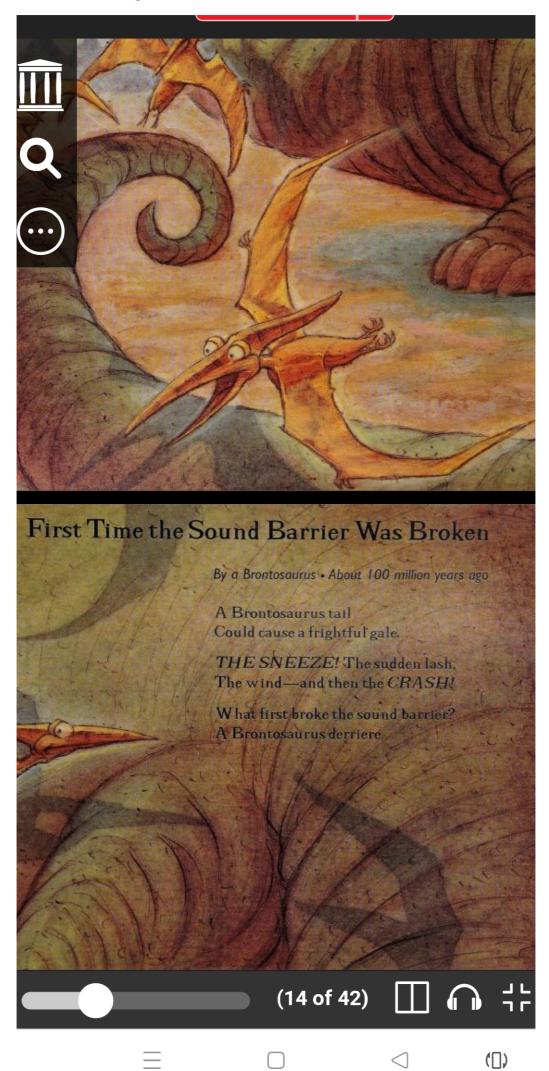
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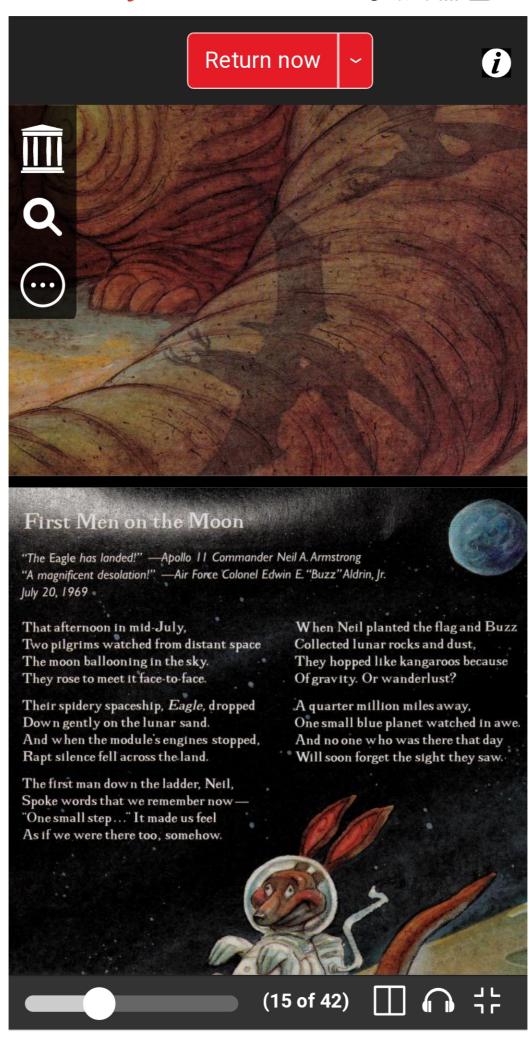


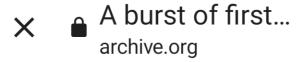




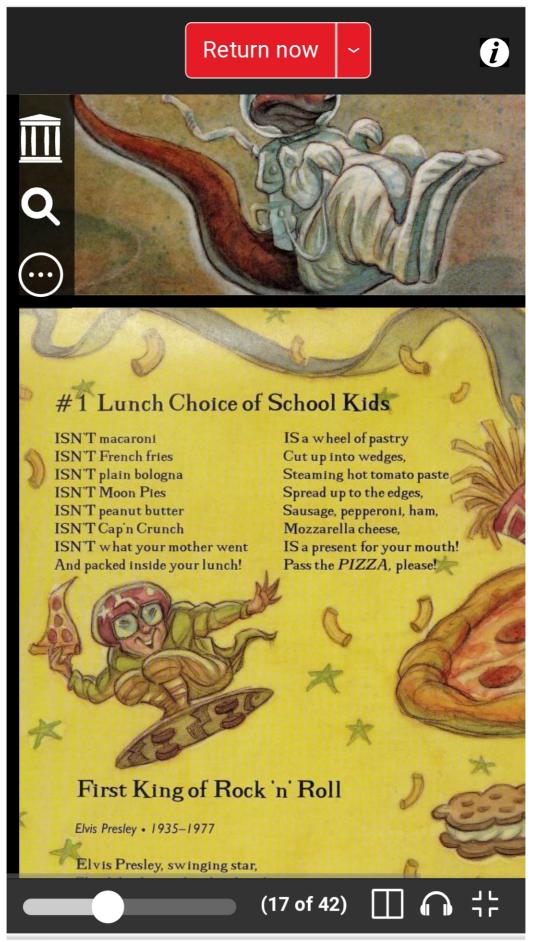


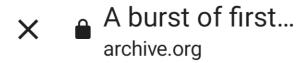




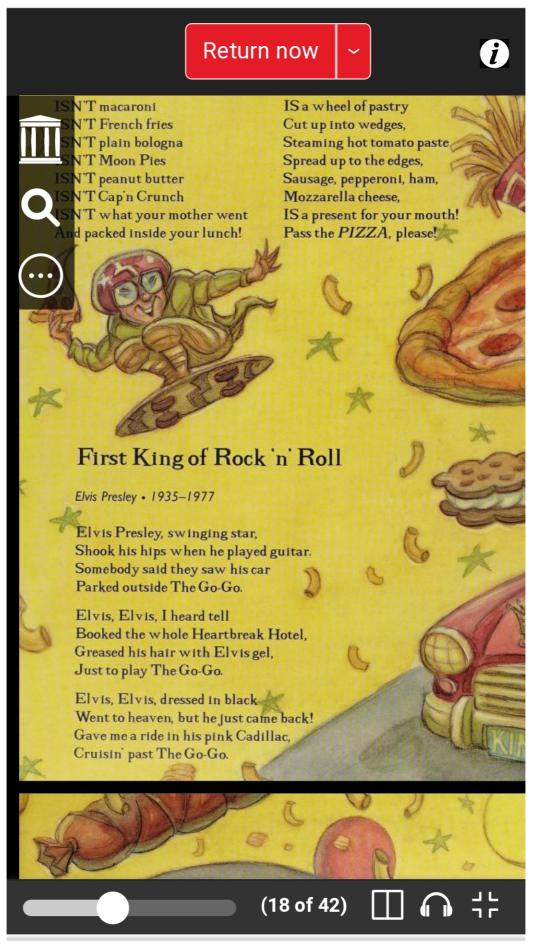


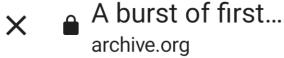




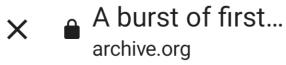




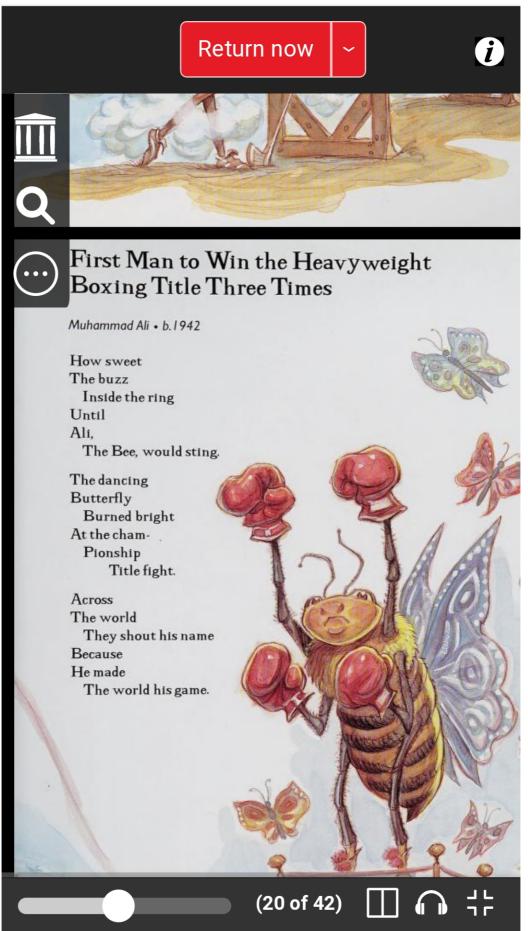


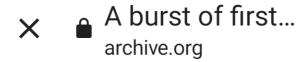




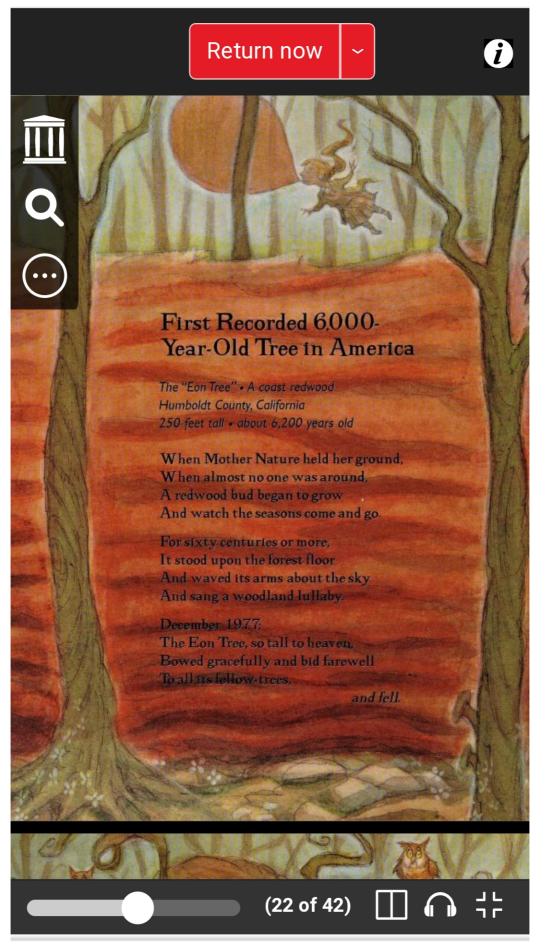






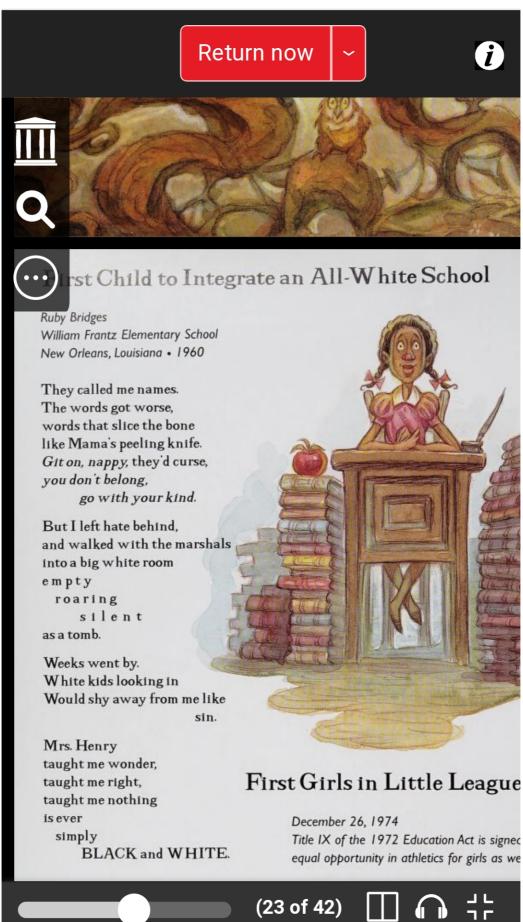






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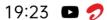




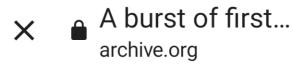
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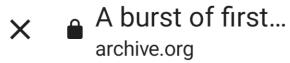


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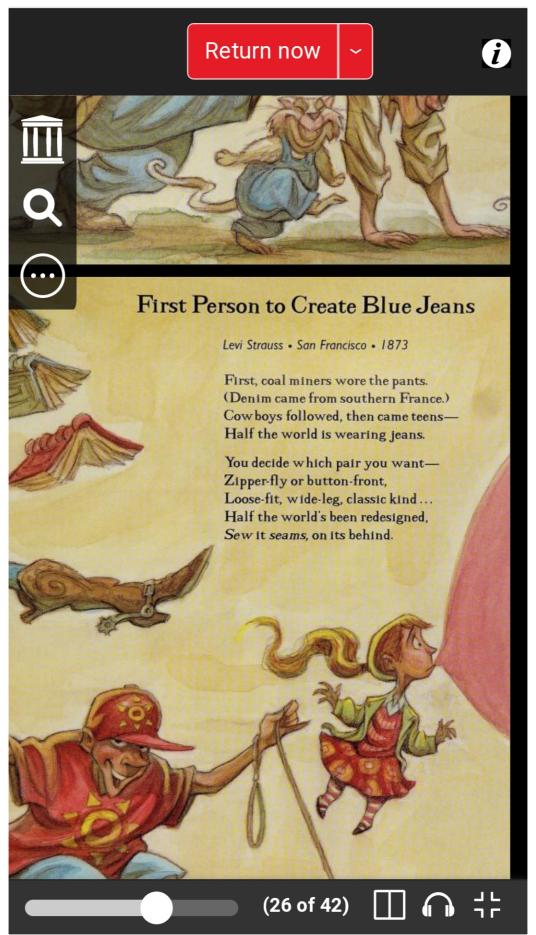






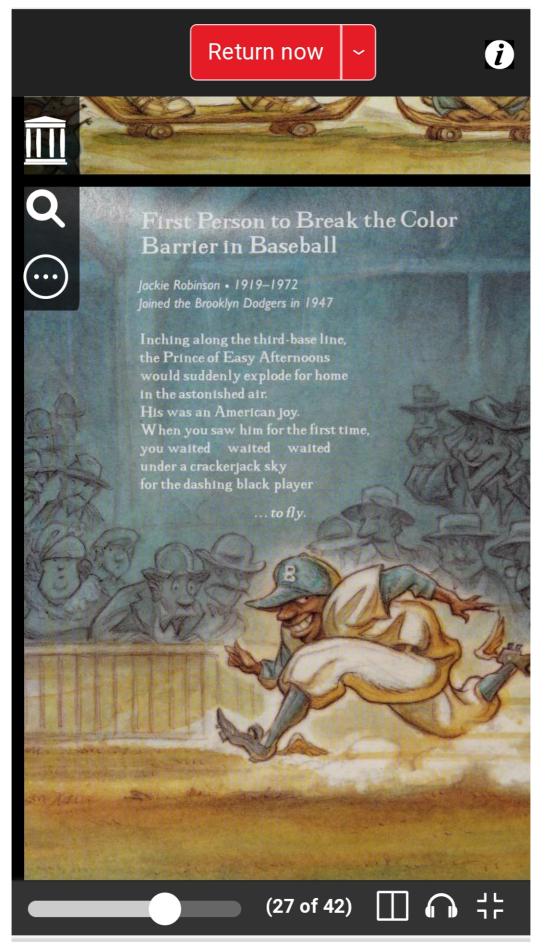






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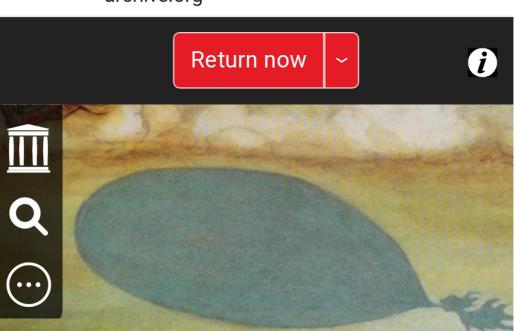


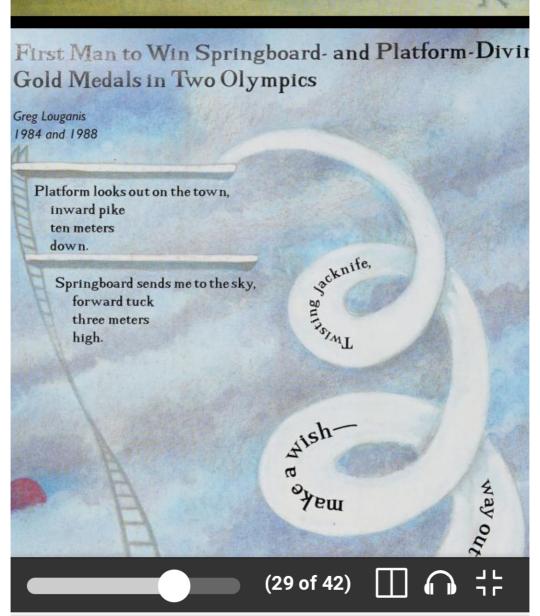




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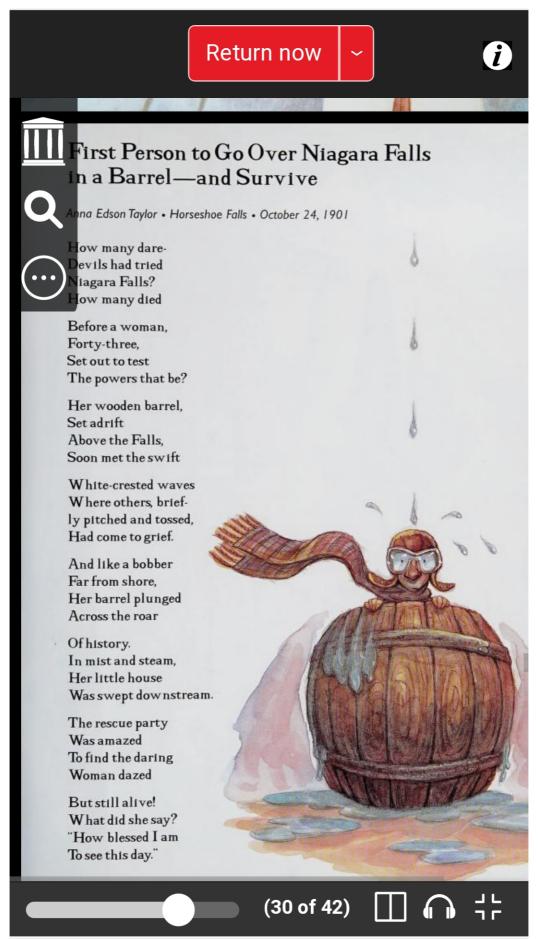






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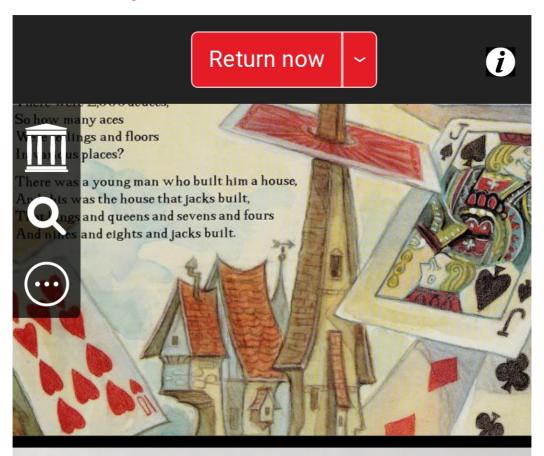




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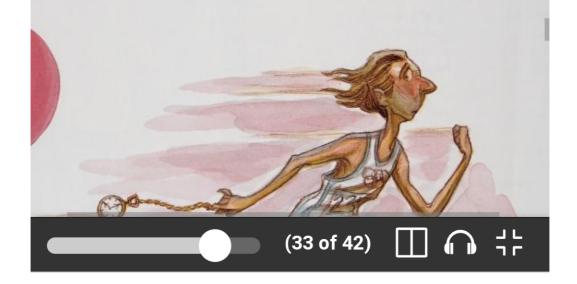
#### First Man to Run a Four-Minute Mile

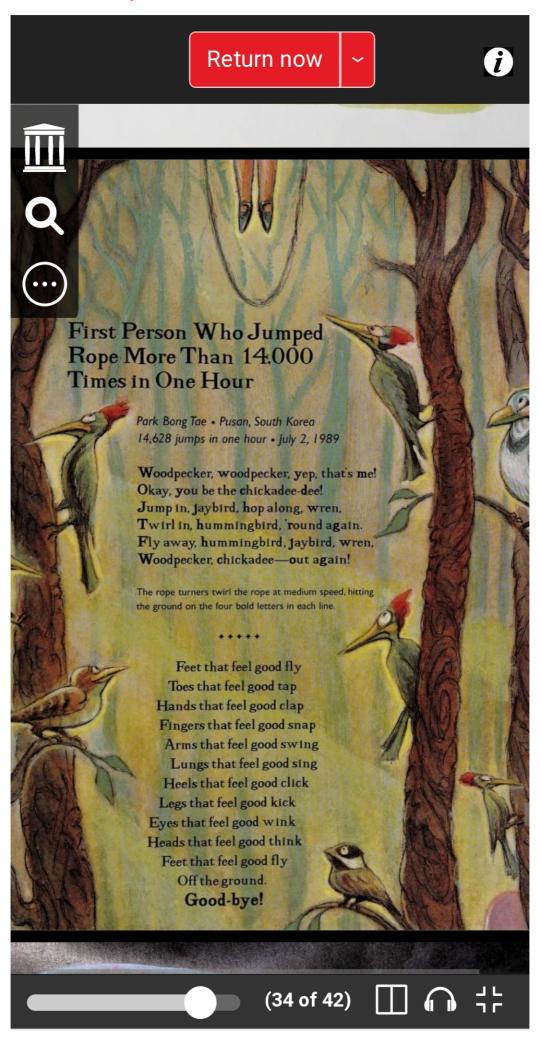
Roger Bannister • Oxford, England • May 6, 1954 • 3:59.4 minutes

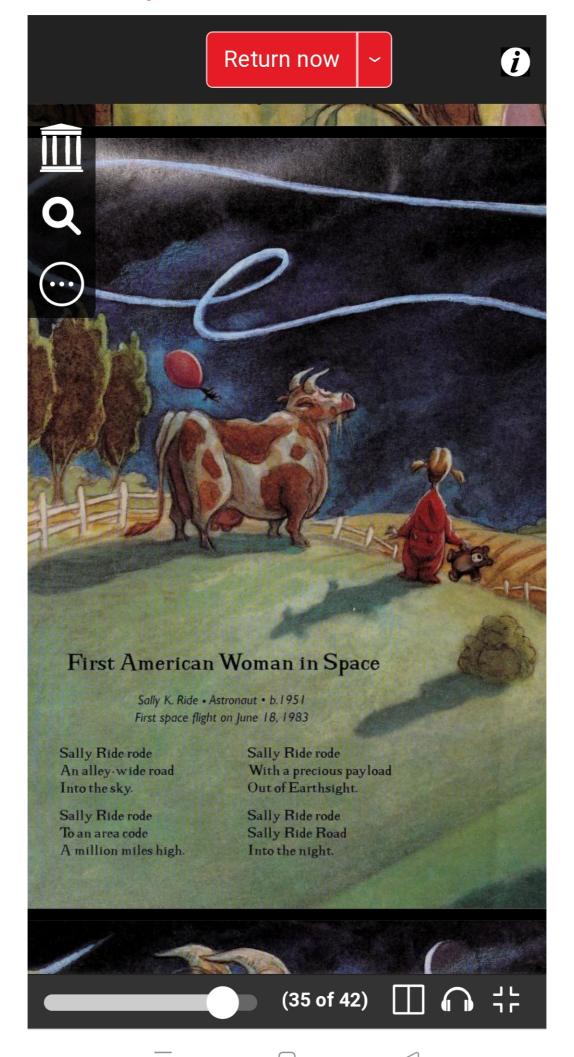
Though Oxford clouds undid the day-A chill kept many fans away-The "dream mile" was a splendid race! Young Brasher set the early pace By going out extremely fast. His teammates knew he wouldn't last, And Chataway took the lead, as planned, Just as they passed the viewing stand. The half? 1:58.2! At every curve the promise grew

That this day might be destiny.

And Roger Bannister knew that he Could leap into the future, so With some three hundred yards to go, Began his kick, his head rolled back, Pounding to glory down the track. His body honed to perfect shape, He won, collapsing at the tape! And gave the credit to a team That chased a boy who chased a dream. He said, as history would tell, "I did one thing supremely well."

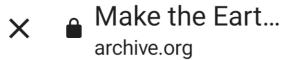








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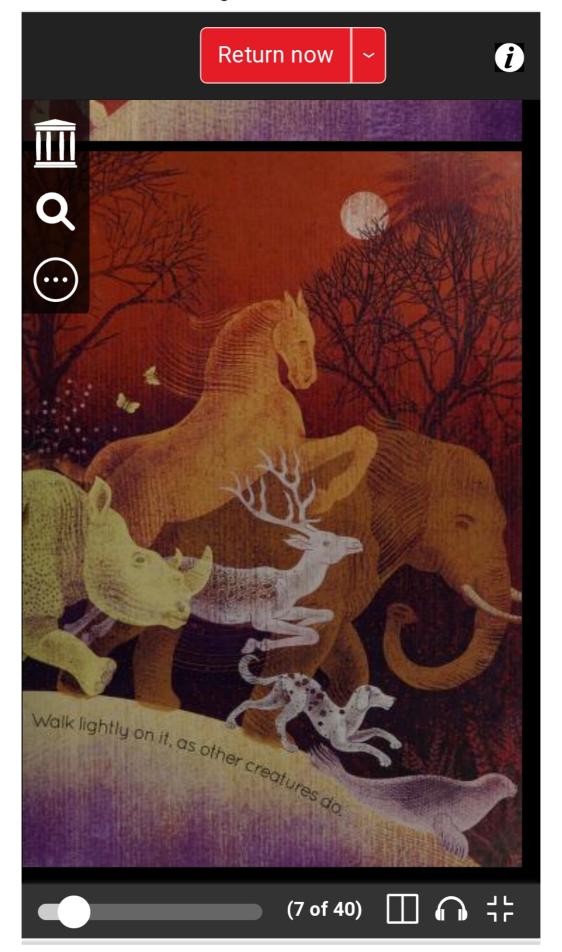
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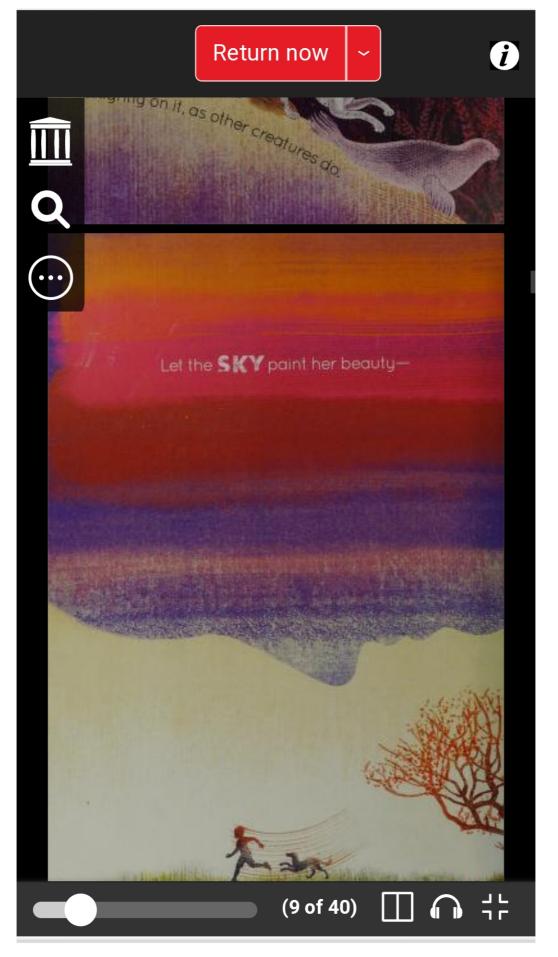


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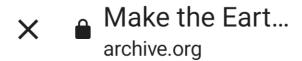
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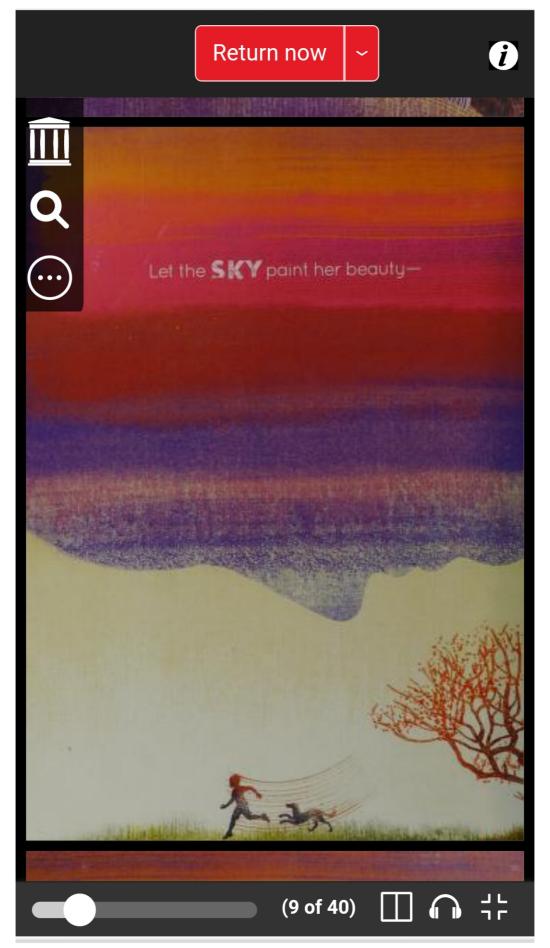


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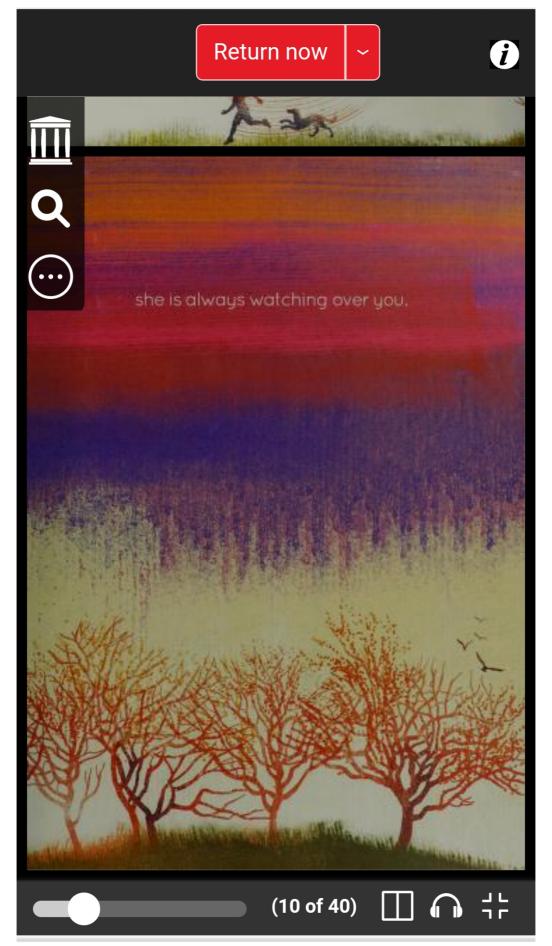
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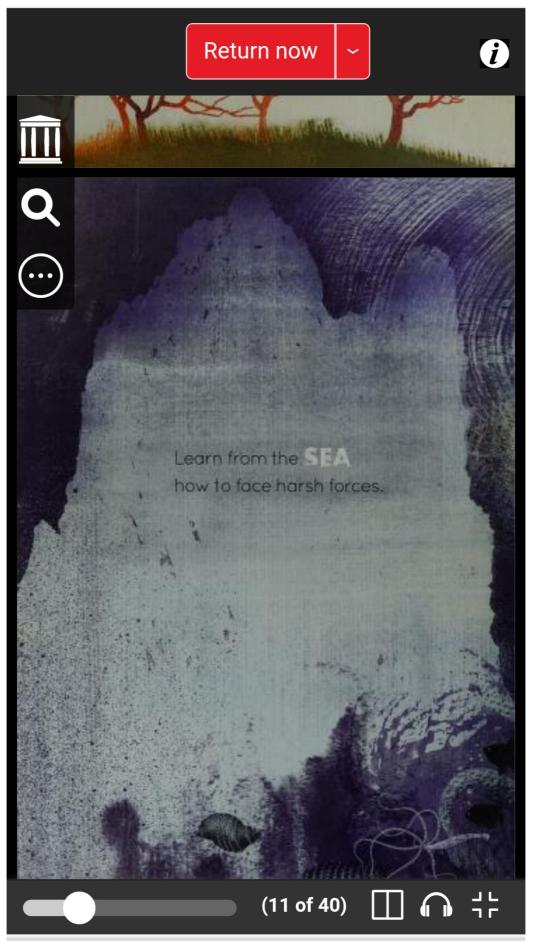


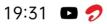


① 奈 Vg ...I 图5

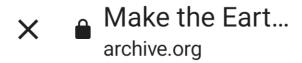








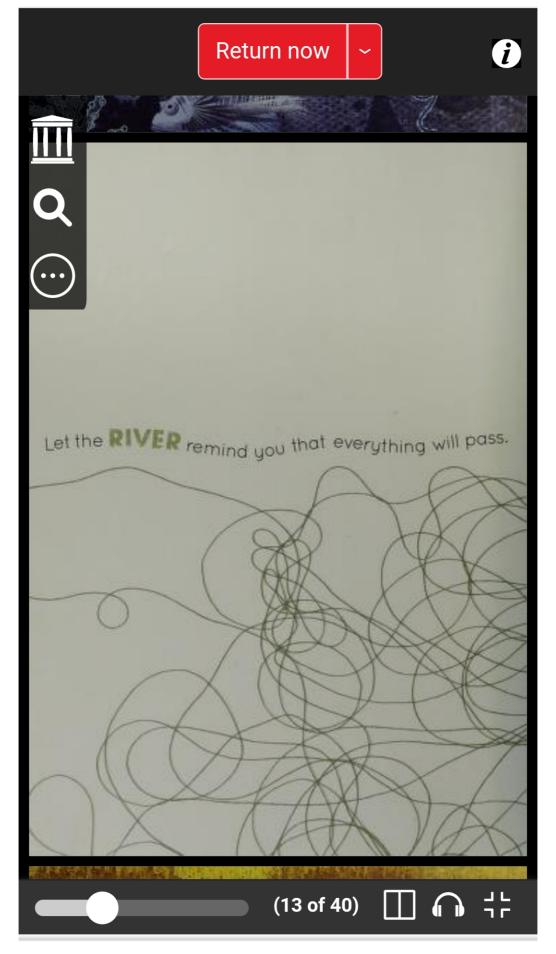








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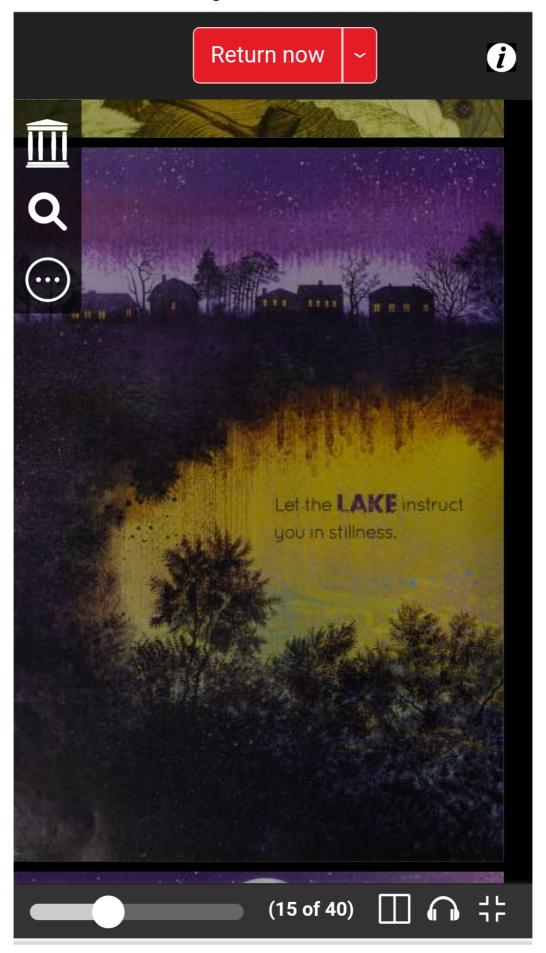


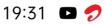


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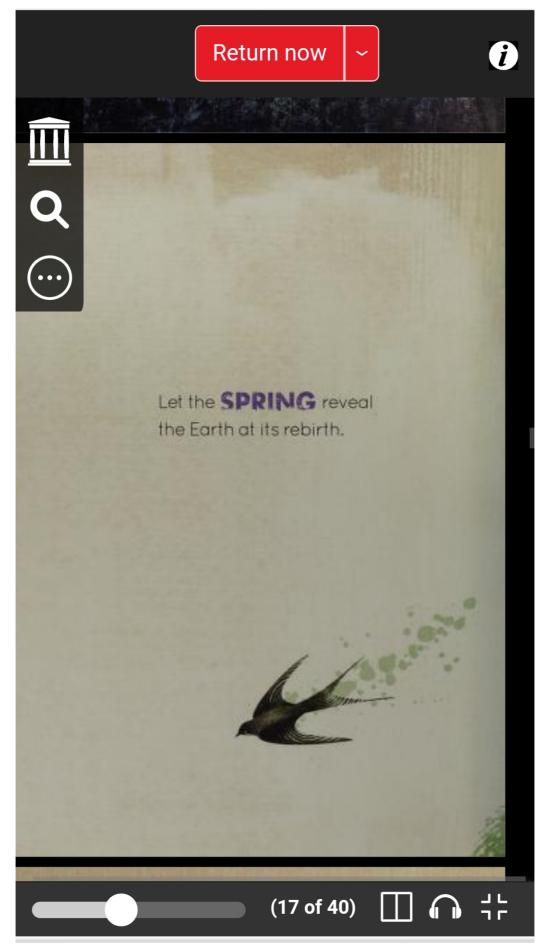










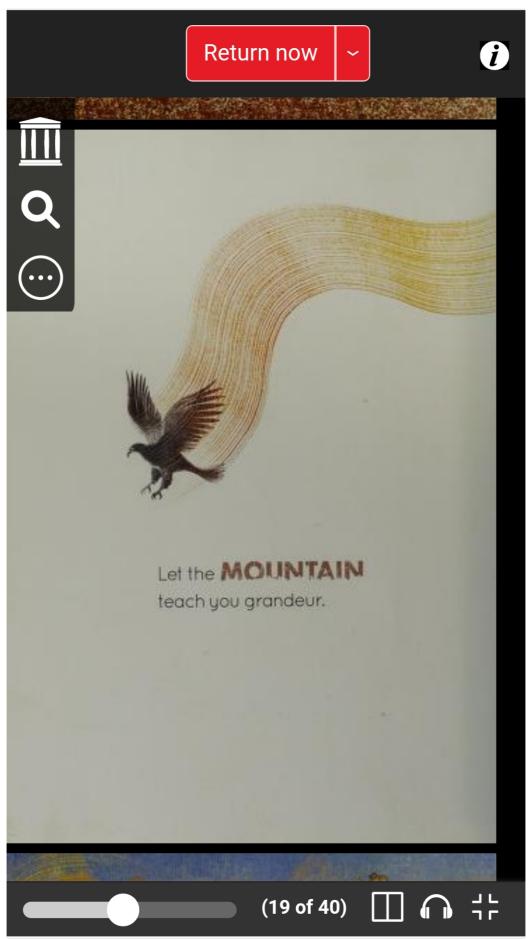


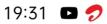


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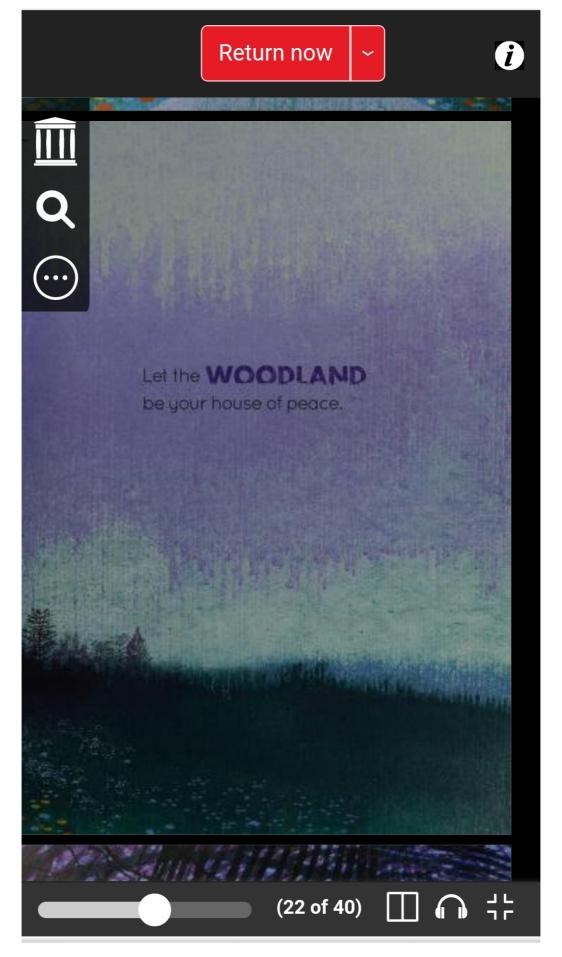


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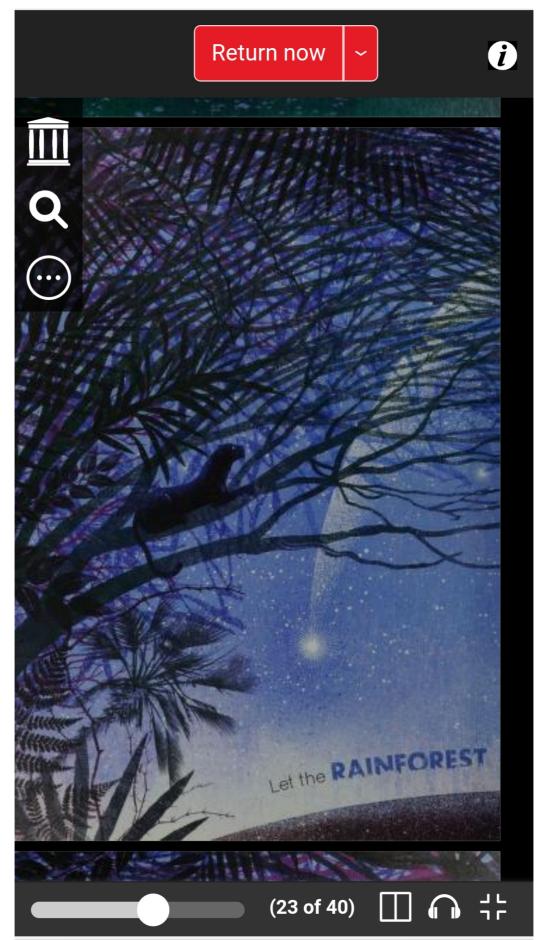


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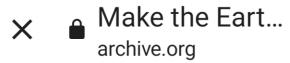


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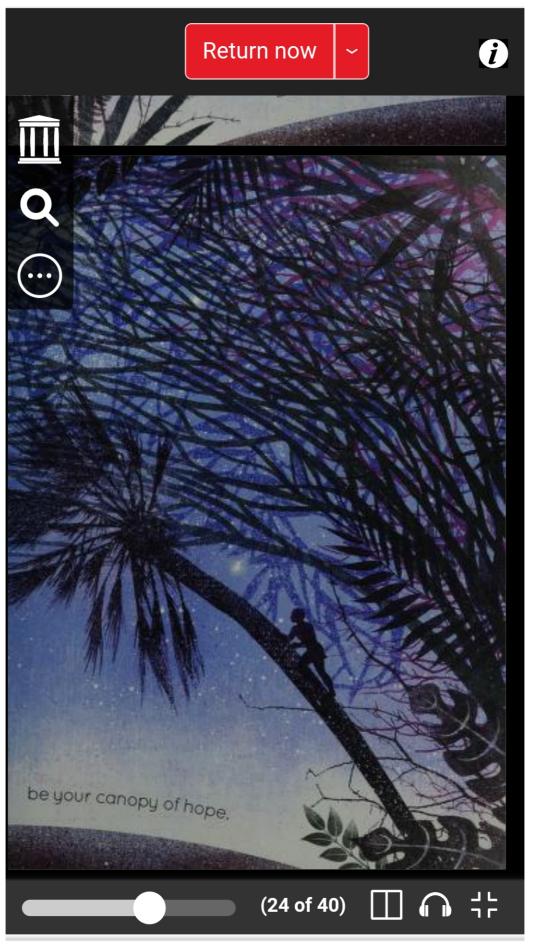




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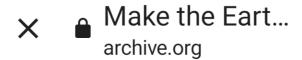






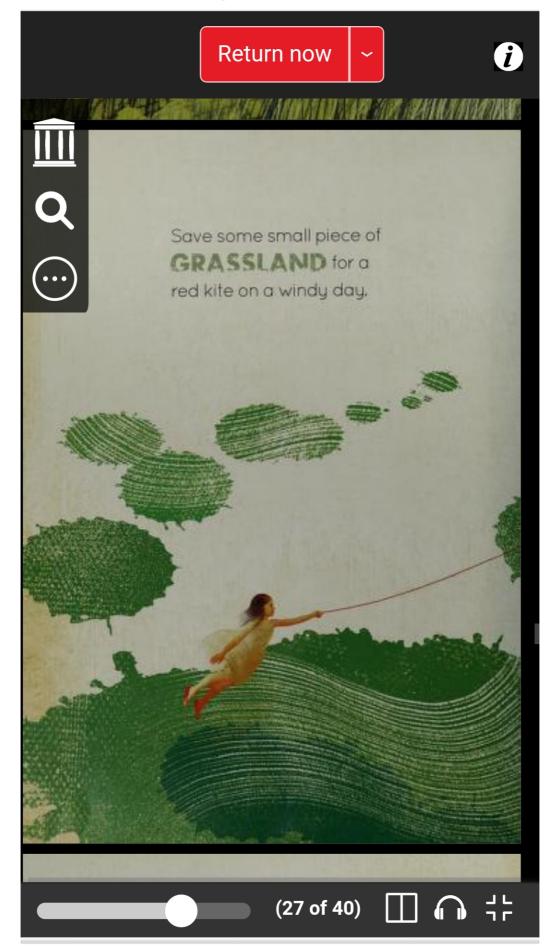








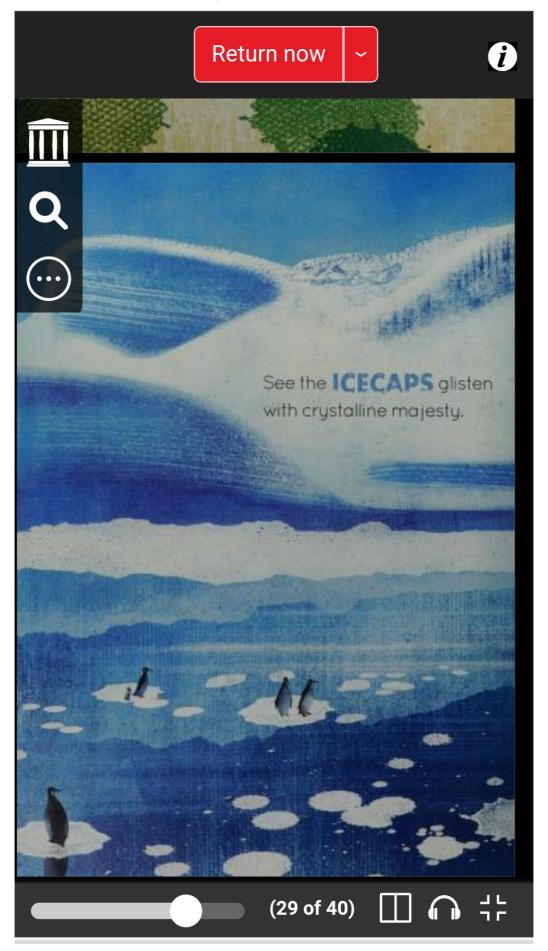




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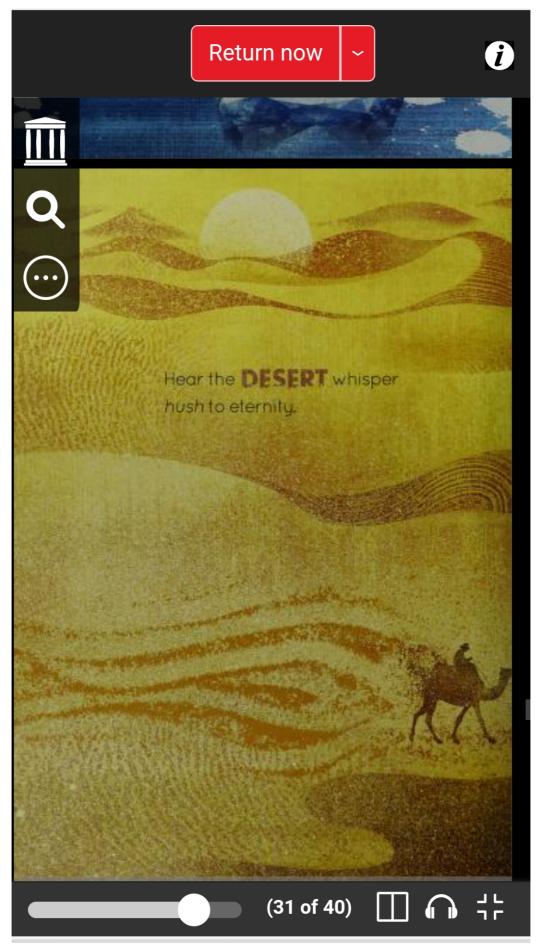




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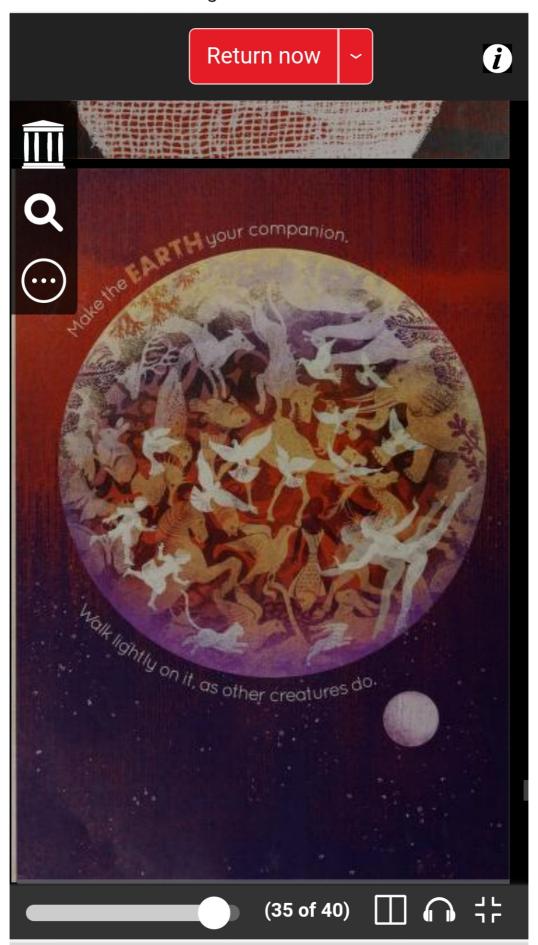
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(B) 등 왕 대 (B)





January

The snowshoe rabbit
Sees the grouse
Hiding beside
His snowshoe house—
A country dressed
In winter white
Is best for keeping
Out of sight.

Raw days like these
No sparrow dares;
The month is made
For polar bears
And timber wolves.
Great days of ice!
Refrigerated
Paradise.

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## ★ July is a mad ... archive.org



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March,

One day this coldhearted guest Blusters in and thumps his chest, Bends

the

birches

to

their

knees,

Nips the buds off all the trees.

Chickadees, two chipper chaps, Trimmed in coal black bibs and caps, Hop across the heather row, Chirping "Tut-tut-tut!" to snow.

climb!

to

start

may

Temperatures
Crocuses poke up in time.
March, the bullyboy, leaves town
Once the weather settles down.

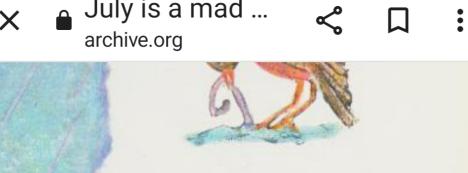
(14 of 40)





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My windowpane, Blue-rinsed with rain, Looks out on new Grass wet with dew-Earthworms crawl plain-Ly into view.

And unaware Of danger there, Two earthworms cling To leafy spring-Which makes a pair Of robins sing!

(16 of 40)















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Oh, Caterpillar, where will you hide After tonight sets today aside?

Crab apple blossoms, a field of clover, A buttermilk jug or the back porch swing.

Slow Caterpillar, didn't you know? You've so little time, yet so far to go.

Ladybug Lady, before the month's over, I'll fly away on the butterfly wing.

(19 of 40)





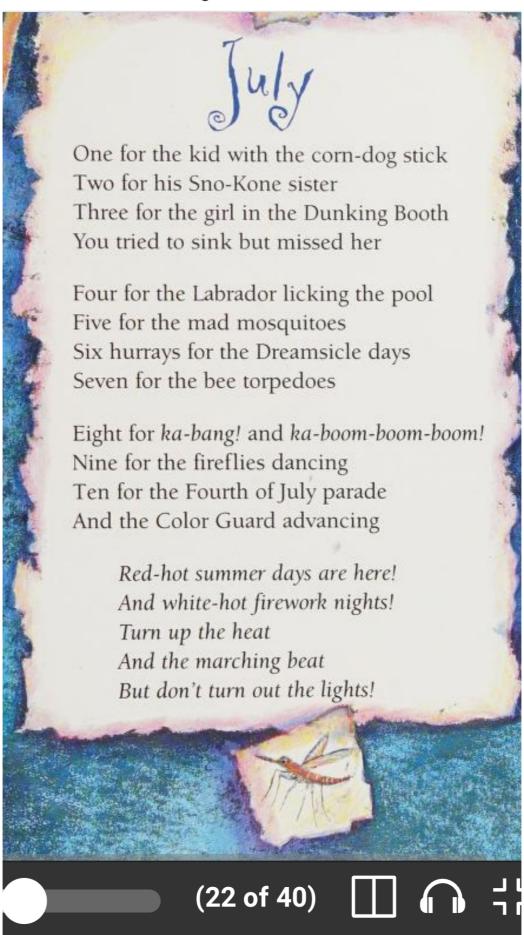
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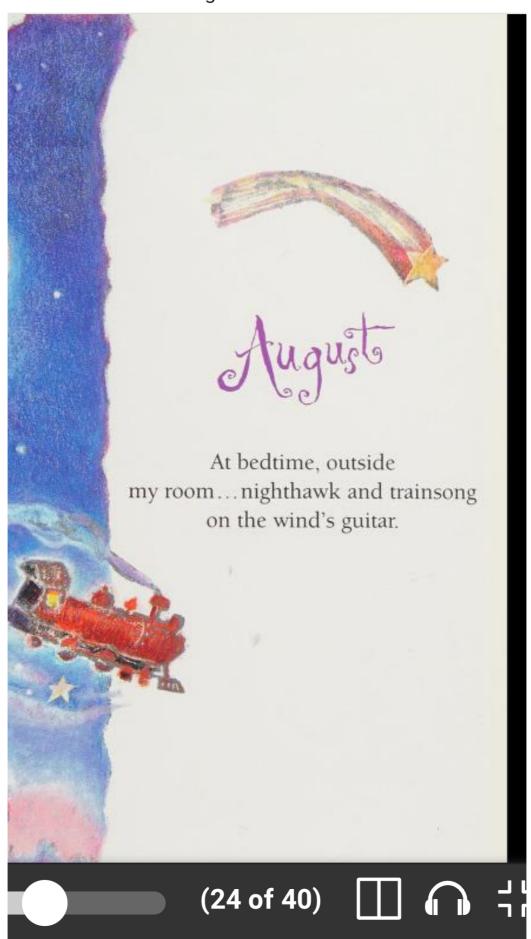




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# September

They've closed the public Swimming pool, And children swarm Like fish to school.

The bright orange bus
Revs up, but boys
And girls outshout
The engine noise.

Late summer skies
Wind-whistle songs.
Dry heat heads south
Where it belongs—

On city streets

And rural routes

Where folks still wear

Their bathing suits.

(26 of 40)





\ | |









When the cottonwoods sway and sigh *I* wish And the last cider apples *ka-thunk* on the ground

The great horned owl in his crimson tree Sees the geese V-turn in the blue goose sky

While a black cat sings to the new moon *Oh* And a dog sees the light in a pumpkin's grin

And a batwinged boy and a witchy girl fly Round a house on a hill going round all around

And the great horned owl in his crimson tree Looks into the world and he calls it *Ho-ome* 

(28 of 40)





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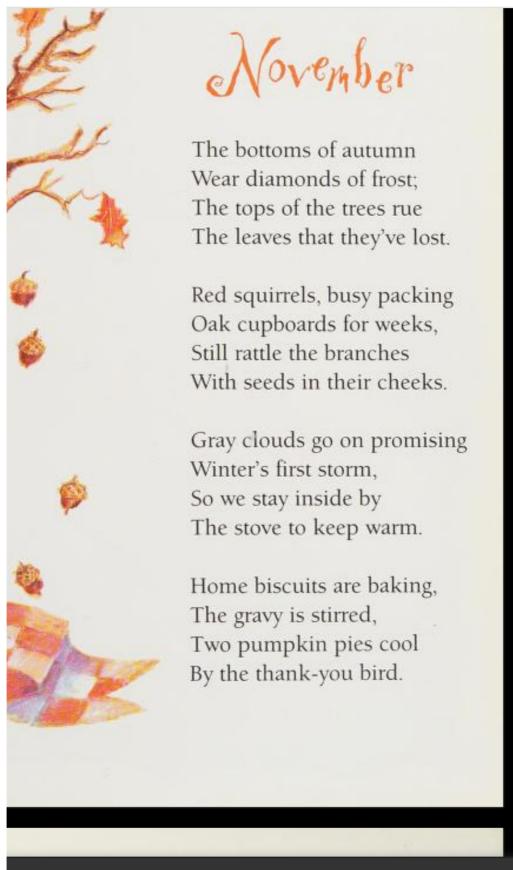
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(30 of 40)

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## December

Blue chimney smoke
Curls up and lies
Across the village square,
And people kiss by mistletoe...
There's something in the air!

The tinseled tree,
The Christmas goose,
Two carolers on the green,
Who just became a trio
With my snowman in between.

And Mother's in the kitchen
Setting out a plate of cheese
And cookies—
And eight celery sticks—
So hurry, reindeer, please!

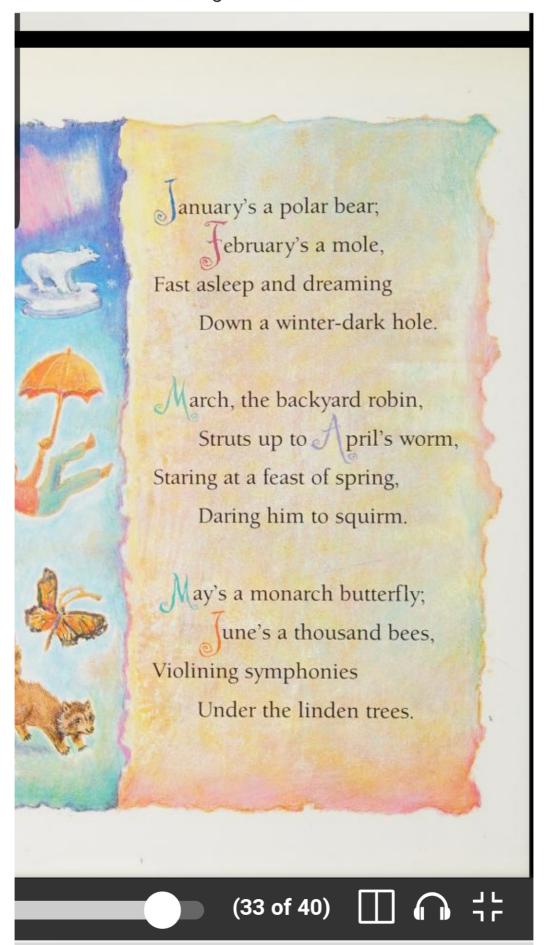
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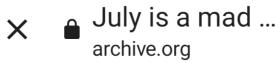




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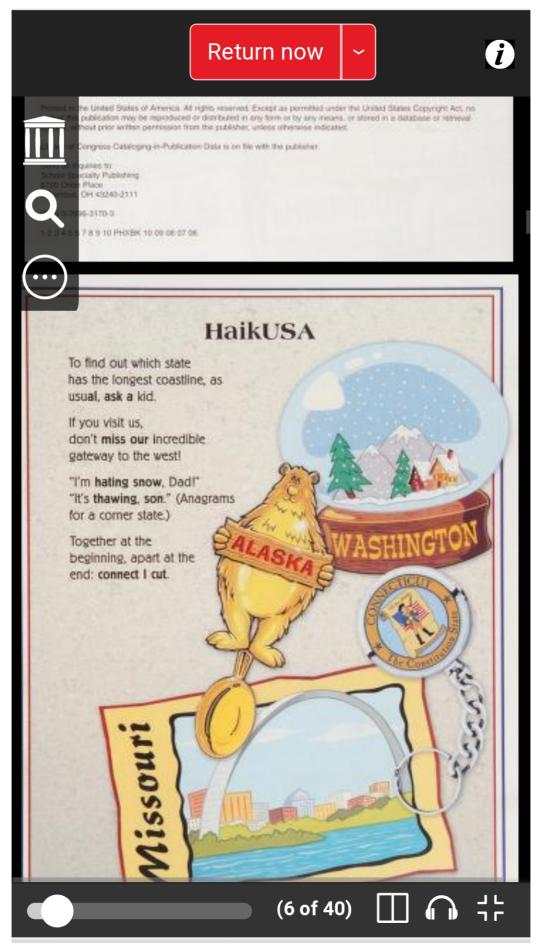




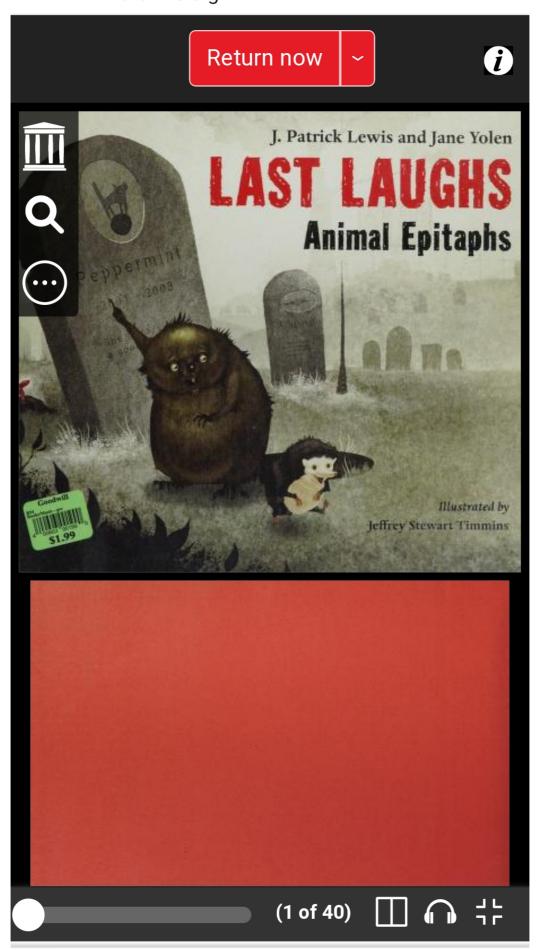








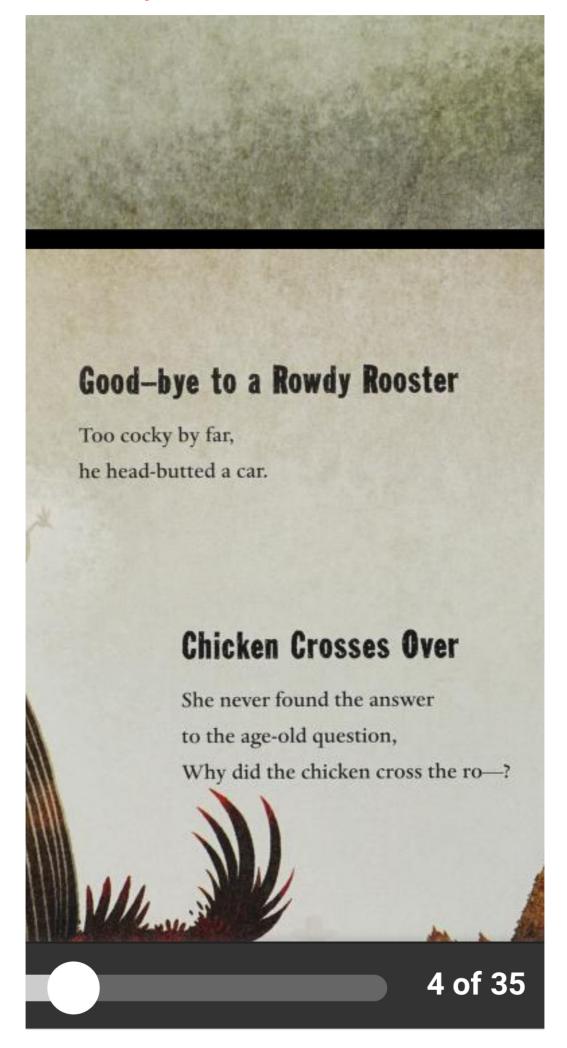


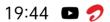


### Last Laughs

Here at Amen Creature Corners, beasties weep like misty mourners, but when they read an epitaph, it always brings them one last laugh. Forget the hankies. Read the words of bugs and fishes, beasts and birds. They know it's not all gloom and doom that's written once upon a tomb.

4 of 35

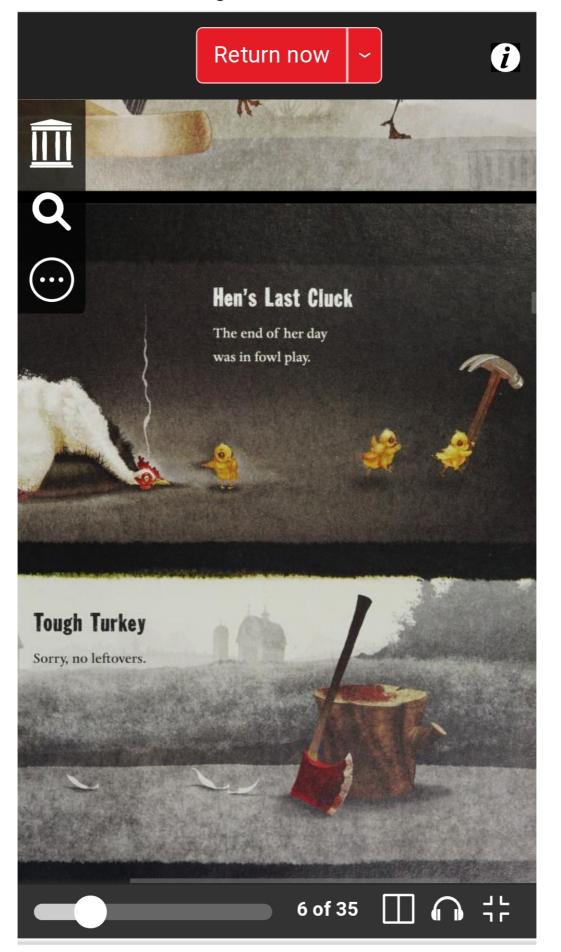




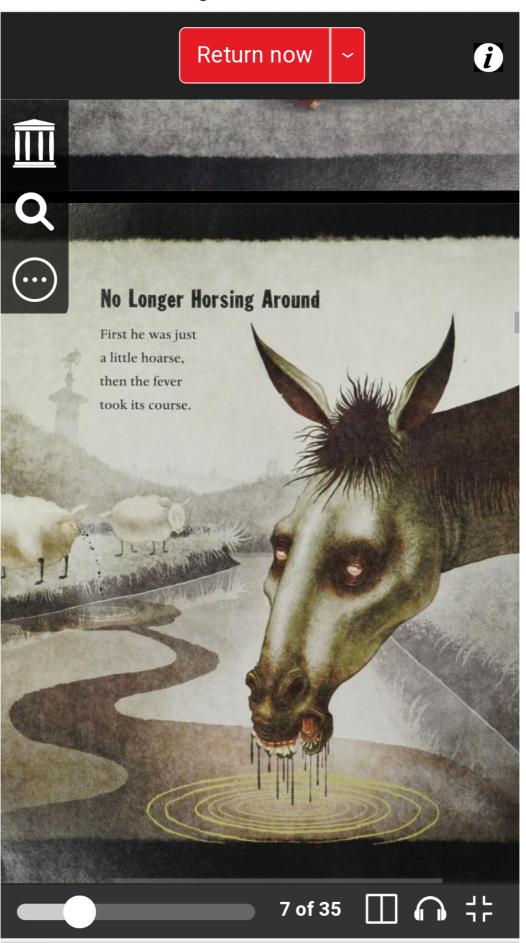
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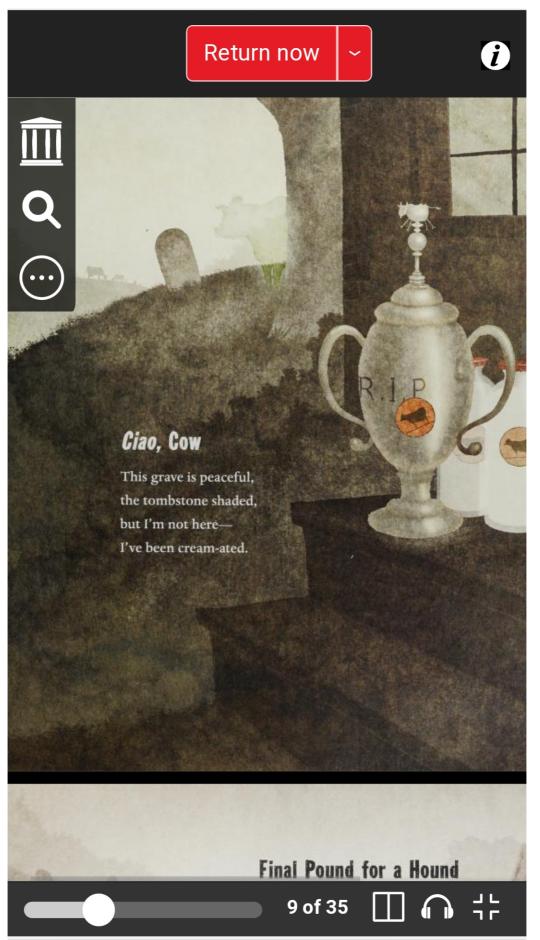




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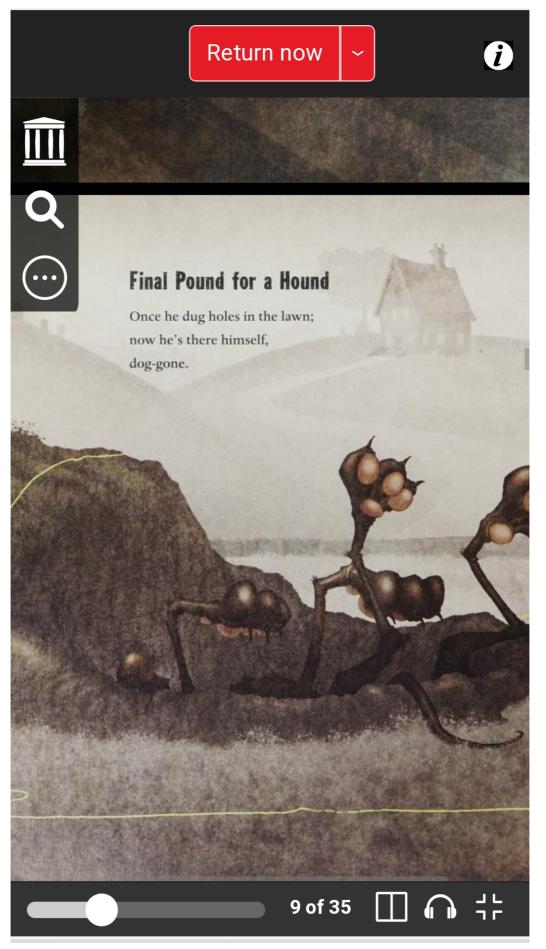




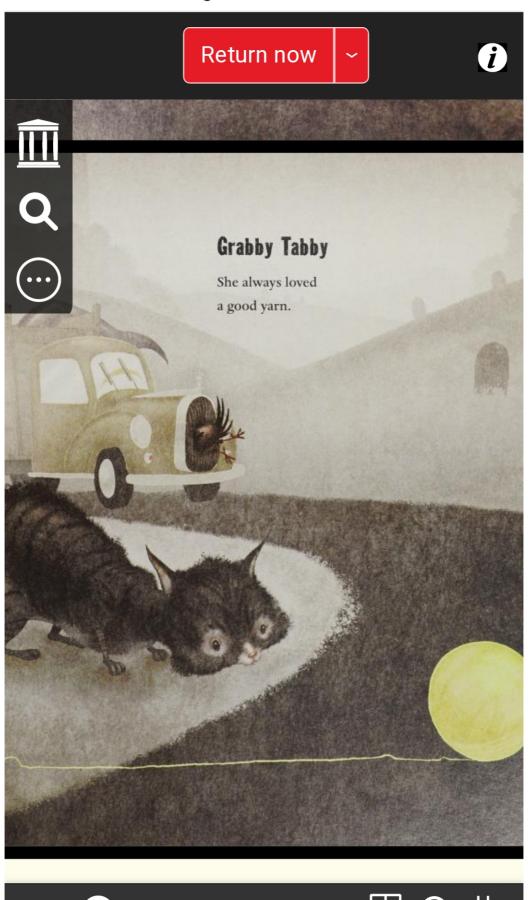
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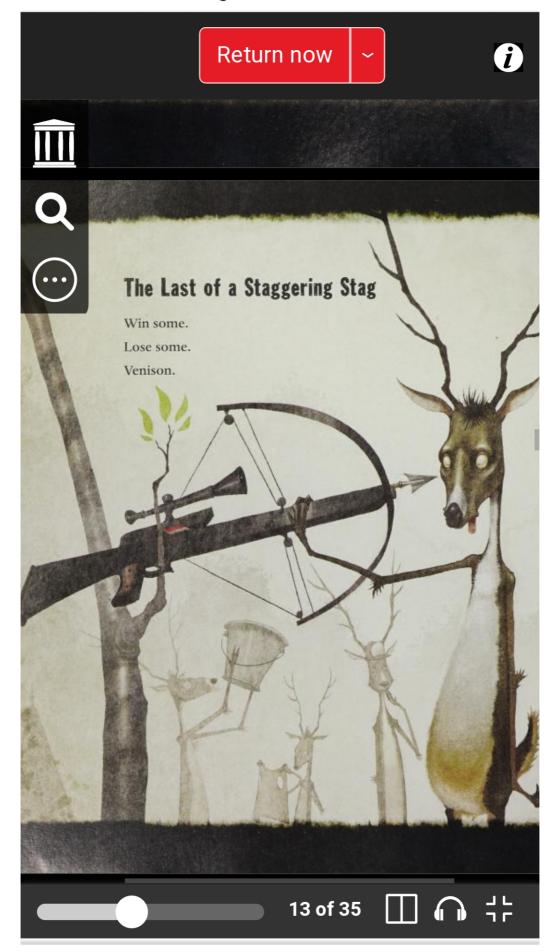




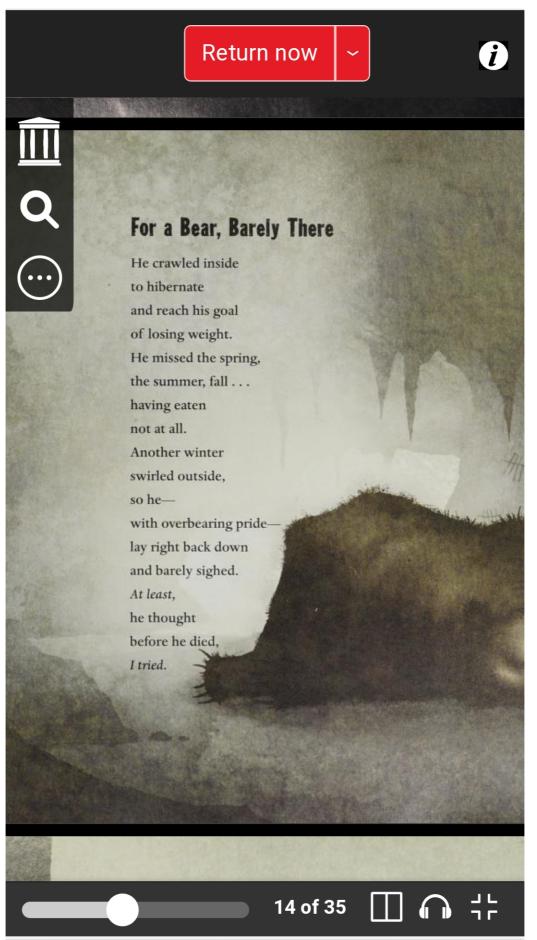


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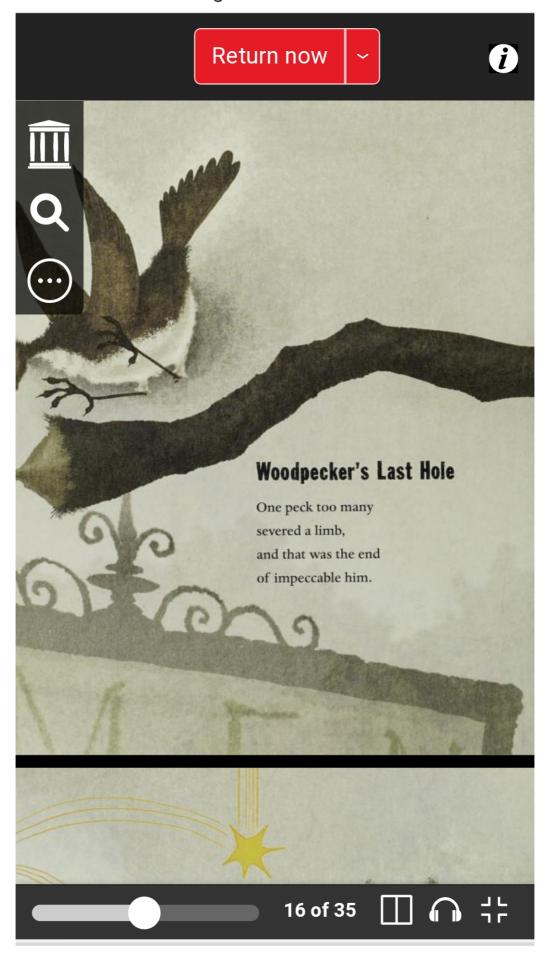














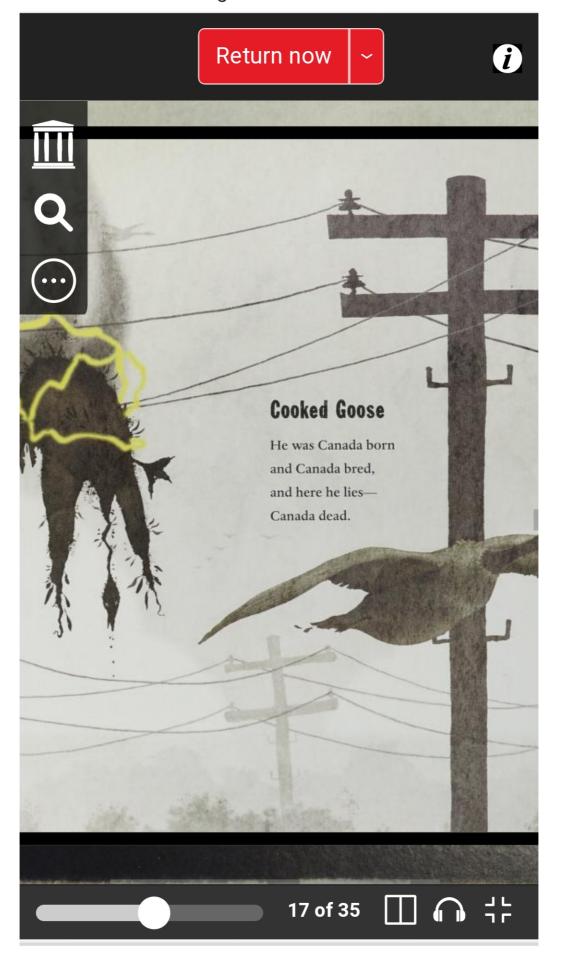
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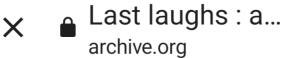








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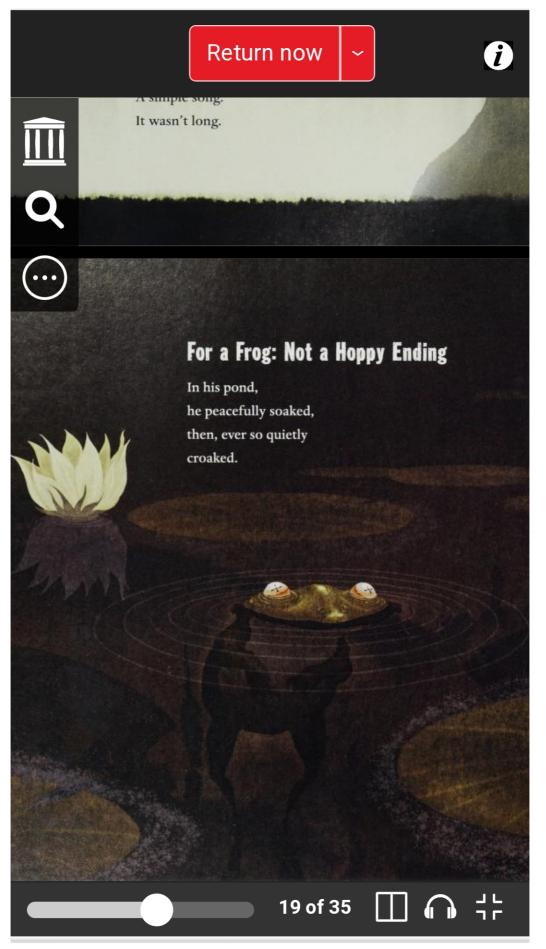








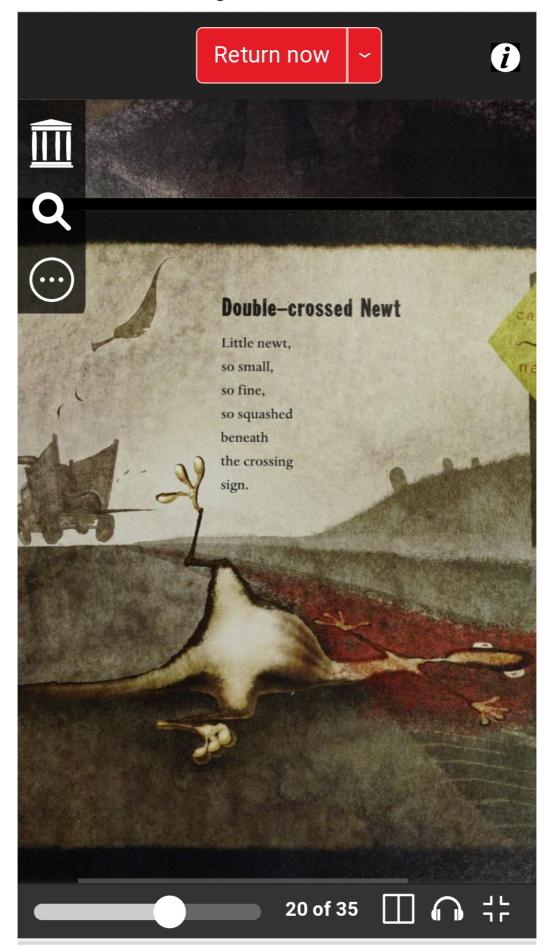




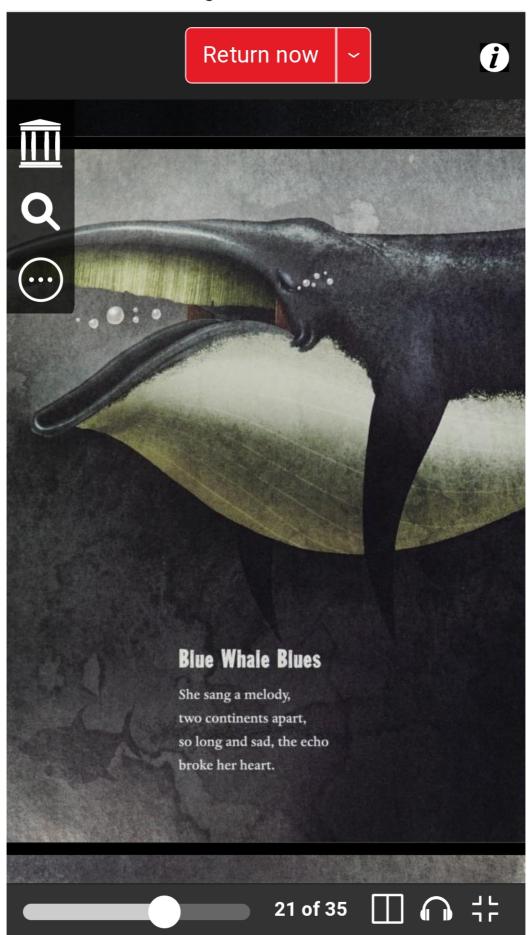
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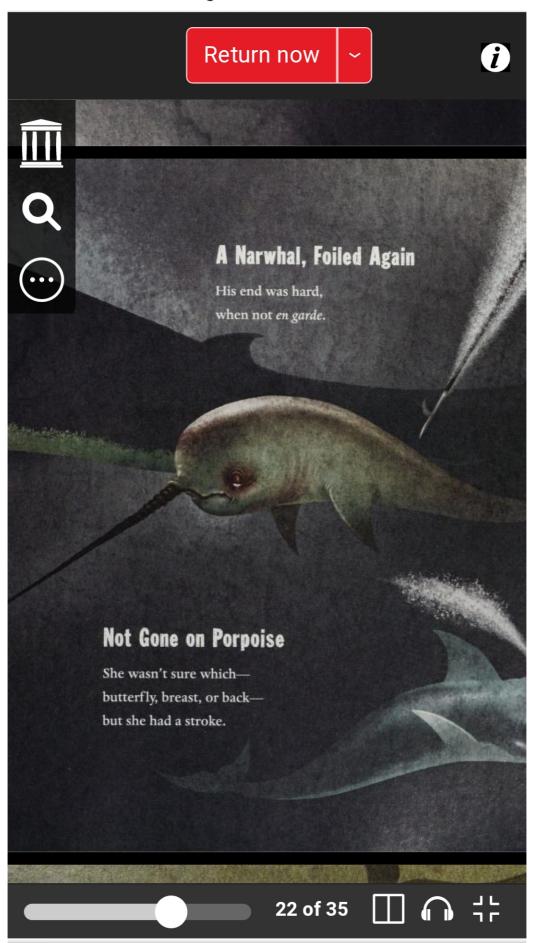






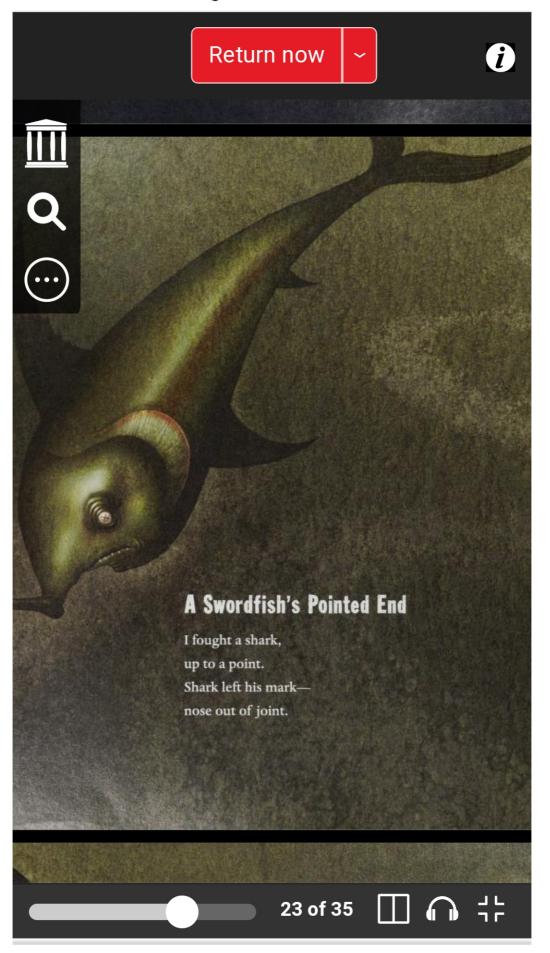
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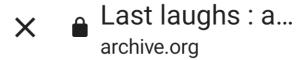
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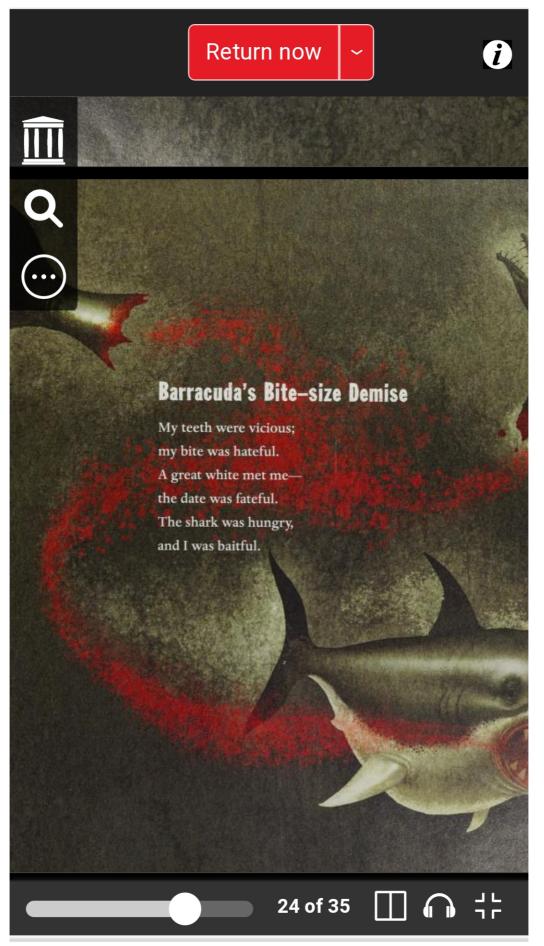








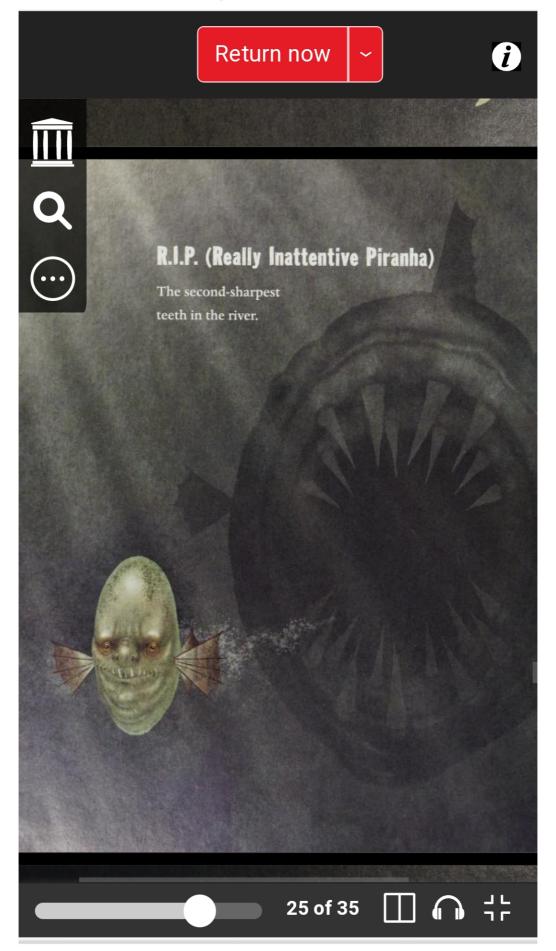






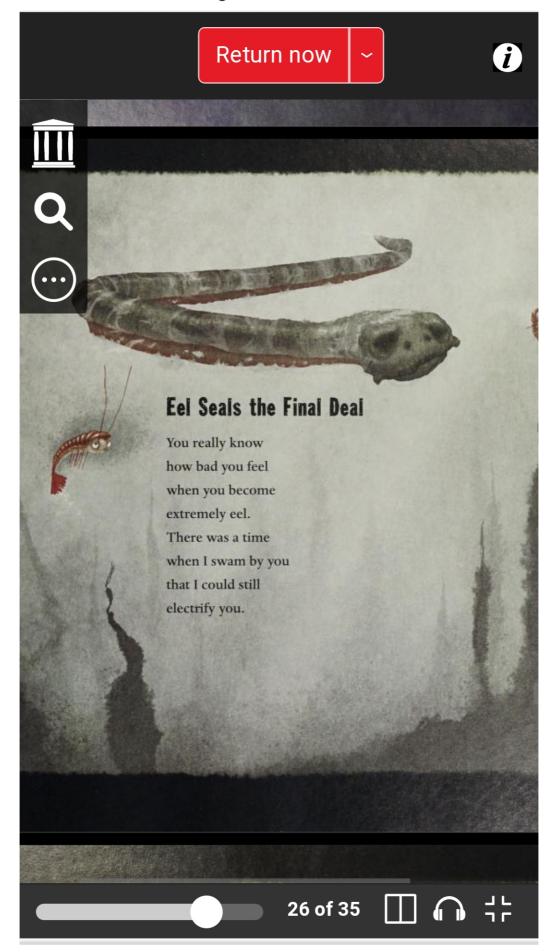
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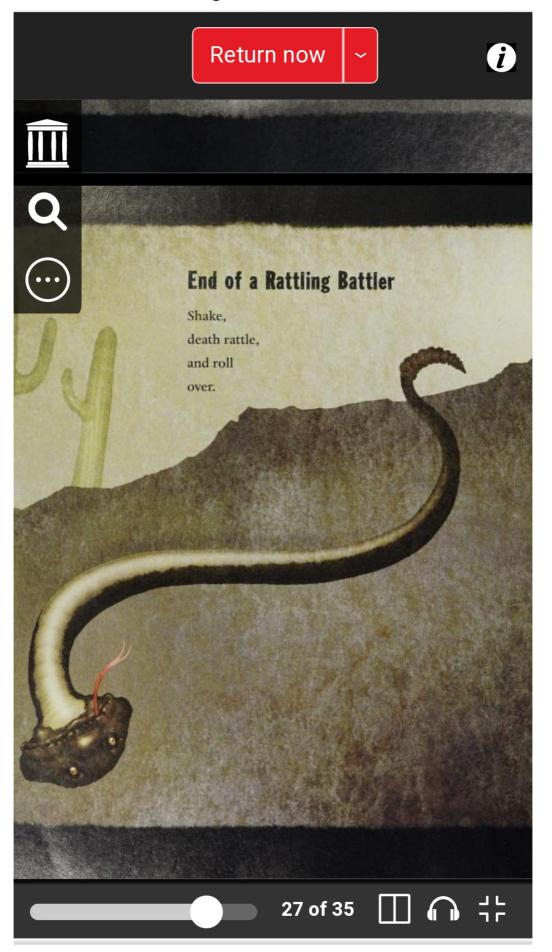




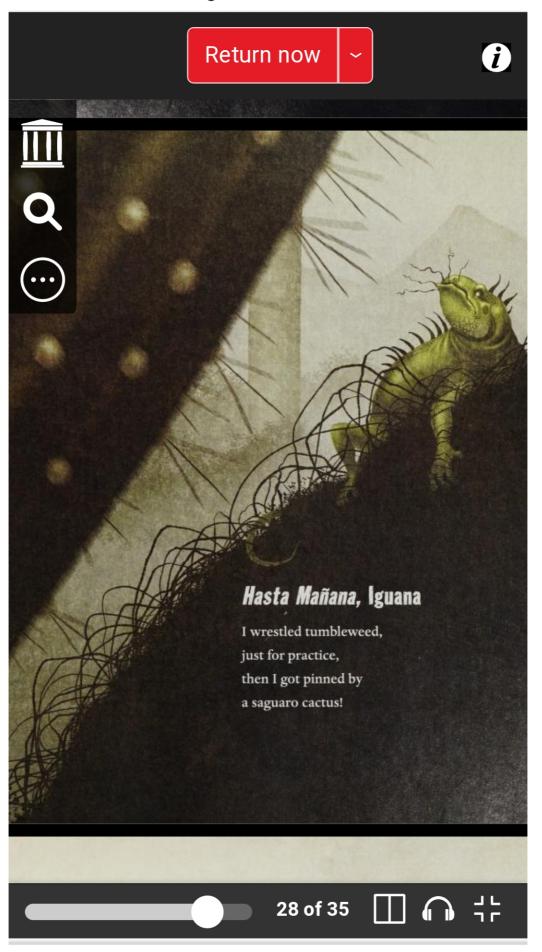
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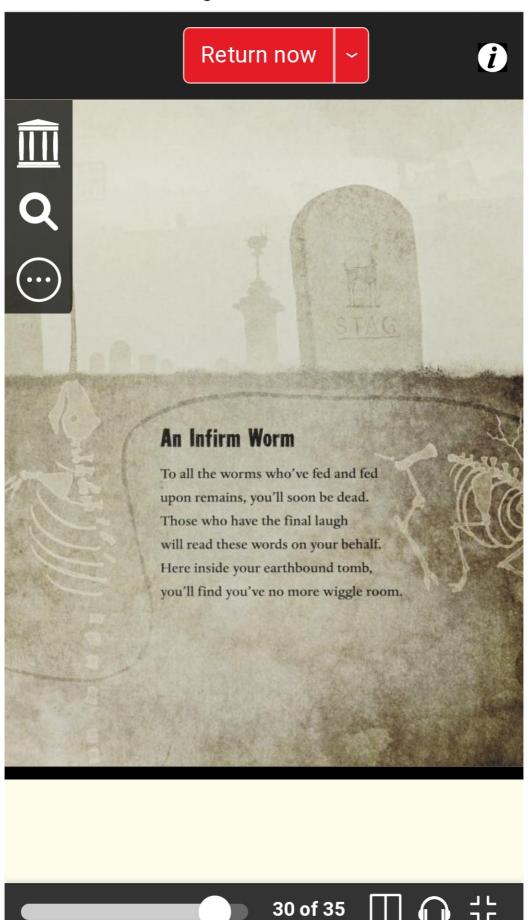


























https://archive.org/details/noboysallowedpoe0000unse



# No Boys Allowed

Poems About Brothers and Sisters

Compiled by John Micklos, Jr. Illustrations by Kathleen O'Malley



**Boyds Mills Press** 

#### Return now



eek - Kristine O'Connell George	
O mick Louis	10
e - A by Ann Hoberman	20
od-bye - Eileen Spinelli	21
La Cive Cookies? — David L. Harrison	22
	23
er's in the Bathroom — Allan A. De Fina	24
- El Farjeon	25
el (····) argolis	26
unaduk	27
S — Joyce Armor	28
ams — John Micklos, Jr.	29
ets	30
ients	



Tiny fingers, Tiny toes, Tiny little button nose— That's my baby sister.

Tiny gurgles, Tiny sighs, Tiny little hungry cries— That's my baby sister. Too small to smile, Too small to play, Up all night, asleep all day— That's my baby sister.

Sometimes she's a bother. But I guess that's allowed, 'Cause she's still awfully cute, And I'm still awfully proud.

John Micklos, Jr.

5 of 35

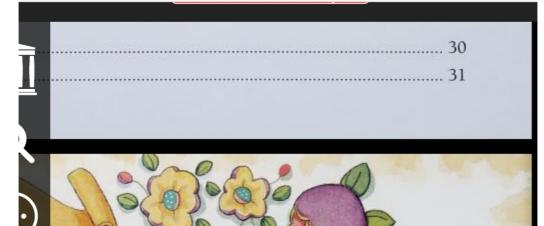




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## New Baby Sister

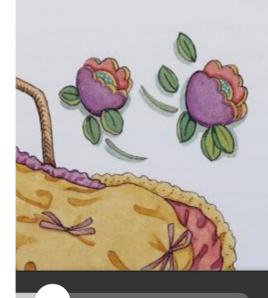
Tiny fingers,
Tiny toes,
Tiny little button nose—
That's my baby sister.

Tiny gurgles,
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Tiny little hungry cries—
That's my baby sister.

Too small to smile,
Too small to play,
Up all night, asleep all day—
That's my baby sister.

Sometimes she's a bother.
But I guess that's allowed,
'Cause she's still awfully cute,
And I'm still awfully proud.

John Micklos, Jr.



6 of 35





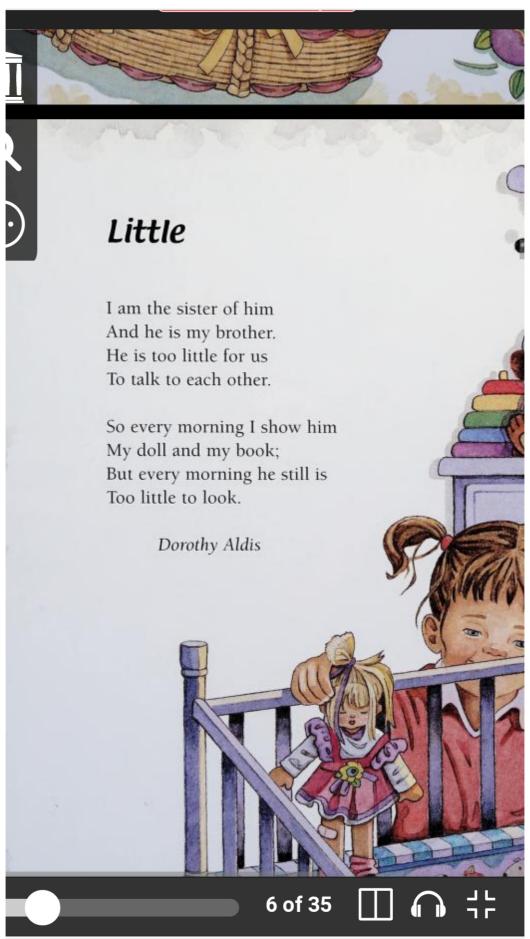
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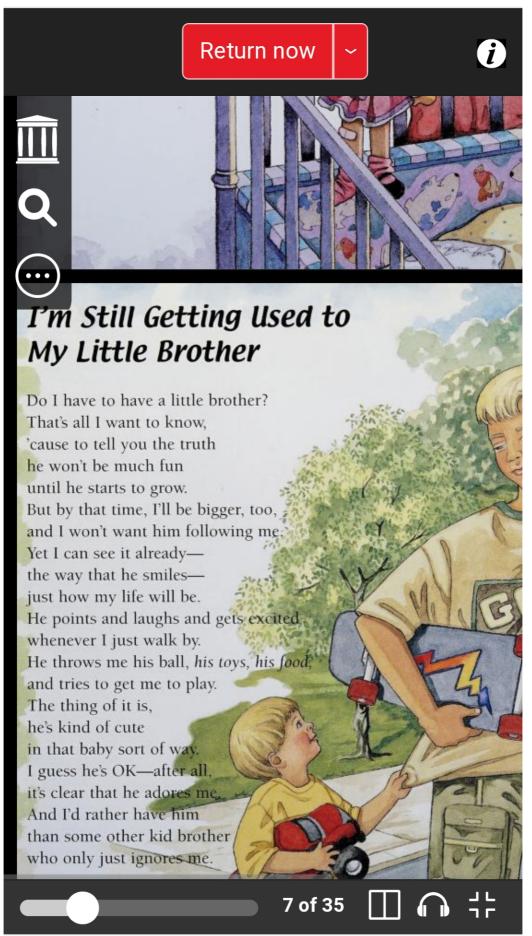








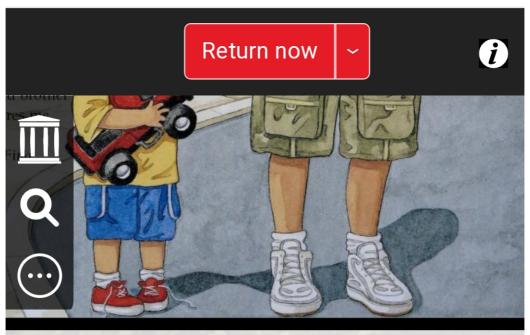












#### You and Me

Listen to the baby laugh!

When I was a baby, I did that.

His skin's so soft. His hair's so fine.

I know my numbers up to nine.

See how high he kicks his feet?

Yesterday I lost two teeth.

Grandma says he's sweet as jam.

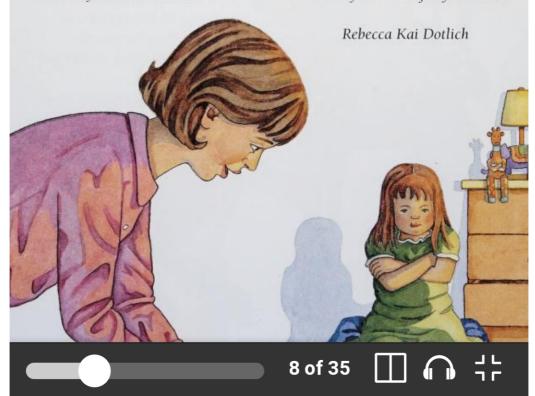
Look and see how tall I am.

He looks just like a little elf.

I can tie all by myself.

Shhh . . . he's finally sleeping, see?

Hurray! It's time for you and me!

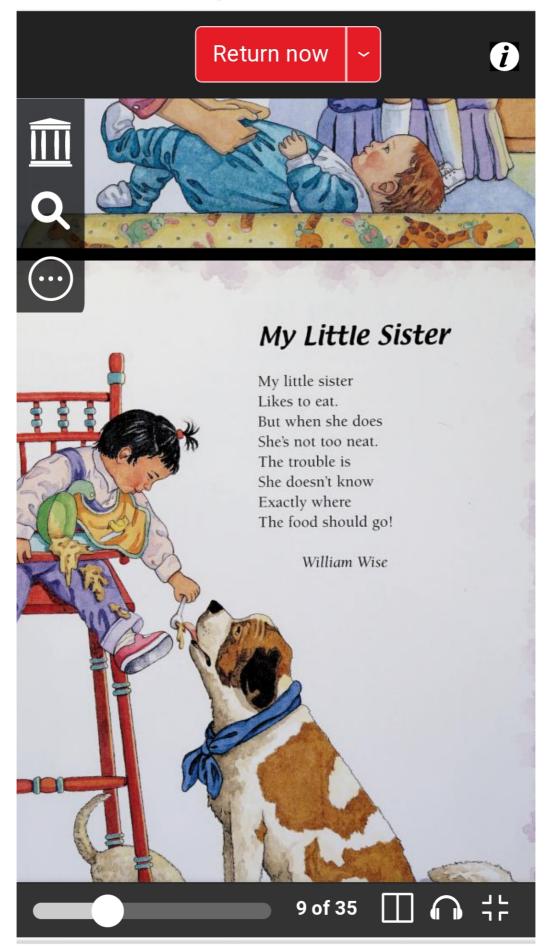






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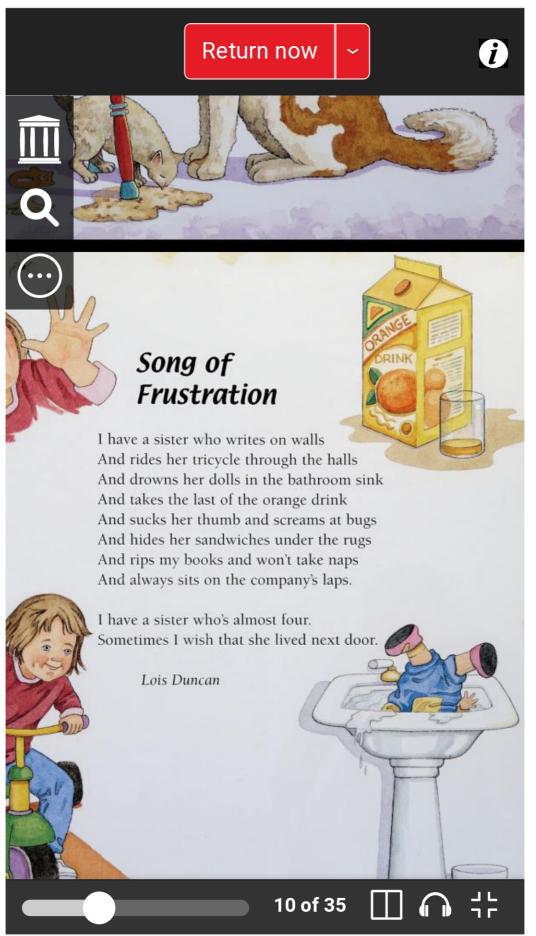




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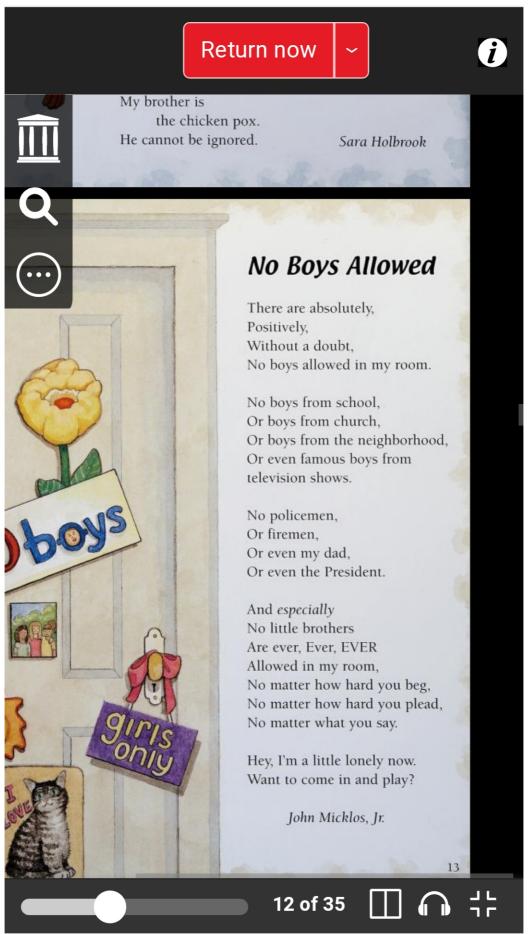






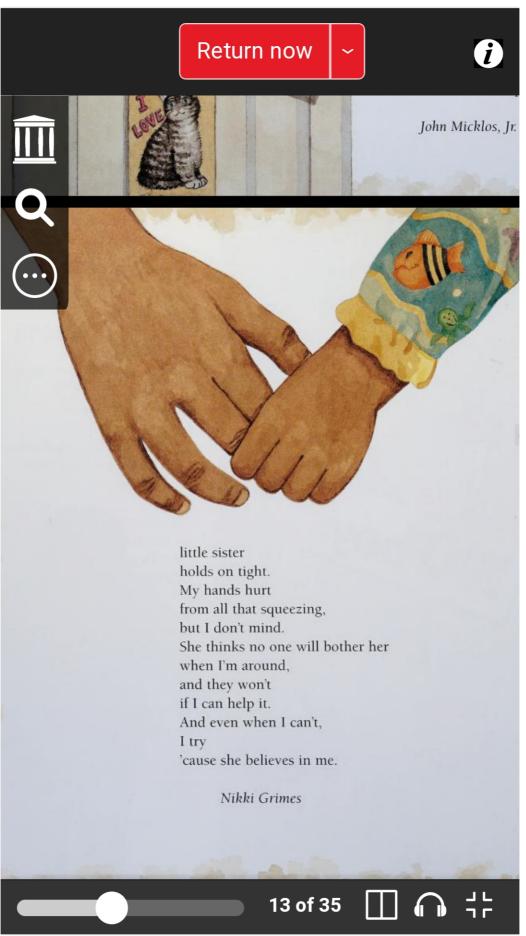












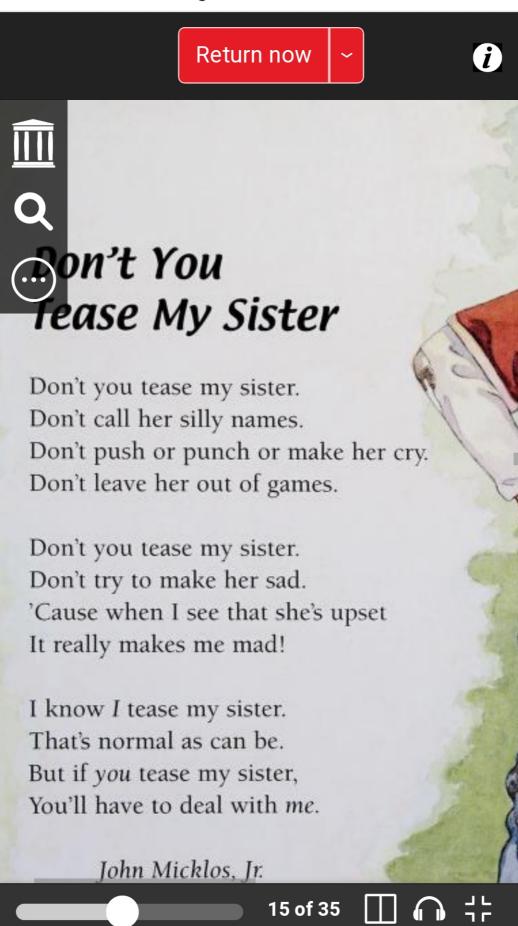








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### My Brother Loves Small Animals

My brother loves small animals, especially birds.
Three times he brought home

Three times he brought home baby swallows and nursed them. He placed them in a shoebox half-filled with cotton and fed them milk with a water dropper. He would gently move the wings (to keep the muscles lively). A few times I would help, but it was hard because I had to be so careful with the baby birds—and I am so small myself.



15 of 35

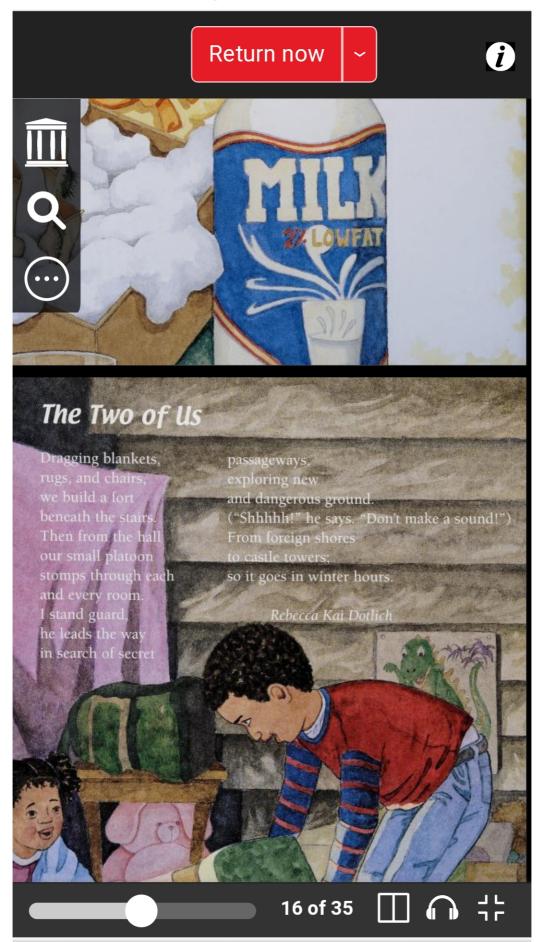




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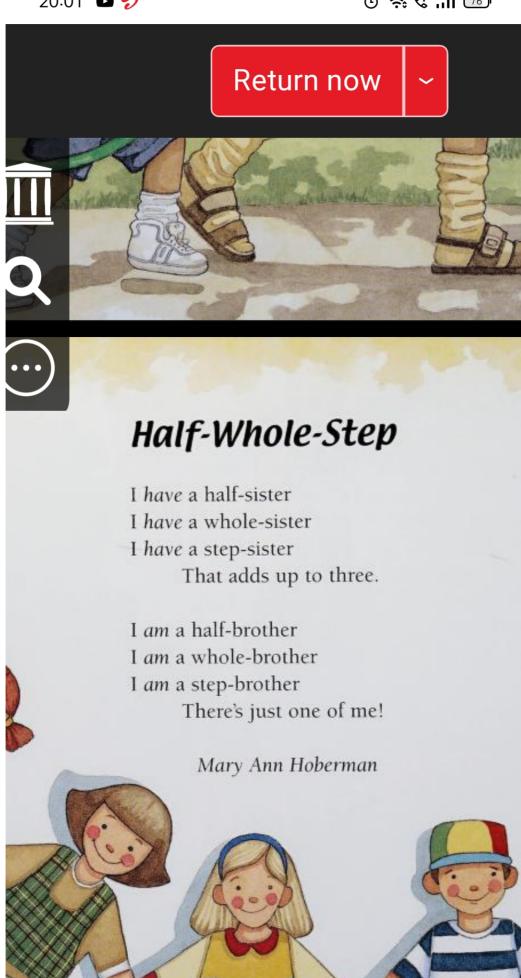


### Sister and Bro

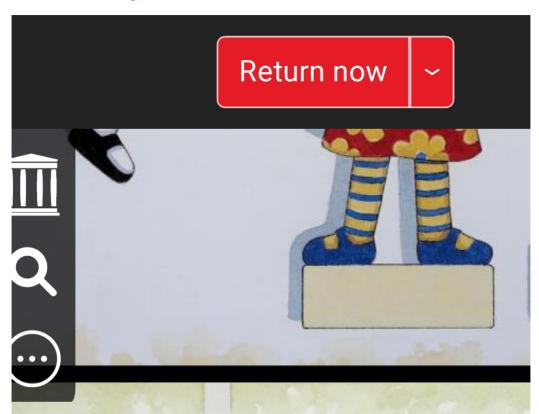
Emma and Teddy
Were sister and bro.
Everywhere Emma went,
Teddy would go.
Everywhere Teddy went,
Emma would not.
"Teddy," said Emma,
"I must have forgot."

Teddy and Emma
Were brother and sis.
Everything Emma did,
Teddy would miss.
Everything Emma did,
Teddy would say,
"Emma forgot me
Again today."

J. Patrick Lewis





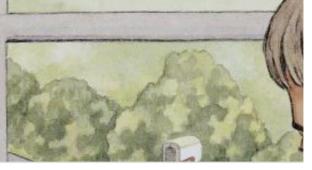


### Big Sister, Good-bye

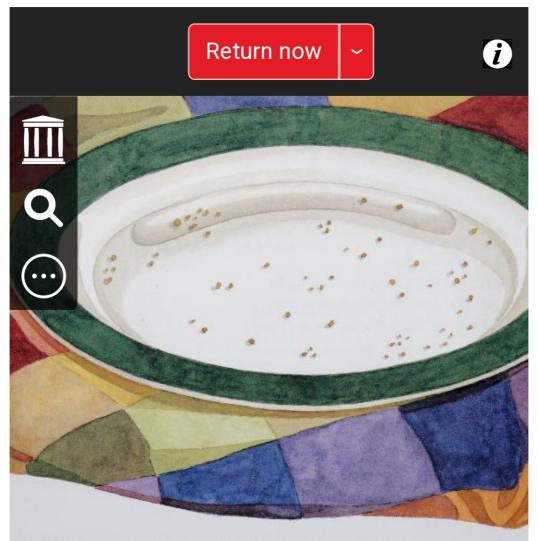
My sister's leaving home today to go to college far away.
She says she'll call.
She says she'll write.
She says she'll think of me each night.
But, oh, the world seems gloomy, gray.
My sister's leaving home today.

Eileen Spinelli





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#### Who Ate the Last Five Cookies?

My sister said, "I couldn't!" So I said, "I'm sure you could."

She said, "I really shouldn't!" And I said, "I think you should."

She said, "You know I wouldn't!" But I said, "I bet you would." So when she said, "I didn't!" I said, "Mama, yes she did!"

I was bad and I admit it. (Just don't tell her where I've hid.)

David L. Harrison

#### I'm Telling

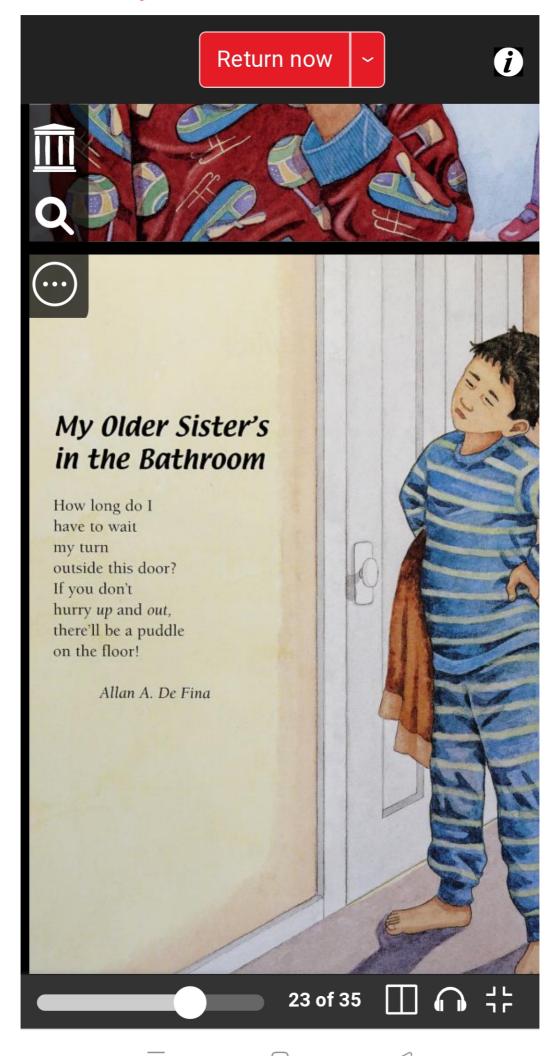
22 of 35

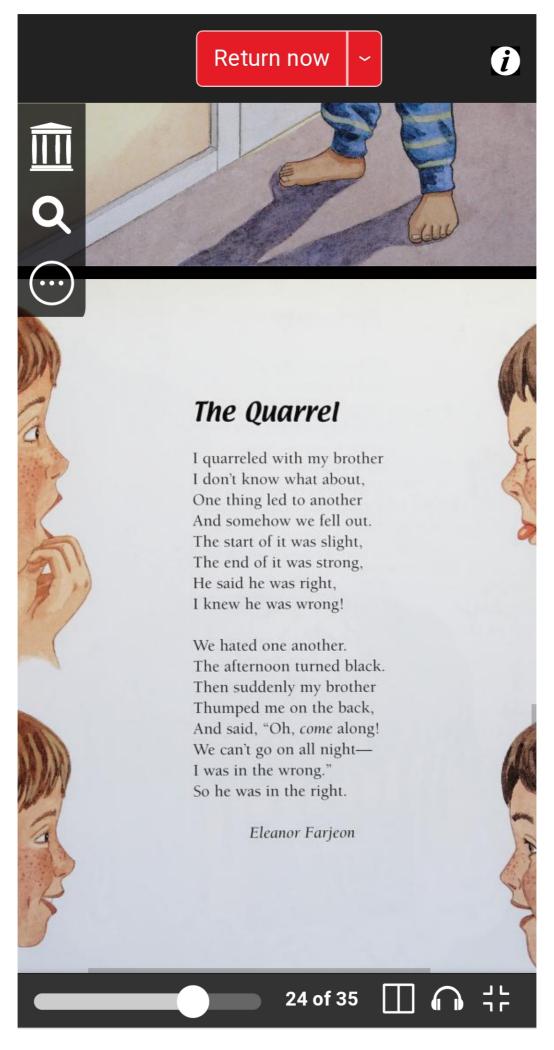




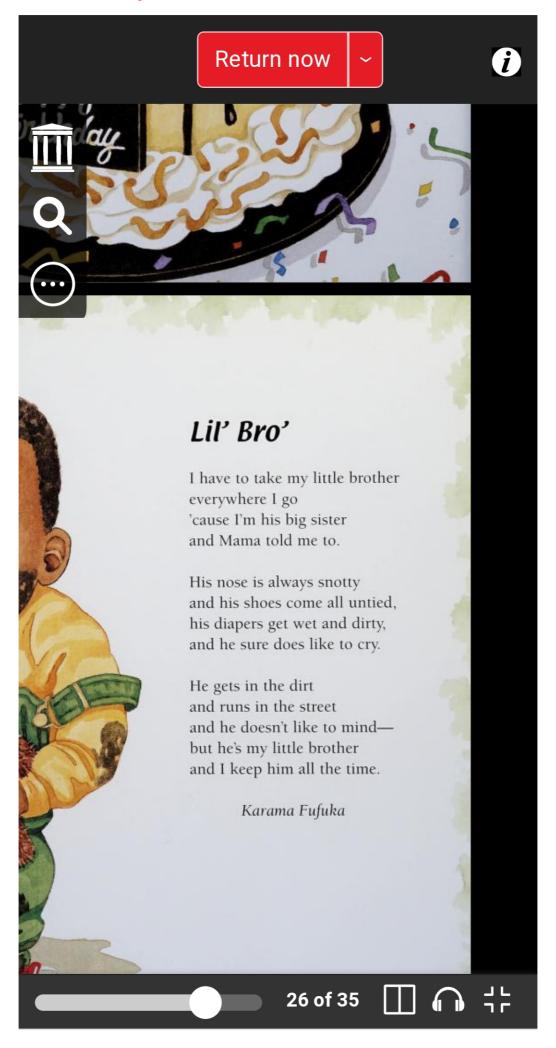
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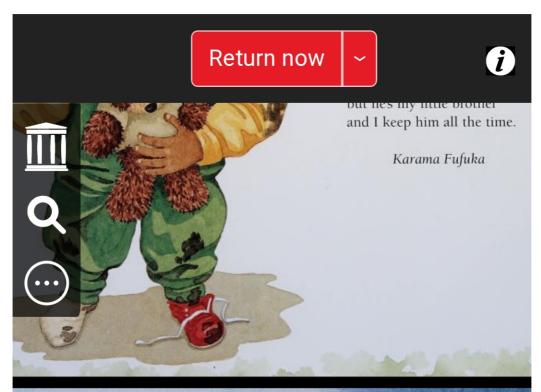










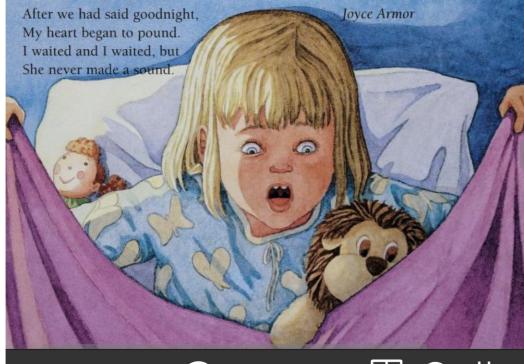


#### **Sweet Dreams**

It's always been a wish of mine (Or should I say a dream)
To scare my sister half to death
And hear her piercing scream.

That's why I squished four bugs until They all were very dead, Then took them to my sister's room And put them in her bed. And then I got so doggone tired I couldn't stay awake.
I climbed into my own warm bed And shrieked—there was a snake!

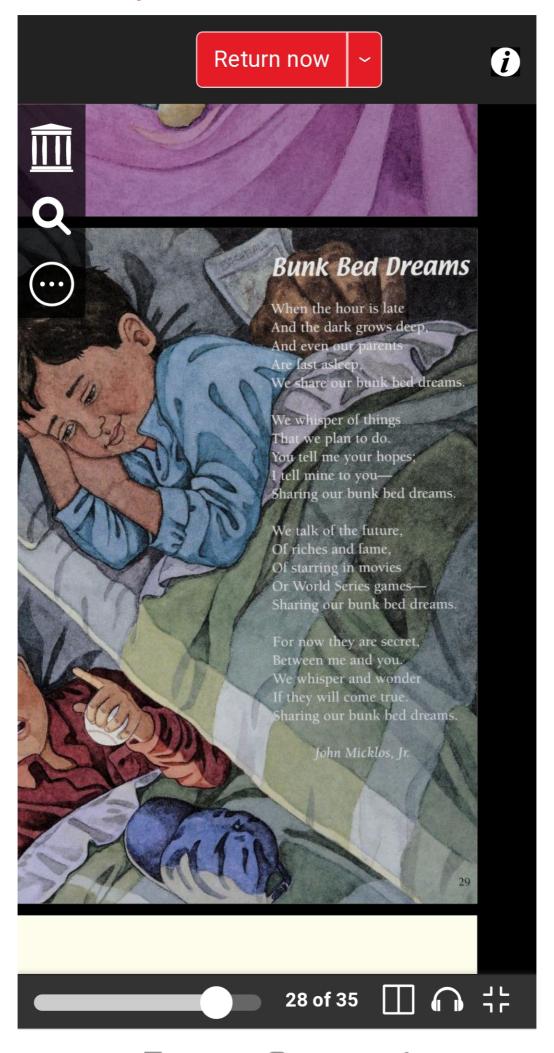
It wiggled, and I leaped and fell And bruised my bottom half; Then I heard an awful sound— It was my sister's laugh.



27 of 35



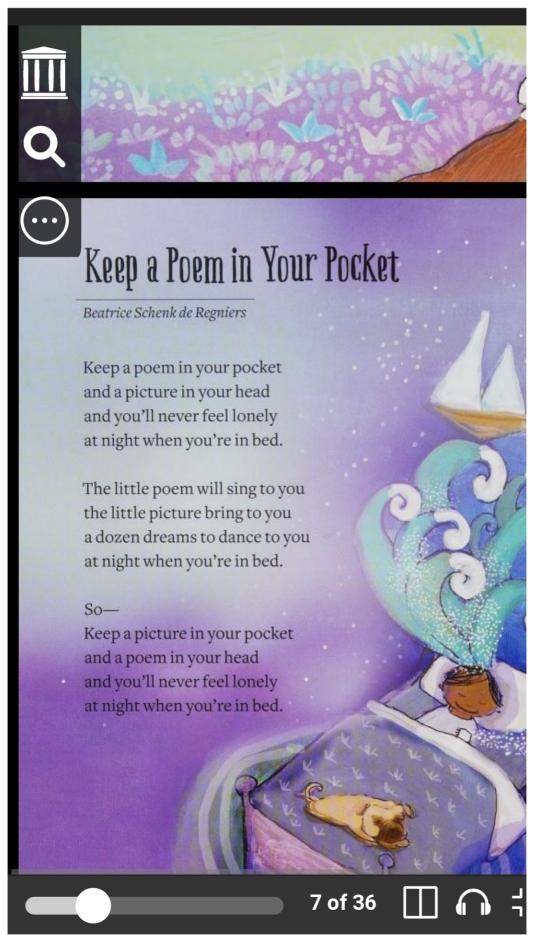








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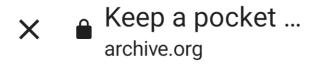


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Keep a pocket in your poem, for imagination grows from the deepest secret pockets every pocket poet knows.

## Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village, though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.

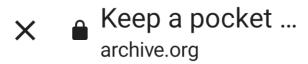
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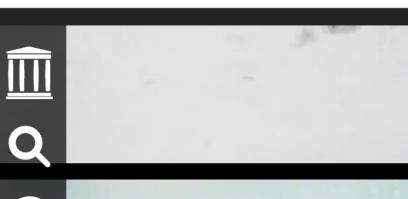


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# opping by Fridge on a Hungry Evening

J. Patrick Lewis

Whose mold this is I think I know. My mother won't admit it, though; She hates it when I peek inside To watch her fiendish fungus grow.

My little sister cried and cried To see a pound cake . . . petrified! That quart of milk's about to blast. The cottage cheese has multiplied!

The mustard's green, the mayo's past The expiration date—not last November?! No, it can't be true. The algae's brown and creeping fast.

The eggs are black, the meat is blue! There's only one thing left to do: Get the hose and hire a crew, Get the hose and hire a crew.







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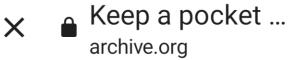


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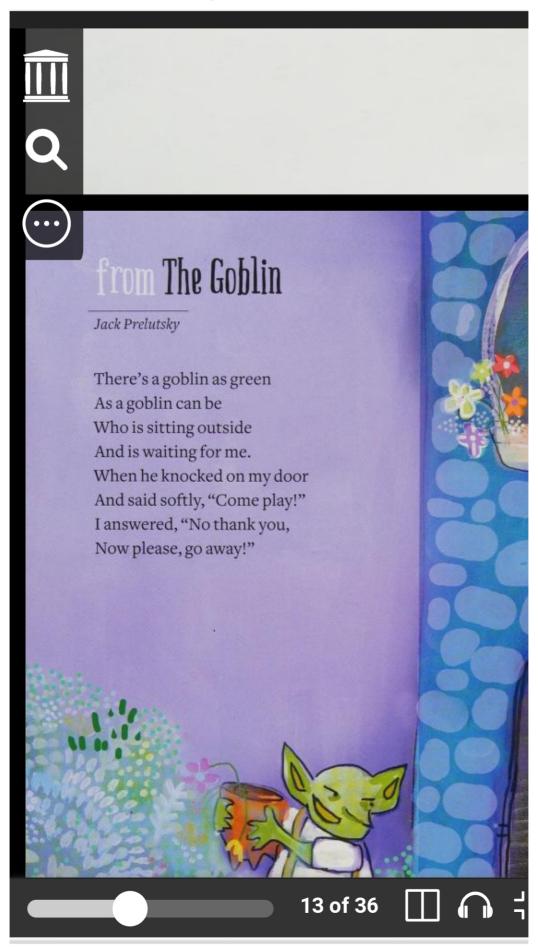


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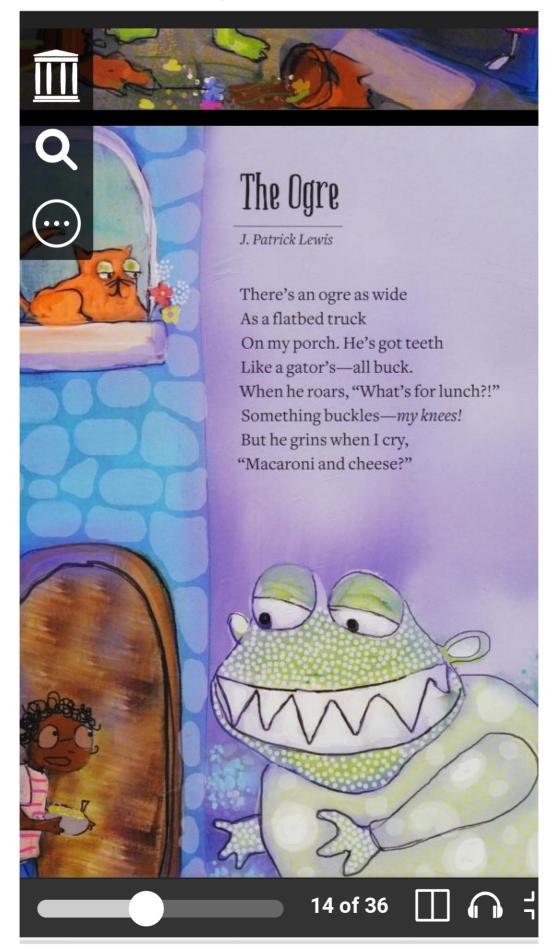


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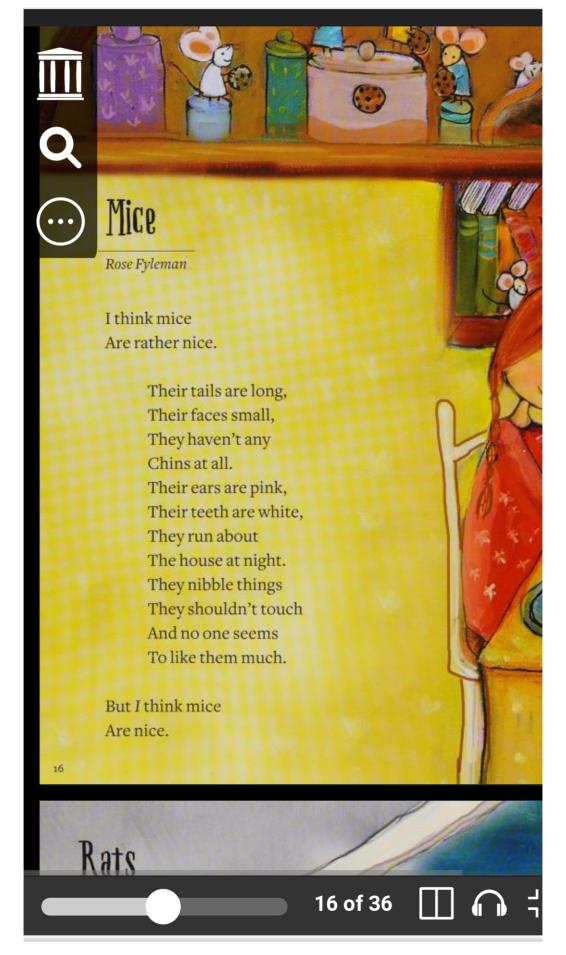


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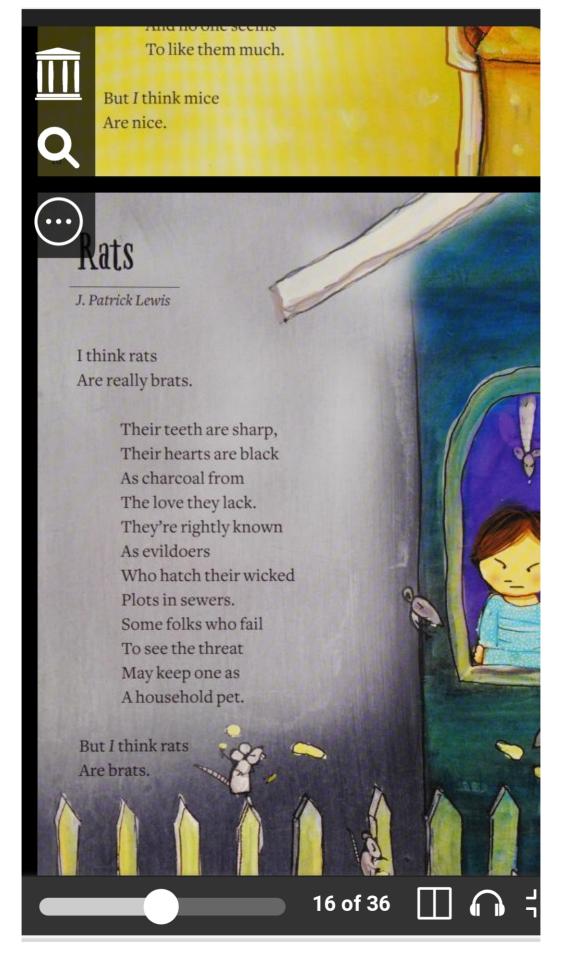


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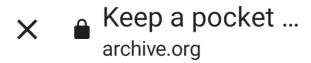


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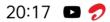








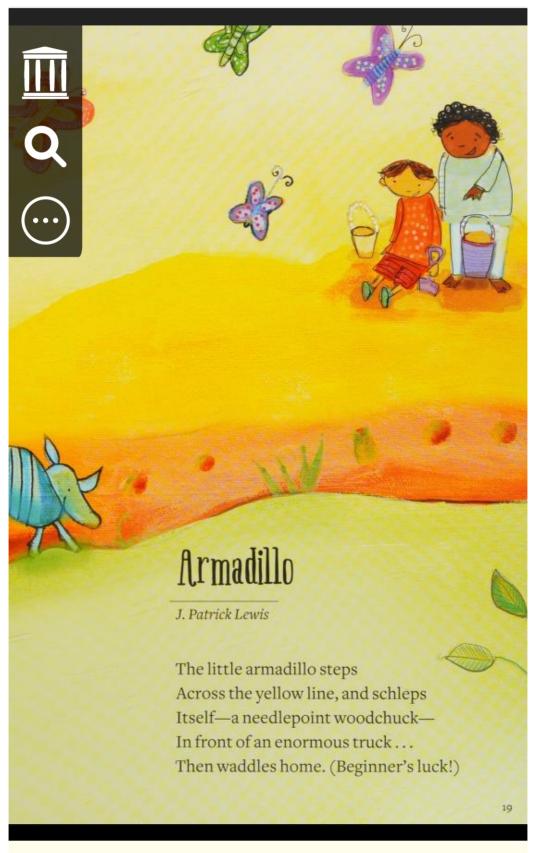


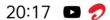


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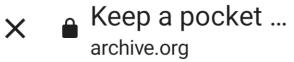






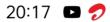


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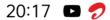




## Grief is the thing with tissues

J. Patrick Lewis

Grief is the thing with tissues For mopping up the tears, So when you are in bed at night, They won't fill up your ears. 20 of 36



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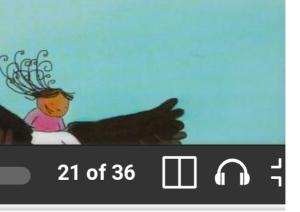


## The Eagle

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

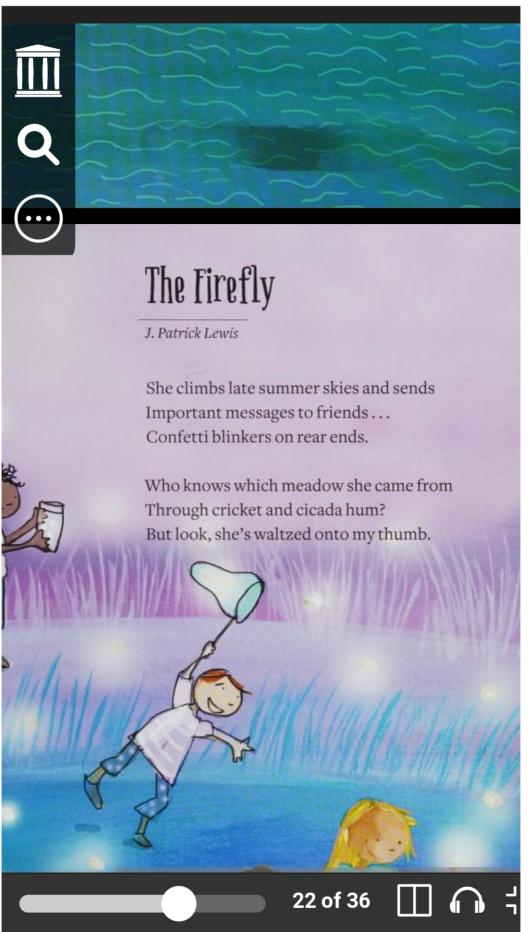
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.





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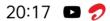


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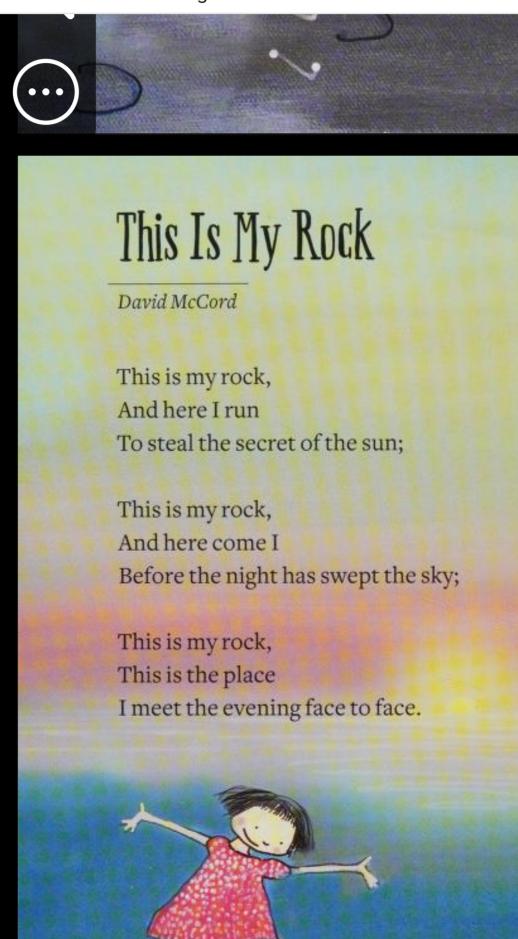


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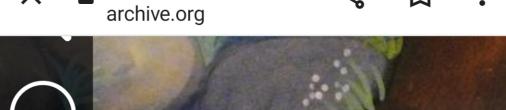


This Is My Tree J. Patrick Lewis This is my tree, And here I climb To grasp the endlessness of Time. This is my tree, And here I trace Its limbs against the reach of Space. This is my tree, And from this berth I take the measure of the Earth.



① 奈 Vg ...| 73





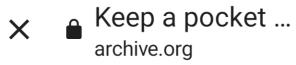
# Happy Thought

Robert Louis Stevenson

The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.











## Sleepy Thought

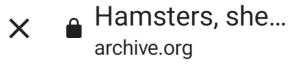
J. Patrick Lewis

The world is so full of a number of dreams,
I'm sure all our pillows should burst at the seams.

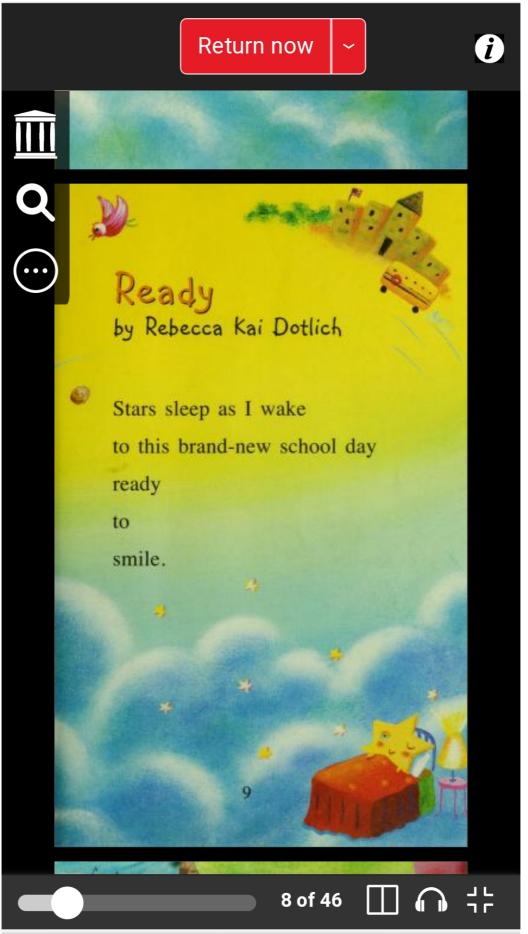




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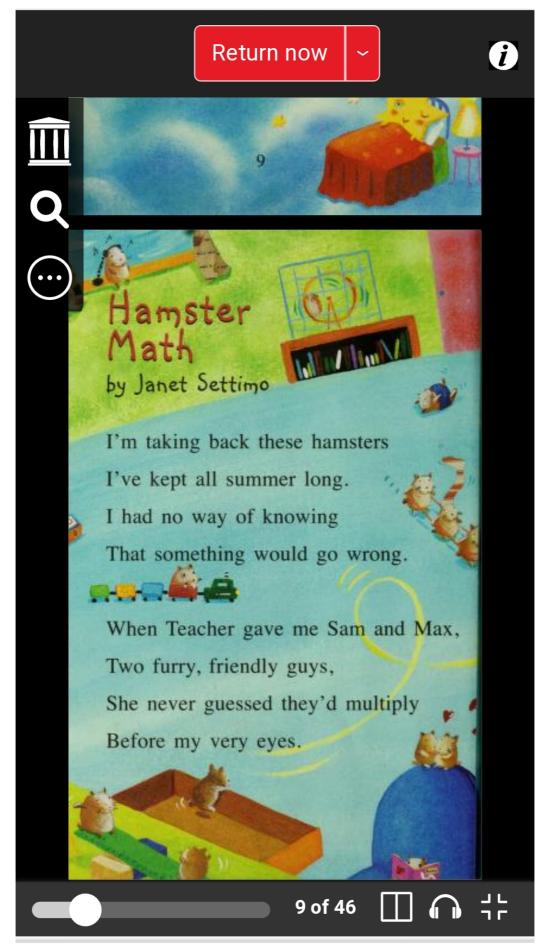




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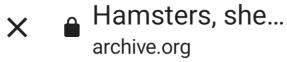


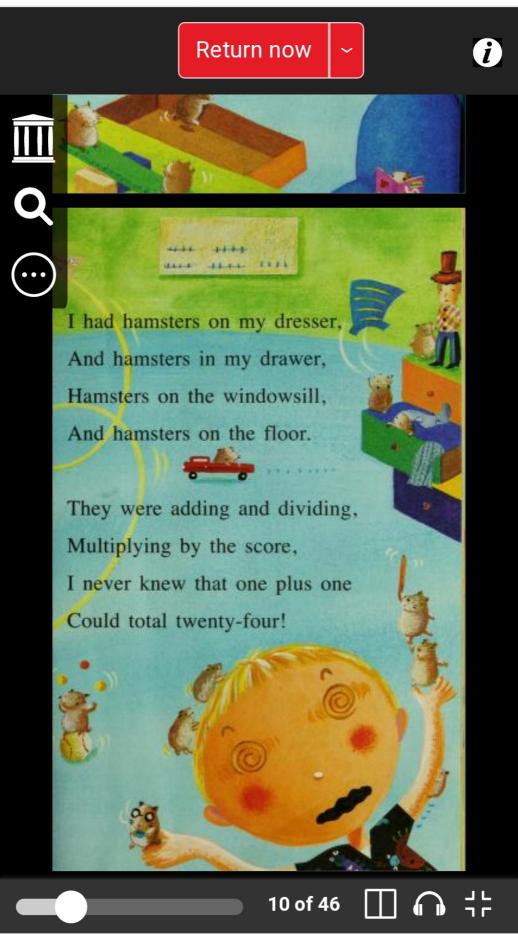
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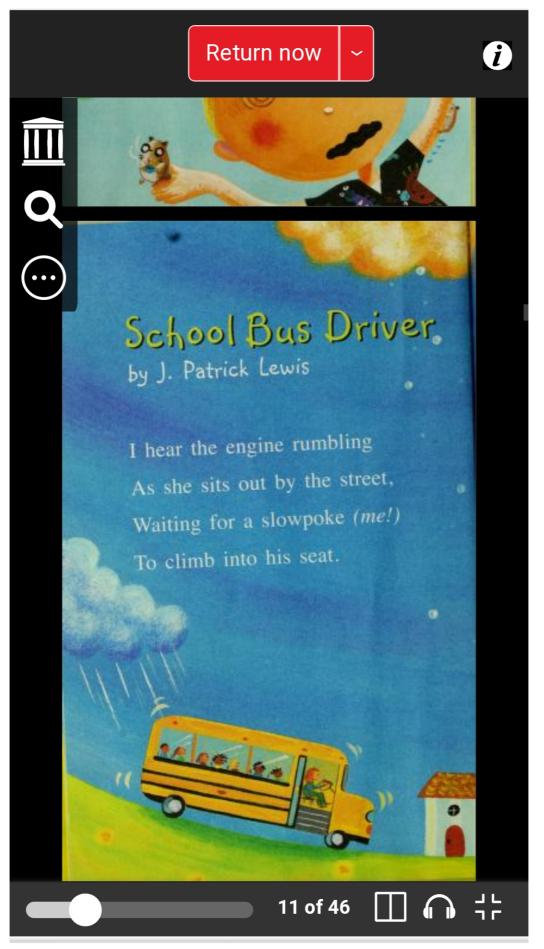


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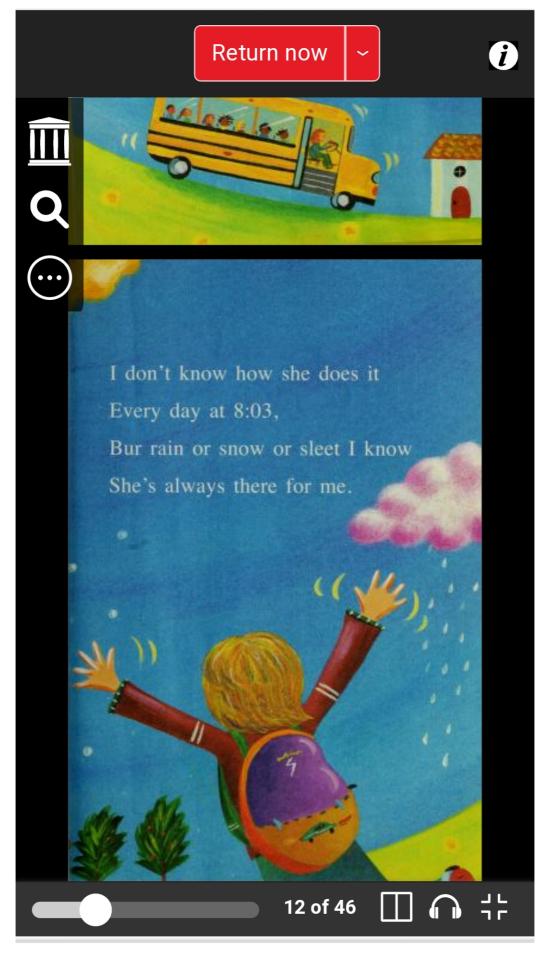






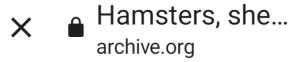
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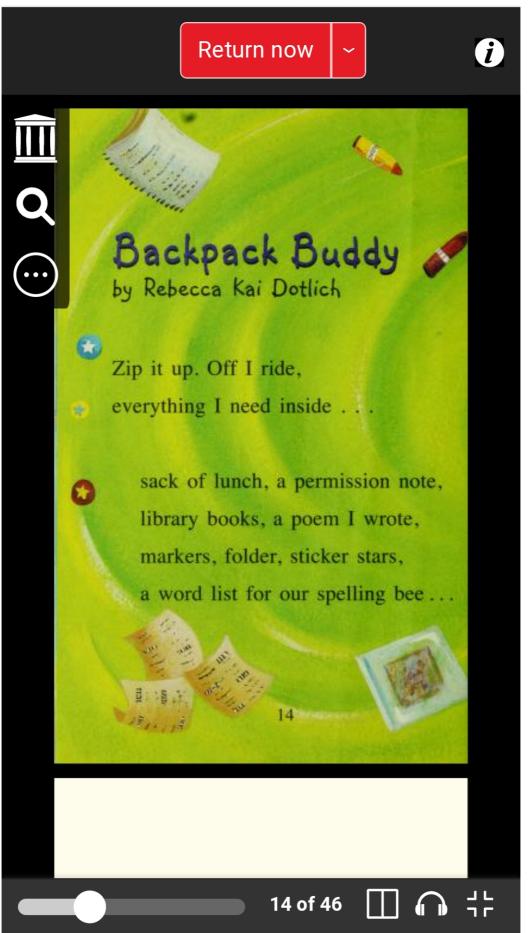




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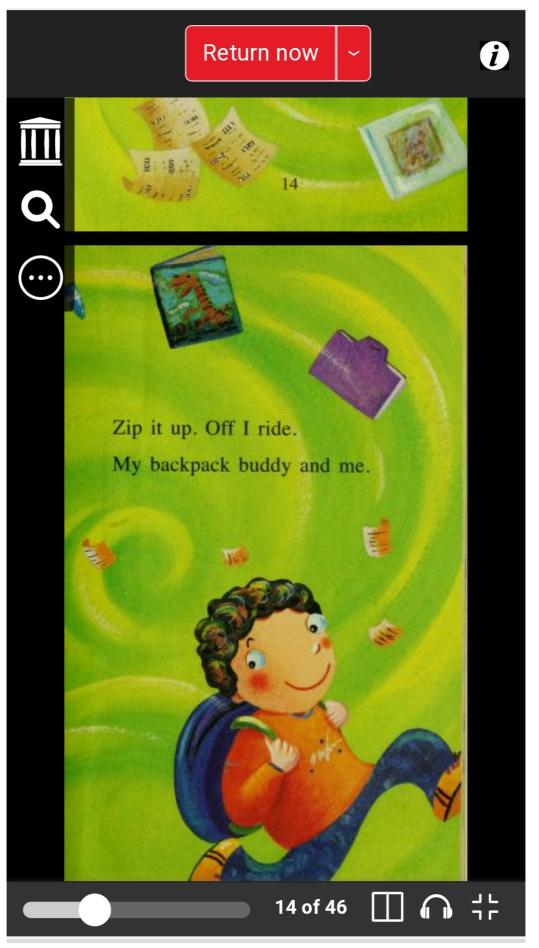




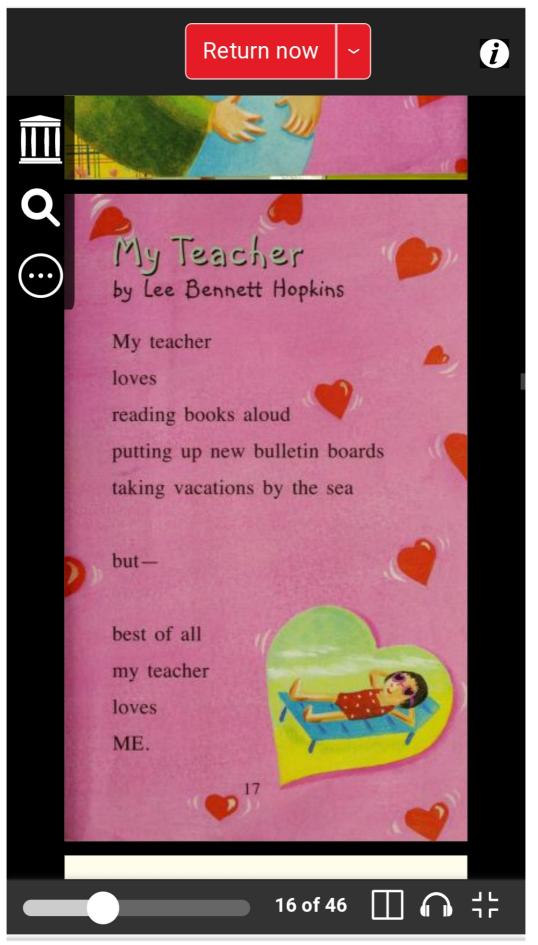
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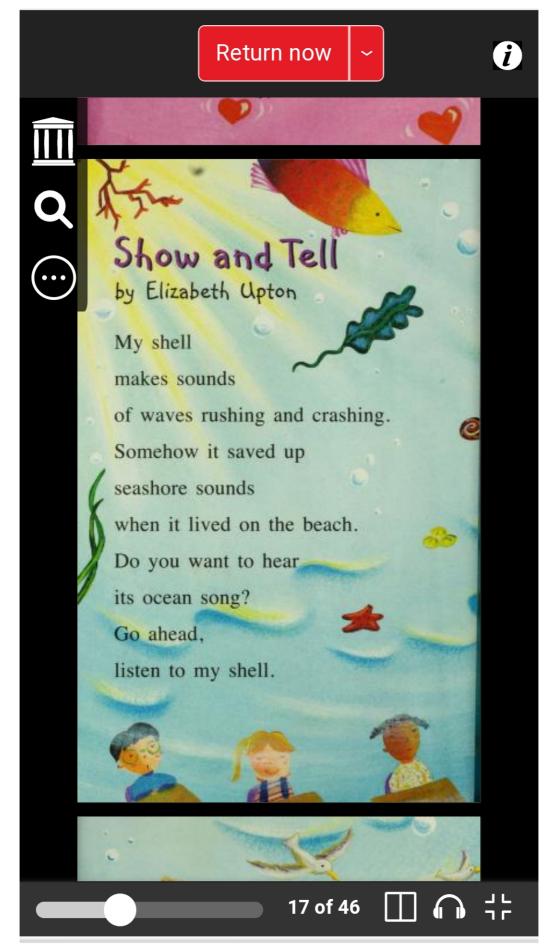








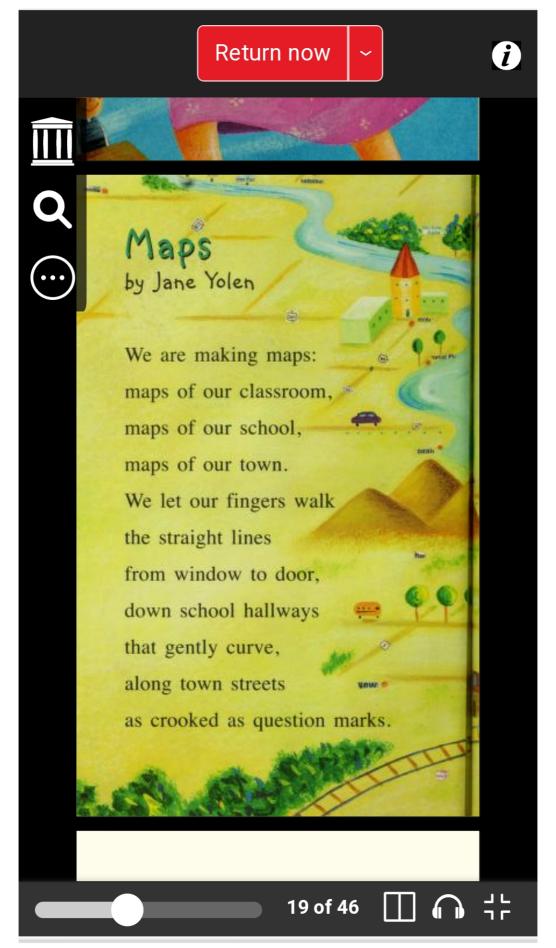




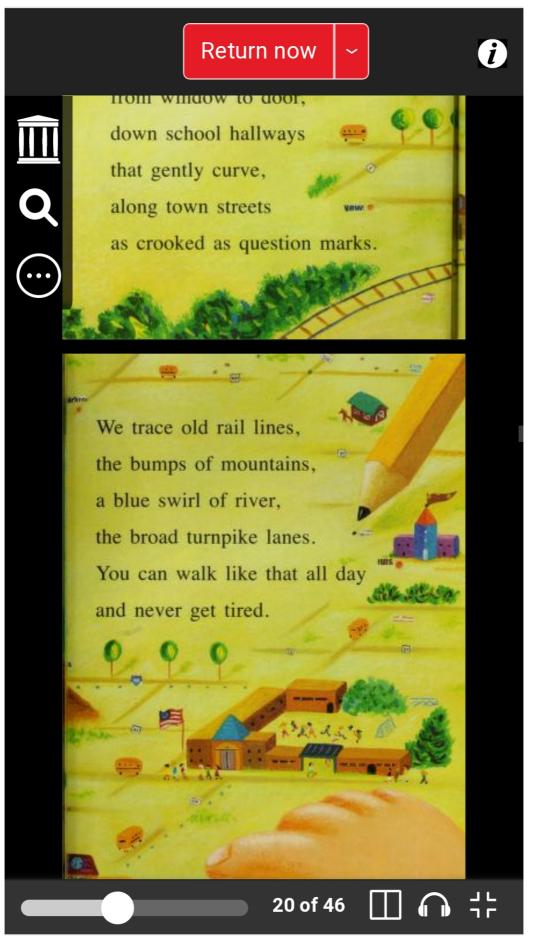
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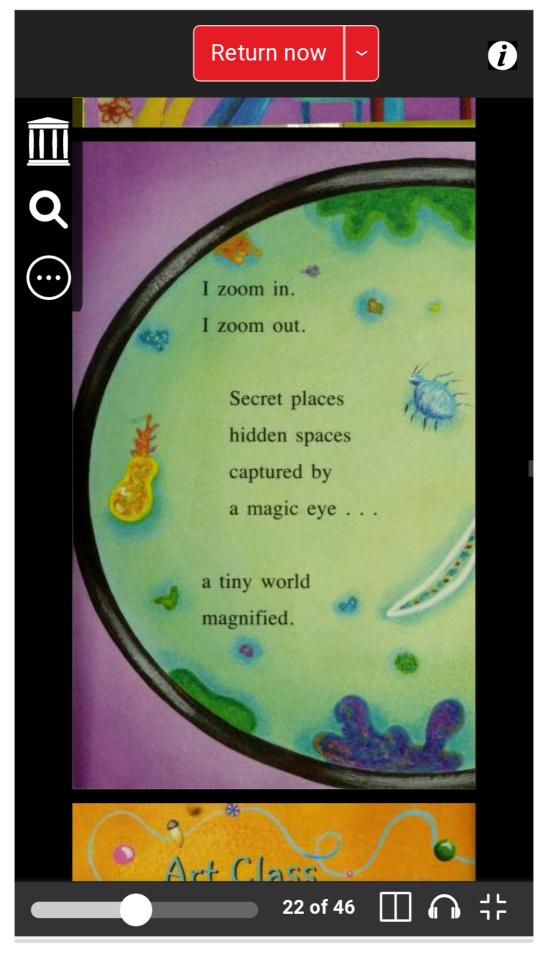






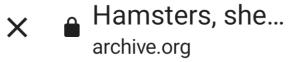
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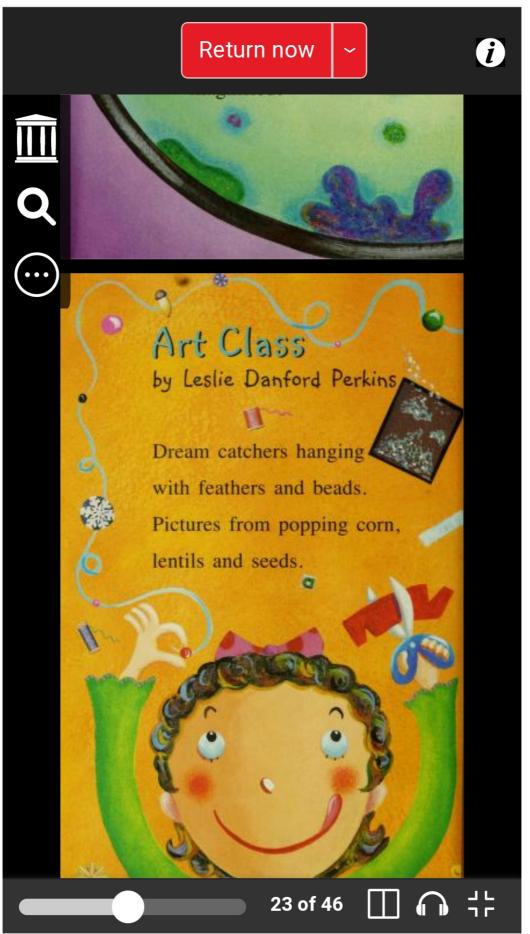




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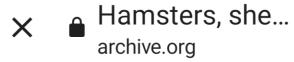




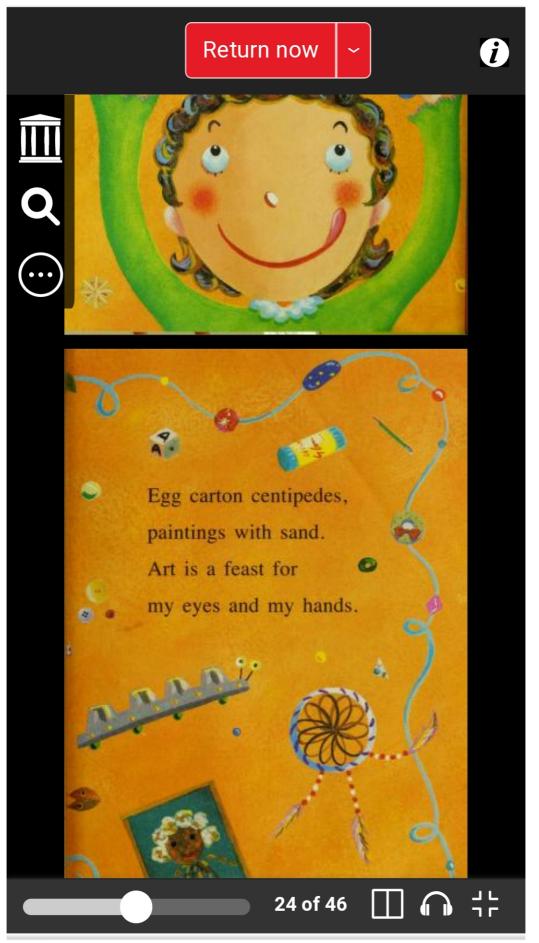




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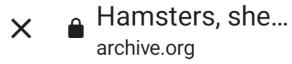




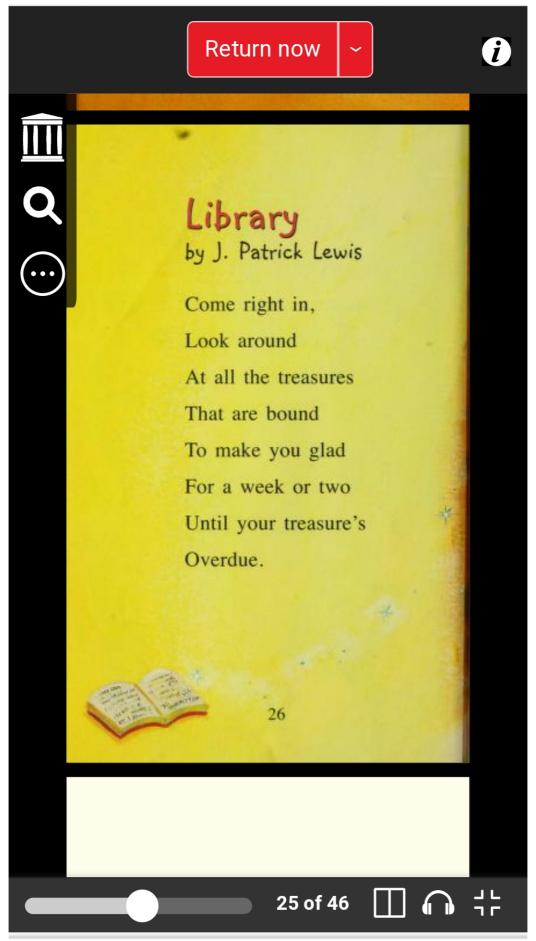




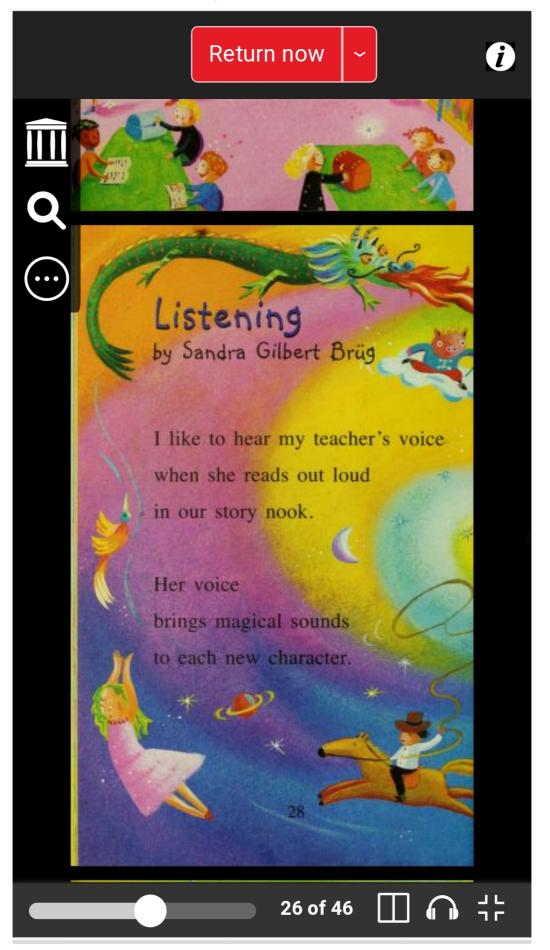
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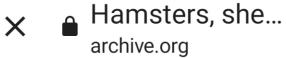


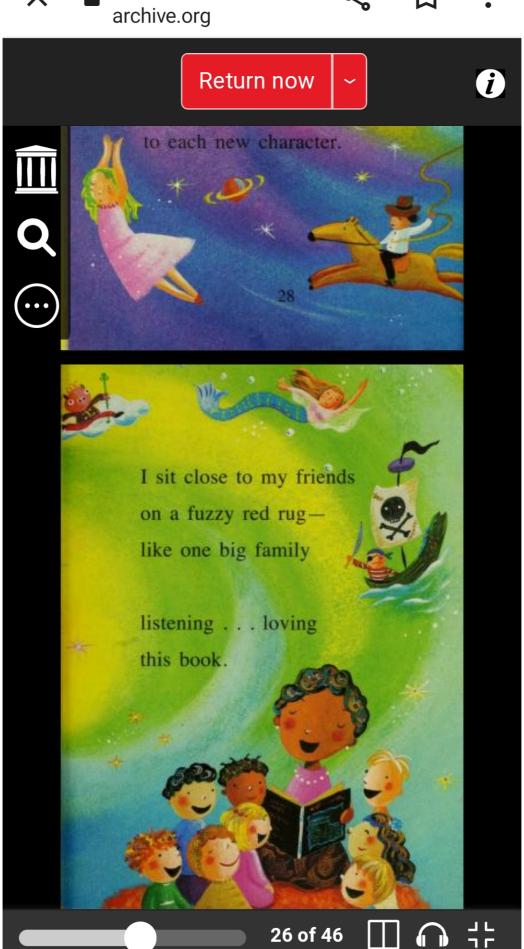






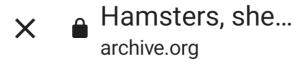
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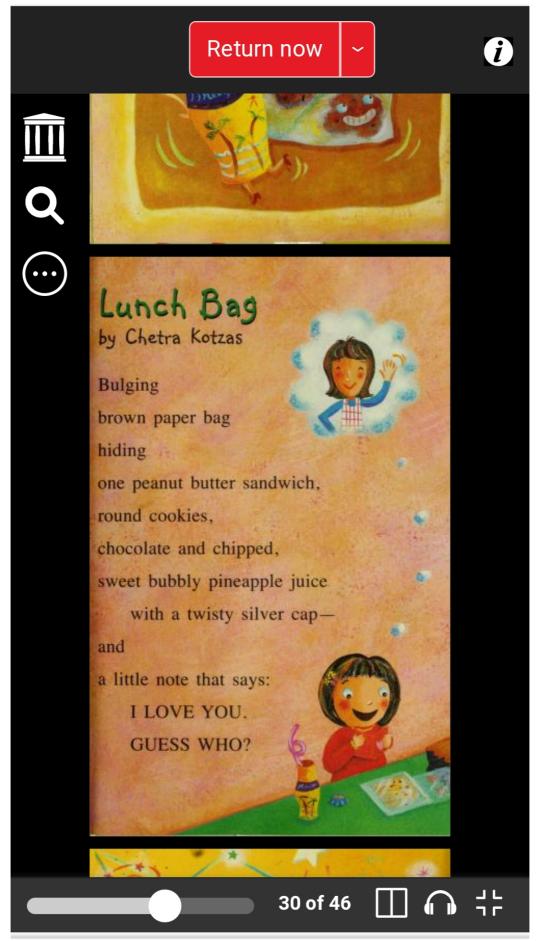




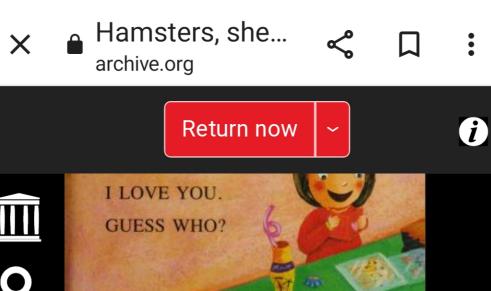
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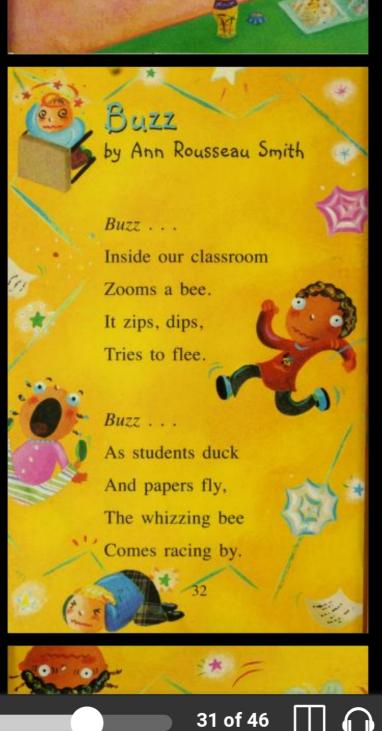






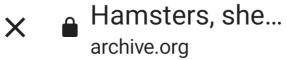


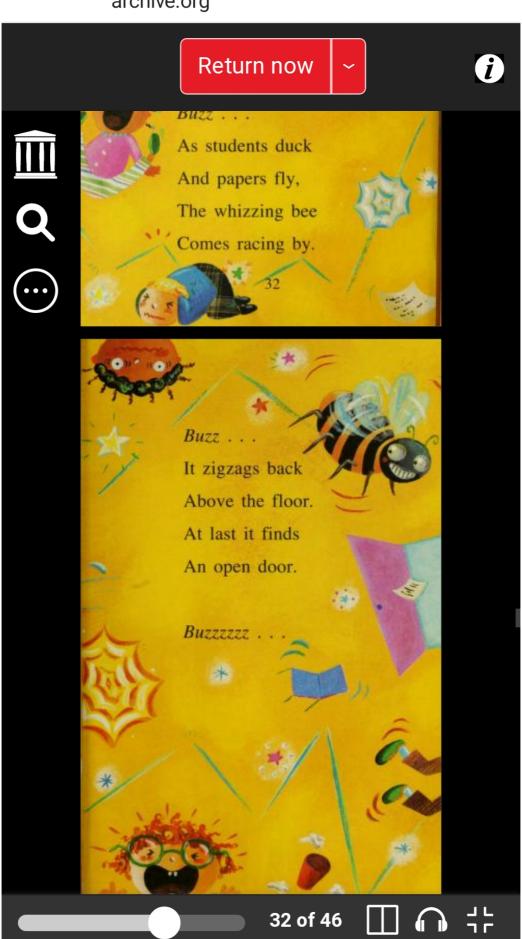






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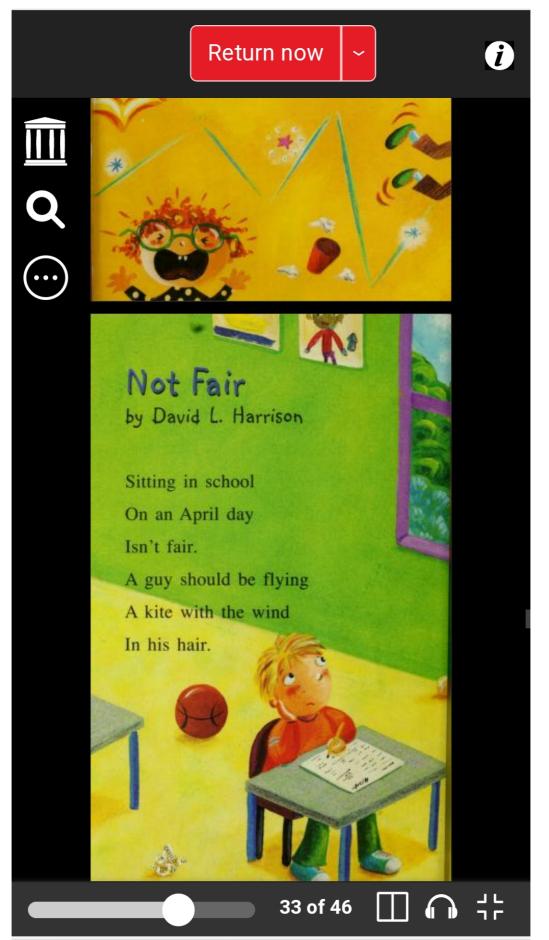


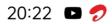
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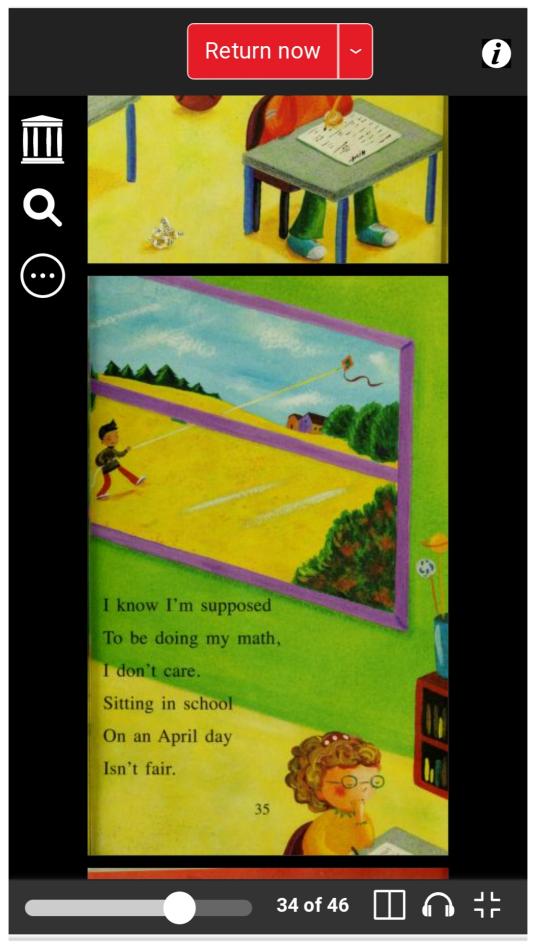
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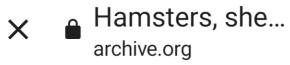
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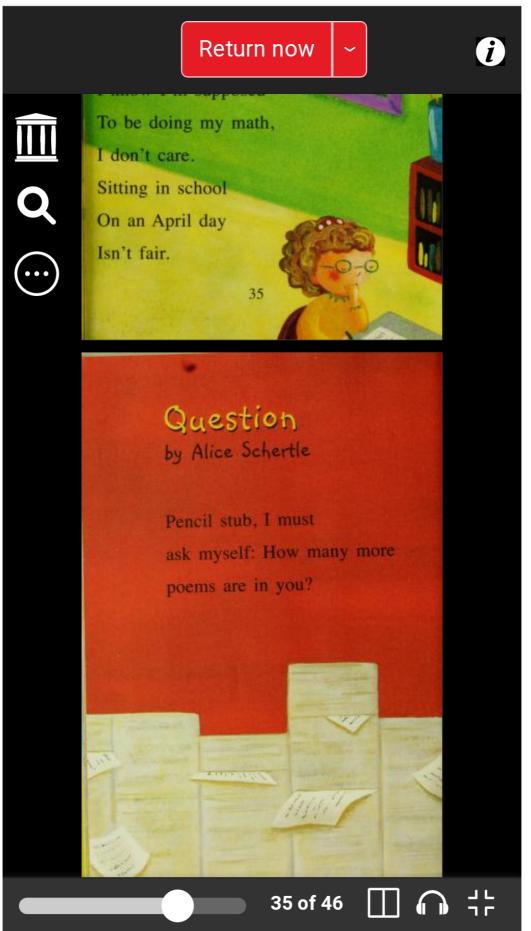




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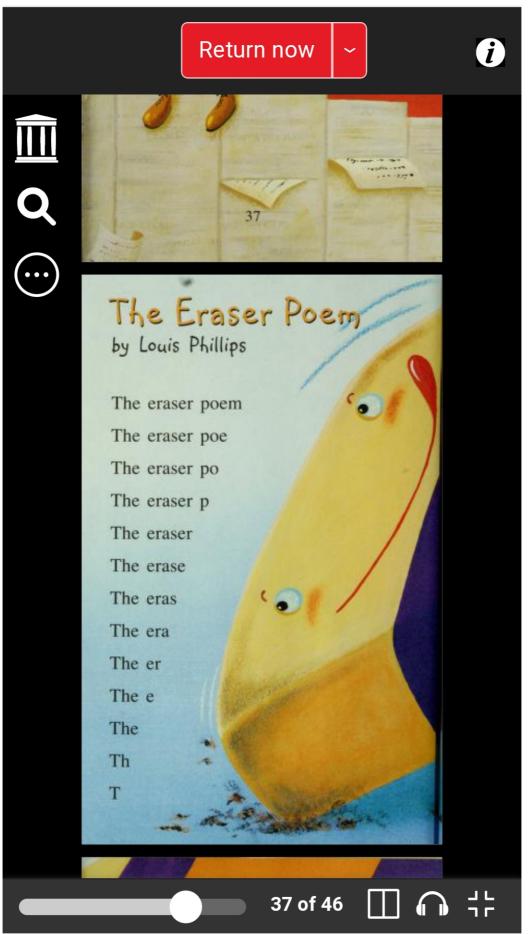


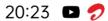


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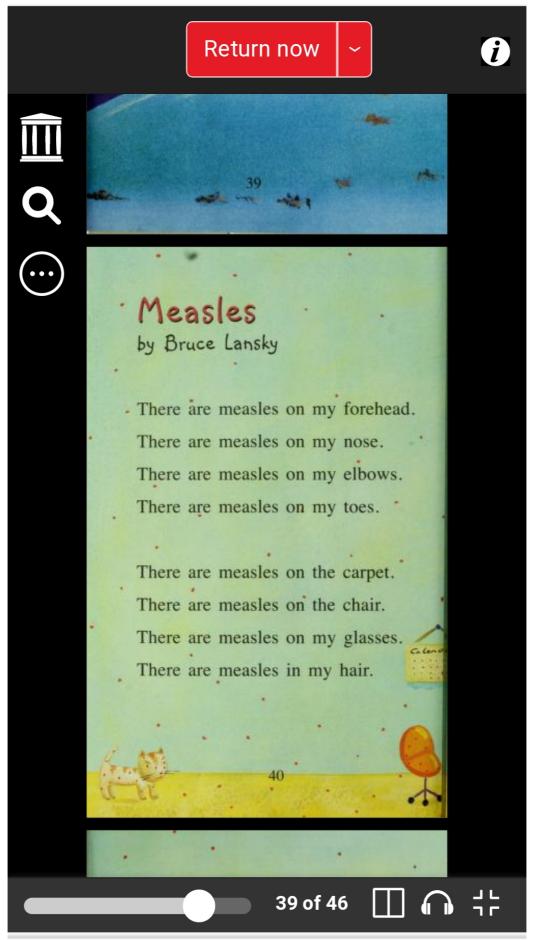


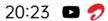


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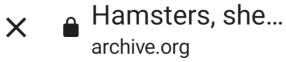




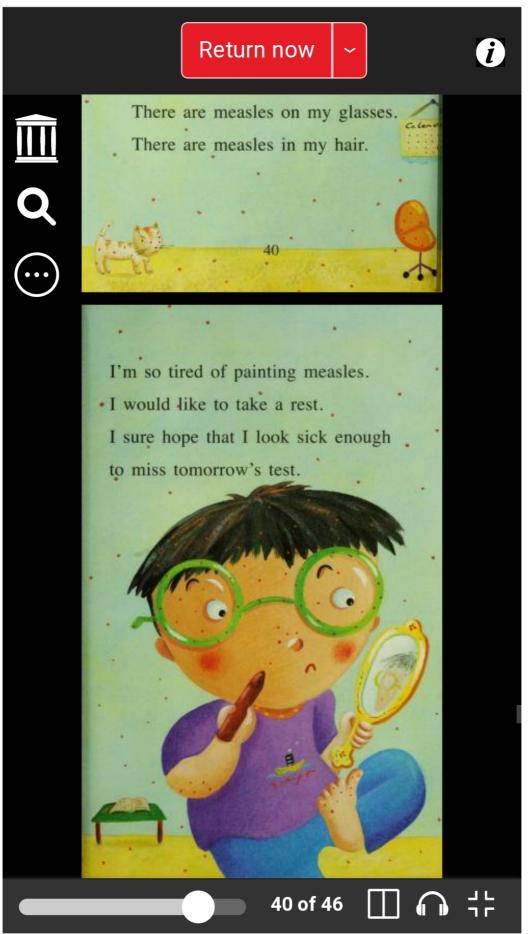




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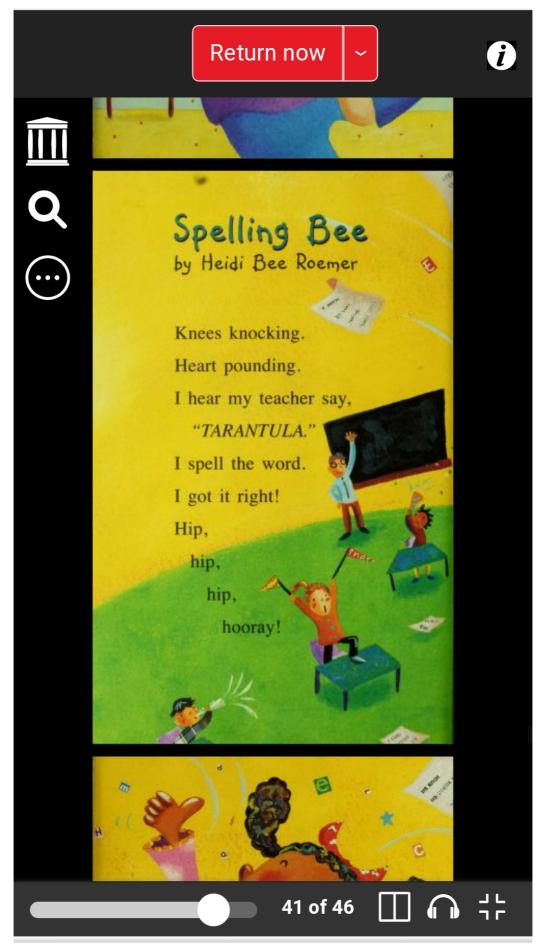


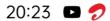




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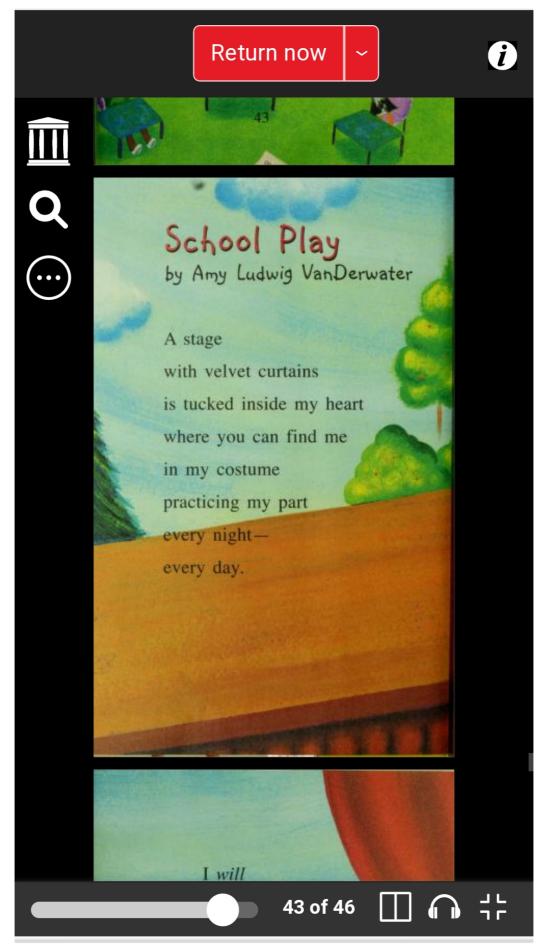


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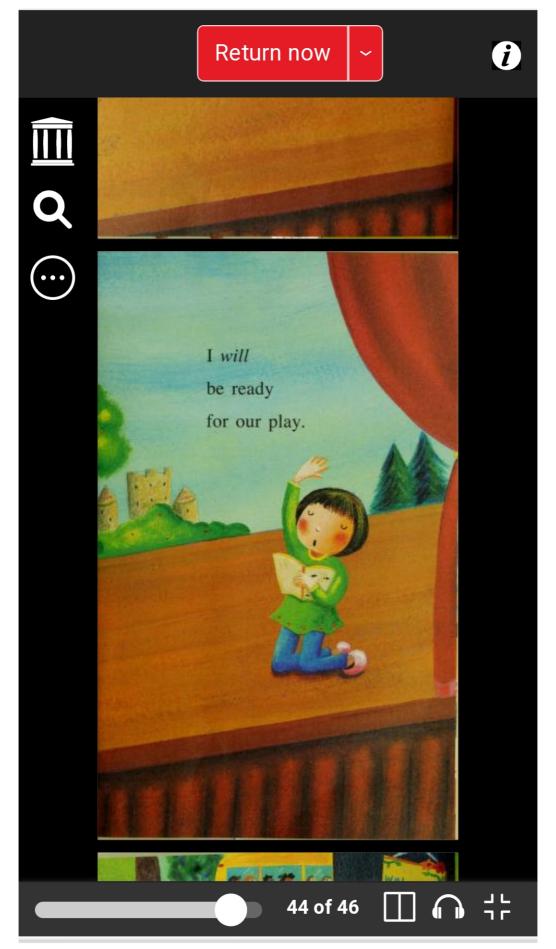


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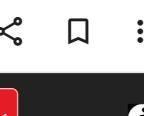


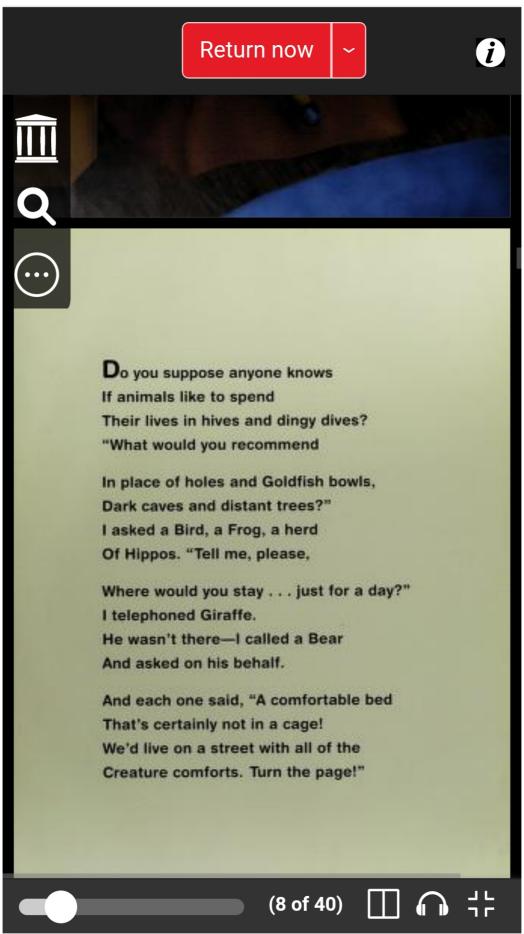
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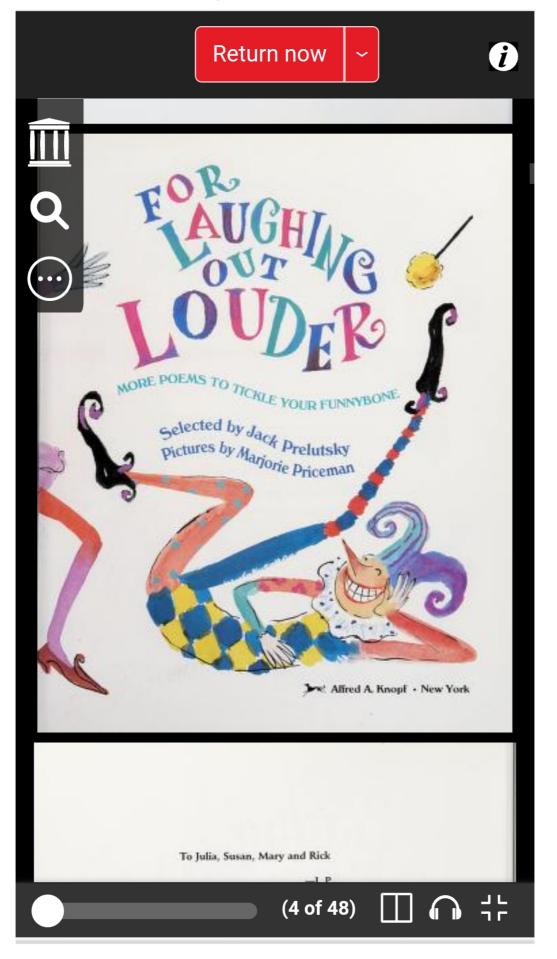
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Toes in My Nose I stuck my toes In my nose And I couldn't get them out. It looked a little strange And people began to shout, \*Why would you ever? My goodness-I never!" They got in a terrible snit. It's simple, I said As they put me to bed, I just wanted to see If they fit. -Sheree Fitch

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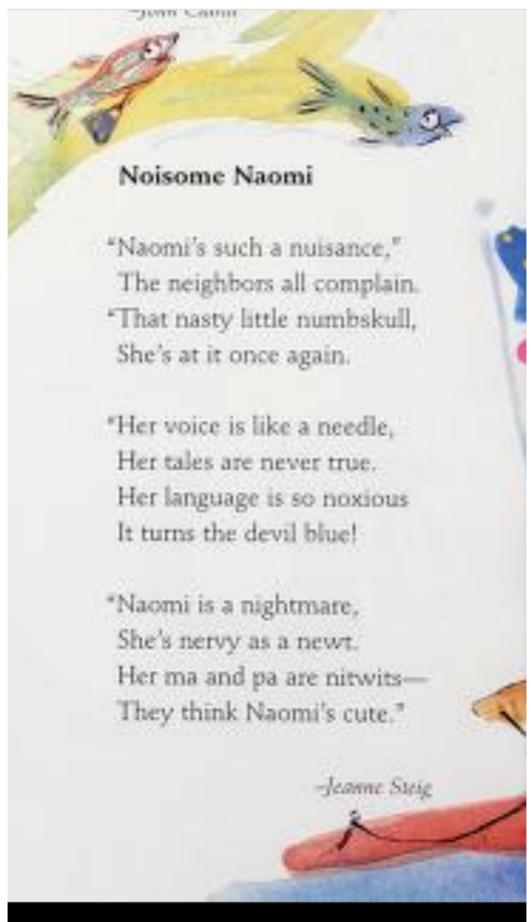


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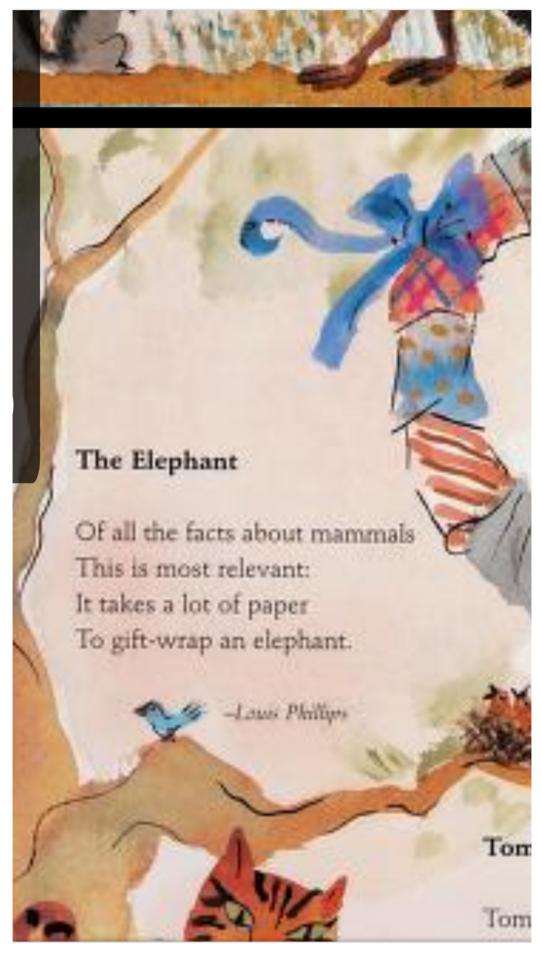


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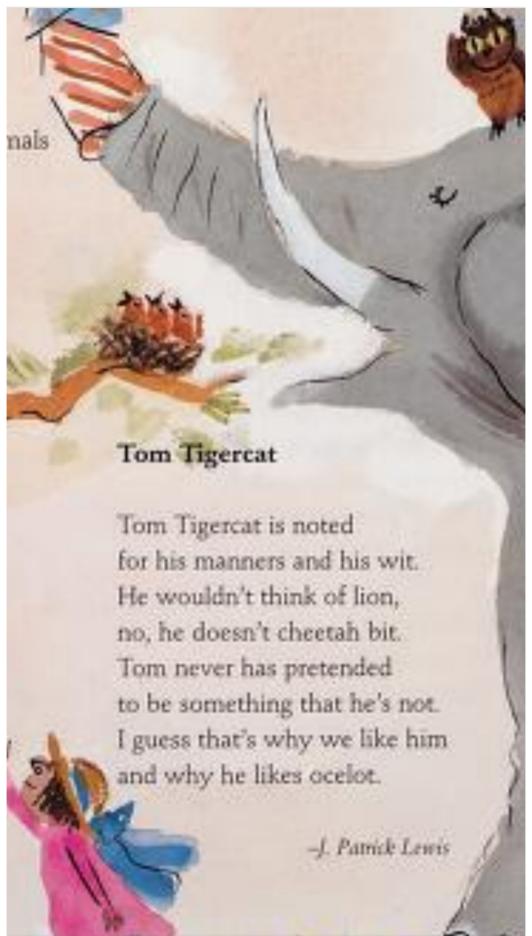




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